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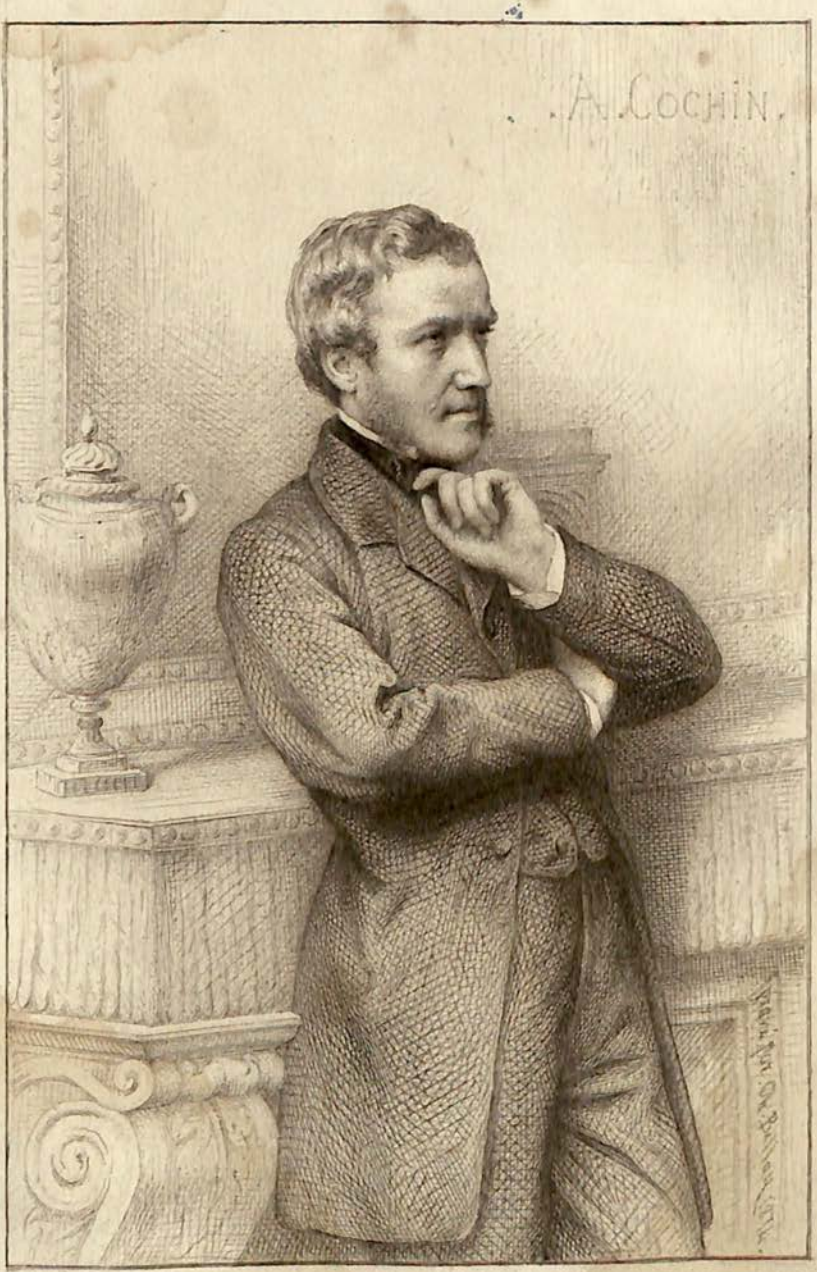
AUGUSTIN COCHIN


A. COCHIN.

AUGUSTIN COCHIN

BY

COUNT DE FALLOUX
OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

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LONDON
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PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE lives of Montalembert, Lacordaire, Perreyve and Ozanam, the intrepid defenders of religious liberty in France during the last forty years, have been made known to the British public, and have met with attention and sympathy, not confined to those alone who shared with them the creed which inspired their writings and their acts.

But this group of warriors in the noble cause of faith and freedom would be incomplete without the figure of Augustin Cochin.

My own humble share in translating this volume, calculated to exhibit the influences which acted and reacted within their circle, was willingly undertaken.

As a Catholic, an Englishman, and a friend of these honoured men, I am glad of an opportunity of setting before my countrymen—without controversy or party spirit—another pattern of prac-

tical religious life in the world. Moreover, this volume may help to illustrate the attitude of M. Cochin and his friends during the Vatican Council, and to manifest the fidelity and submission to the Holy See of men who have certainly not been among the least useful defenders of the Catholic cause.

HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON,
July 12th, 1877.

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AUGUSTIN COCHIN.

CHAPTER I.

His Family—His Education—His Youth.

THE greatest trial of old age is not to grow old, but to outlive others; not to feel our strength decaying, or our infirmities increasing, but to perceive solitude and indifference gradually encircling our minds and hearts; it is not even to lose the companions of our youth and pleasures, but to see the witnesses of our graver years vanish from the scene, and to become almost strangers to those more youthful friends who, not having shared our struggles, can never distinctly realise our efforts, or fully appreciate our views. Thus, whilst the past escapes us, we dare not look towards the future, and the present is scarcely taken into account by him who stands on the brink of eternity.

Although M. Cochin was not of my own age, he had made himself my contemporary so early in life by his activity and his ardent co-operation in the same pursuits as myself, that his loss is to

me a wound which no time can heal—a void which nothing can fill up.

My only consolation will be to describe with the sincerity which is the test of true affection, not only the man he was, but the man he might have been.

Augustin Cochin sprung from one of those ancient families of burgesses which served, as it were, to form the inner framework of French society. While the clergy fulfilled a sublimer mission, and the nobility sought their glory on the field of battle, no class of the community surpassed the *Tiers État* in knowledge and in solid virtues. Among that patient, proud, laborious, and independent class, domestic traditions and the honour of the family name were preserved with no less care than in the most illustrious families. Among the Parisian *bourgeoisie*, none better than the Cochins had learnt to maintain their reputation of high-mindedness and simplicity. The authentic documents cited in the "History of Paris," by Filibien, mention a Cochin alderman of Paris in 1268, under the reign of St. Louis. Charles Cochin was conspicuous in the municipal administration of Paris in 1560; his son and grandson were owners of the manor of Massy, near Palaiseau. In commerce, in the arts, at the bar, in the magistracy, thanks to their industry and talent, the various branches of the Cochin family attained both fortune and consideration. Public esteem,

that honest and true "universal suffrage,"* had accompanied Claude Denys Cochin to the grave, and when he died at the age of eighty-eight, the following official titles, which he had acquired during his career, were inserted in the invitation to his funeral:—

"Messire Claude Denys Cochin, esquire, Dean of the ancient consular judges; Dean of the ancient aldermen of Paris; Dean of the sworn ushers of the University; Dean of the Forty bearers of the shrine of Ste. Geneviève; Dean of the Commissioners of the Poor; Dean of the Churchwardens of the parish of St. Benedict," &c.

In order to be eligible to most of these dignities, it was necessary to be a Parisian by birth and of a spotless reputation. It is easy then to understand what were the principles and hereditary habits in which these successive generations had been reared. They consisted in that integrity of life, in that rectitude of morals, in that moderation of the passions, which Bossuet calls "the rich intrinsic ornaments of the rational being."

Henry Cochin was one of the most pure and illustrious characters of the Parisian bar during the first half of the eighteenth century. His panegyric was written by one of his colleagues, and the official approbation then required for every printed decument, without exception, was couched

* Expressions of A. Cochin.

in terms which prove the high esteem in which he was held:—

"By order of my Lord Chancellor, I have read the panegyric of the late M. Cochin, formerly advocate of the Parliament. It is an honour for the Bar to praise the greatest man it ever produced. The praise of such a man is the triumph of truth and a tribute of gratitude to his memory. Its success will prove how well it deserved the honours of the press.

"DE LAVARDY."

"PARIS, *July 13th*, 1749.

This panegyric, exclusively academical, is too sparing of those familiar details which at the present day would be more acceptable than mere rhetorical formulas. Nevertheless, it offers several passages which deserve transcription, not only because they recall the special qualities of Henry Cochin as an orator and jurisconsult, but also because they afford a preliminary sketch of the portrait of Augustin Cochin himself.

"He was a thorough master of his language; he made it bend to all his ideas; his conception was rapid, and his language partook of the vivacity of his imagination; but he never yielded to the sallies of his mind, so as to wander from his subject. He possessed a happy abundance of expressions; his words kept pace with the rapidity of his mind, without ever betraying the speaker. He had a

graceful pronunciation, and the pleasing sound of his voice would have added to the value of his speeches, if they had not been of themselves invaluable."*

The panegyrist then proceeds to point out that his hero was the first to introduce improvisation at the bar. "Had M. Cochin merely followed in the footsteps of his predecessors, he would have composed at leisure, in the silence of his study, discourses which afterwards he could not have failed to deliver with energy; but he had the courage to break through the bonds of custom, and to liberate himself from the thraldom of a yoke which, while it tends to enfeeble the argument, necessarily delays the action, wearies the audience, and serves to discourage the orator himself.

"He took care to guard against the dangers of his new method by careful preparation. He traced out a plan, wrote an exordium, analysed facts, marshalled his proofs, prepared his arguments, sketched his ideas, confiding their substance alone to paper. The shortest notes often became the germs of an eloquent oration."†

Finally the panegyrist affirms that Henry Cochin was a friend of progress, without overstepping the bounds of prudence, and that while he revered order, he hailed with pleasure, or personally promoted, the attempts at reform which were the fruit

* "Panegyrique d'Henry Cochin," p. 39.
† Ibid, p. 41.

of modern aspirations. The word "modern," however, neither carried him away nor alarmed him, for he was fully aware that every age brings forth a "modern" society.

"He had the courage to attack a host of prejudices and spurious axioms; he encouraged jurisprudence, and armed it against a multitude of abuses, which were speedily repressed; so that if he could not boast of being himself the reformer, he shared, at least, the honour of the reformation.* Not only intellectual merit, but moral virtue, were heirlooms in the Cochin family.

Jean Denys Cochin, born in 1726, manifested at an early age a decided taste for seclusion. "The life of the world conceals the thorns beneath the roses; the life of the cloister conceals the roses beneath the thorns." This pregnant reflection, inscribed on the door of one of the cells of the Grande Chartreuse, had sunk so deeply into the youth's mind at the age of sixteen, that it required his father's authority, apprehensive as he was of the delicate state of his health, to deter him from entering a monastery. Nevertheless, as the youth persisted in his desire to become a priest, his parents at length withdrew their opposition, and at the age of six-and-twenty Jean Denys Cochin entered into holy orders. Not long after, he took his degree as doctor of theology at the Sorbonne.

Augustin Cochin, who had religiously studied

* "Panegyrique d'Henry Cochin," p. 35.

the lives of his ancestors, not in search of a pedigree, but in order to follow the models and lessons which they offered for his imitation and guidance, wrote a short notice on Jean Denys Cochin: *—

"To be a Catholic priest," he says, "is to offer to God the life which we have received at his hands; and in order to please Him, to devote that life to the service of his creatures; it is to love them and to make them love Him; it is to share their sorrows, to clear up their doubts, vivify their hopes, purify their souls; to be wise in counsel, to set them a good example; to secure the peace of the world by establishing peace in their consciences, and in their mutual relations; to offer up their prayers to heaven, and call down blessings on their heads; in a word, it is to watch over and distribute among the people, the two things which serve to give them life—truth, and virtue."†

The Abbé Cochin was indeed a perfect pattern of this beautiful and just definition of a priest. Appointed vicar at St. Etienne du Mont, such was the fervent zeal with which he devoted himself to his apostolical duties, that before long his health began to decline. "But," says Augustin Cochin, "he thought much more of occupying his life with good works than of preserving it."

In 1756 he was named Curé of the parish of St.

* This notice appears at the beginning of a new edition of the "Instructions familieres sur le Sacrifice de la Messe."

† "Notice sur l'Abbé Cochin."

Jacques du Haut Pas; on which occasion the Archbishop of Paris, Christophe de Beaumont, in order to overcome his reluctance to accept the office, was obliged to impose it on him as a duty in the name of God, and of the poor. Once installed, he commenced by visiting all his parishoners, in order to make himself known to them; but his visits were soon productive of more than a mere return of courtesy on their part; he obtained their affection.* In addition to the pleasure of receiving his visits, his parishioners were desirous also of hearing him preach. The pulpit which he continually ascended, in order to administer to them the word of God, was soon surrounded by a crowd of sympathetic listeners. Besides the schools which he sought to multiply by all the means in his power, the poor occupied the foremost place in his unceasing vigilance. He kept a register of their names and condition, in order to ascertain from his own personal observation, the nature and extent of their wants, so that his charities might be regulated with method and order, without which little is done with much, but with which much is done with little. Attempts, nevertheless, were not wanting to take advantage of his confidence; but God, who blesses those who are deceived through goodness of heart, punishes the deceivers. A remarkable instance of this is recorded in the life of the Abbé Cochin.

* "Notice sur l'Abbé Cochin."

On one occasion he was called up in the middle of the night to attend a person, said to be dangerously ill. In a few minutes he groped his way up the dark staircase of a miserable dwelling, and was knocking at the door of a garret on the fifth story, which had been pointed out to him. On entering he perceived two or three men, and as many women, gathered round a bed, placed in a corner of the room, who immediately made way for his approach; but scarcely had he touched the hand of the sick man, than, turning gravely towards them, "Alas, my children," he said, "it is too late, the man is dead." On which the individuals present, seized with a sudden panic, threw themselves at his feet, and implored pardon. "Why ask my pardon, friends? what wrong have you done to me?" "Ah, M. le Curé!" exclaimed one of the women, "we are a set of wretches; we told you a lie: he was not ill. It was merely to bring you here that we might force you to give us some money, for this we invented this deceit. God has struck him—he is dead."

By dint of study, the Abbé Cochin succeeded in developing, in a remarkable degree, the rare facility of speech, which he had received from nature. He thus acquired a fund of information, which allowed him to extemporise on a multitude of subjects. While yet a student at the seminary, he one day found one of his young companions puzzling at the composition of a panegyric, which he had been

charged to pronounce in honour of one of the Saints. Denys Cochin immediately set to work and sketched out the divisions of his discourse, and the principal ideas which might serve to embellish it. The embarrassed orator followed his advice, and his discourse was so successful that he could not abstain from revealing the name of its real author.* This kind of charity—intellectual charity—is perhaps the one which the most eloquent are the least disposed to share with others. Later on we shall have occasion to see to what an extent it was carried by the grand-nephew of the Curé of St. Jacques.

Eloquence is inspired by the subjects which serve as the daily nourishment of the mind; and owing to this the Abbé Cochin excelled in his charity sermons. However, he never ventured to apply to others in favour of the poor until he had himself set the example. One day while hurrying through the streets of Paris, in order to arrive at the hour appointed for his sermon, he was stopped by an old woman whom he had lately assisted. "M. le Curé," she cried, "pray come once more to my relief; I am in greater distress than ever." "Willingly, my good woman, would I relieve you, but I have nothing." Upon which the beggar, following closely on his heels, continued, "Oh! do give me something, I entreat you—there—your silver shoe-buckles, they would serve to keep me

* "Notice sur l'Abbé Cochin."

for a week." "True, you are right," replied the Curé, and stooping down, unloosened his shoe-buckles, and gave them to her. He was about to continue his road, when, struck with a sudden thought, he added, "Stay; perhaps people may think you have stolen them. Come with me while I dispose of them to some dealer, and you shall have whatever they fetch." No sooner said than done; the buckles were sold, the money paid over to the old woman, and the Curé disappeared at a rapid pace. Being in general remarkable for his punctuality, the congregation had begun to feel uneasy, when the Abbé made his appearance in the pulpit. Out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he commenced by apologising for his delay, and after having simply related what had occurred, he continued his sermon. On descending the pulpit in order, as was his custom on those occasions, to make the usual collection, what was his surprise and consolation to see the purse filled with buckles, chains, rings, and articles of jewellery of various sorts, which afforded the poor on that day assistance for weeks to come.*

In the beginning of the year 1780, the Abbé Cochin first conceived the idea of founding an hospital for the sick and aged in his own parish. He commenced by applying to that object 37,000 livres which had been placed at his disposal. That sum exhausted, he made an appeal to the

* "Notice sur l'Abbé Cochin."

charity of the public. The Cochin family alone contributed 47,000 livres. The laying of the first stone of the edifice was not performed, as was the usual custom, by any person of note, but by two paupers, chosen from amongst the most deserving. A young architect of the name of Viel drew up the plans. In less than two years, a healthy and commodious building with a suitable chapel was completed, and its inmates installed under the superintendence of some venerable nuns. Meanwhile the salaries of some of the workmen employed in the building remained unpaid. The Abbé Cochin sold part of his furniture, and was on the point of disposing of his books to pay off these arrears, when one of his parishioners called on him, and placed in his hands the sum required, on the express condition that he should never part with his library.

Towards the end of 1782, worn out with fatigue, he wrote to the newly-appointed Archbishop of Paris, Antoine de Juigné, requesting him to name some one in his place. The Archbishop replied in the first instance, by entrusting the choice of a successor to the Curé himself; a favour which his humility declined. Feeling his end approaching, the Abbé Cochin distributed his wardrobe among the poor. "I cannot," he said, "give them enough, for it is the last time I shall have an opportunity of giving them anything." Shortly after he received the last sacraments, and only ceased to pray when he

had ceased to live. The Abbé Cochin had administered, or rather, had edified, his parish during a period of twenty-six years. The hospital had originally been called by him the Hospital of St. James and St. Phillip; but in 1788, the Committee of Hospitals gave it the name of Hospital Cochin, which it still bears. His grand-nephew relates that the Abbé Cochin's contemporaries had awarded him the two most honourable names which a Christian can receive: "Homme de bien;" "Homme de Dieu"—by which they meant that he was alike devoted to God and man.

Augustin Cochin's father was born in Paris, July 8th, 1789, of Jacques Denys Cochin and Angelica Susan de Matigny de la Boissière, the daughter of an inspector of rivers and forests. Named after his father, Jacques Denys Cochin was Mayor of the Twelfth Arrondissement of Paris, and rendered his administration remarkable by the important measures of which he was the promoter. In 1818 he replaced in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont the tombstones of Pascal and Racine, which had been carried away during the Revolution; and in 1822 he obtained the re-consecration of the Church of Ste. Geneviève, which still bore the name of the "Panthéon." He was created a baron under the Restoration, but neither he nor his son assumed the title, from a feeling (which is perhaps not solely to be attributed to humility) that it is better to be one of the most ancient among the

burgesses, than the most recent among the nobles. As soon as Augustin Cochin's father had attained the age of manhood, he determined to prove himself a worthy descendant of his ancestors. In 1815 he purchased a lawyer's practice at the Court of Cassation, and contributed considerably to its value. Success in his profession was soon followed by domestic happiness. By his marriage with Mlle. Augustine Benoist, he became allied to a family originally of Anjou, and which, in the sixteenth century, had furnished the Parisian clergy with one of its most distinguished members.*

His father-in-law, Count Benoist, was Director-General and Minister of State, under the Restoration; his brother-in-law, Count Benoist d'Azy, is Vice-President of the National Assembly at the present day.

In 1825, M. Jean Denys Cochin succeeded as Mayor of the Twelfth Arrondissement to his father, who retired amidst universal regret. Municipal functions at Paris afford few privileges, while they impose many duties; personal activity and individual influence alone serve to sustain an authority which, though honourable in itself, is confined within narrow limits. Of this, M. Jean

* "Le pape des Halles, René Benoist, Conseiller du Roy en ses conseils d'État et privé, confesseur de Marie Stuart et de Henry IV., curé de St. Eustache de Paris, eveque nommé de Troyes, 1521—1608." A curious biography, published by J. R. Denis, Membre de la Société d'Agriculture, Sciences et Arts d'Anger, chez Leon Techner, Paris.

Denys Cochin was fully aware, and did not fail, therefore, to devote himself, heart and soul, to his mission. Primary schools owe much to his exertions; and, at his own expense, he built an establishment for the instruction of youth, which public gratitude still continues to distinguish by the name of "Maison Cochin."

The Orleans railroad, of which the station is to be seen in that same Twelfth Arrondissement, is mainly due to the energy of M. Cochin. Reporter of the committee, when that undertaking gave rise to serious discussions in the Municipality of Paris, he was appointed Administrator of the Enterprise, when the line (one of the most important in the French capital) was opened to the public. About the same time arose the question of the foundation of "Salles d'Asile" (infant schools), on the model of those already existing in England. M. Cochin visited that country in order to study in detail those admirable institutions. Having at length succeeded in establishing one in the Twelfth Arrondissement, during a whole year he took upon himself the task of teaching the younger children, with a view to ensure the success of that invaluable importation. He is the author of a manual ("Manuel des Salles d'Asile") which still serves as a guide to similar institutions throughout France. Later on, he was to be found lending his zealous co-operation for the suppression of mendicity to MM. Debelleyme, de Caraman, de

Choiseul, de Larochefoucauld-Doudeauville, Pasquier, Barbé-Marbois, Greffulhe. In a luminous report, not to be forgotten, M. Cochin defined the various classes of mendicants, so apt to be confounded with the poor and infirm. He fixed the mode of classing them, of analysing, to a certain degree, the divers elements of their condition, so as to arrive at the possibility of sending those to prison, "*who can and will not work;*" to the hospital or alms-house, "those *who will work, but cannot;*" to the factory "those *who can work and will, but cannot find employment,*" and lastly, to their homes, those who abandon them for the sake of giving themselves up solely to mendicity.

The moral, and, if necessary, the material aid of government; the support of public charity; the modification of the law; the encouragement of benevolence; the intimidation of vice; and the protection of honest indigence: such were the means which the able reporter proposed to adopt, in order to put an end to mendicity. Moreover, with a view to obtain a general result throughout France, these means were to be combined with the development of elementary instruction; with the establishment of agricultural colonies; with penitentiary reform, and with the extension of home succour.

A first-class medal was awarded to M. J. D. Cochin as a recompense for his courage and activity during the first appearance of the cholera at Paris.

Invariably re-elected during the remainder of his life as a member of the General Council, and Municipal Council of Paris, M. J. D. Cochin never ceased to render, in that capacity, services which still remain unknown to the world.

In 1835 his arrondissement returned him as its representative to the Chamber of Deputies—a mandate which also only terminated at his death. The words pronounced by Count Molé in the French Academy might well have been applied to him: "Honesty of mind and disinterestedness of life are the most fertile source of inspiration . . . No one can tell what amount of authority, what rays of light an upright mind may produce."

But M. J. D. Cochin's career was not destined to be of long duration. At the age of fifty-two he was carried off by a violent illness, leaving the education of his two sons unfinished, and several of his works interrupted, but comforted by the recollection of the good which he had accomplished, and by the refreshing hopes of divine faith which had accompanied him through life. At the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, where he was interred, M. Benjamin Delessert, in the name of the Chamber of Deputies; M. Battelles, in the name of the hospitals of Paris; M. Chopin, in the name of the advocates of the Paris bar, and a young workman, in the name of his comrades, pronounced funeral orations over his grave, to which the by-standing crowd added the grateful tribute of their tears.

Pierre Augustin Cochin was born at Paris, December 11th, 1823. Before reaching the age when sorrow can be sensibly realised, an irreparable misfortune befell him—he lost his mother. This charming woman, whose mental qualities were the admiration of those who knew her, fell a victim, in the spring of life, to her maternal duties. After nursing her two boys through an attack of diptheria, she had scarcely beheld them restored to health, when she was herself carried off by the same malady.

Her death broke her husband's heart. He gave up his profession as a barrister, and sought for consolation in the practice of works of charity and benevolence, the sovereign balm of disconsolate minds. Everything which served to recall the cherished memory of his wife, became the object of his pious veneration. To his youngest son, whose features and gentle disposition reminded him more especially of hers, he gave her name. Henceforth, Pierre was called Augustin. At an age when impressions are seldom deep, Augustin retained a vivid recollection of his mother. Playing in a garden in the country, a few years later, his attention was arrested by a rose-bush; tears fell from his eyes, and he remained rooted to the spot. On being asked what had befallen him: "That rose," he replied, "reminds me of my mother: the sight of anything beautiful makes me think of her."

His awakening curiosity seemed to have no other object. As years rolled on, surrounded with friendship and affection, still the mother whom he had scarcely known, was the constant object of his inquiries; and the blank which her premature death had left in his tender heart could never be effaced. As late as the year 1869, in a letter to a friend, "I never," he says, "during my whole life, had but one unconquerable desire—the happiness of having a mother."

His father, meanwhile, was becoming daily more and more absorbed in the charitable works in which he had embarked, so that when to these were added the weight of the political duties which the esteem of his fellow citizens had imposed upon him by sending him as their representative to the Chamber of Deputies, he ceased to have any time to bestow upon the education of his two sons. Consequently he found himself obliged to send them to school. Necessity compelled him to take this step, and reason made him consider it a duty. Public education appeared to him the only means of forming the minds of his children, of rendering their dispositions pliable, of bending them to discipline, and of preparing them, by the trials of society in miniature, for those greater trials of the world in which they would be called upon to live and act. This opinion appears just and reasonable, and yet it is so only as regards natures of a vigorous stamp. Many are the minds which

break down under the hard constraint of a public school; many the hearts which are blighted by that dry atmosphere; many the dispositions soured by the premature trials which a school life inflicts. One can easily understand the sufferings of an amiable delicate boy on finding himself at nine years old immured in the "Collége Rollin," and surrounded by strangers at an age when he most required affection. Augustin Cochin could not accustom himself to it, and it began by preying on his health. For some time he continued languid and sickly. Nevertheless his father, in spite of the tenderness he bore him, remained inflexible, and would never allow his feelings to give way to what he considered a childish caprice. Augustin in the meanwhile sought for consolation in study. Success attended his efforts, and in a short time he became distinguished for his diligence and application. The friendship of some of his schoolfellows served to inspire him with patience, and his father's frequent visits never failed to leave upon his mind the marks of their invigorating influence. By degrees he became resigned to his school life. About this time a man who was destined to exercise a considerable influence over Augustin's whole career, the Abbé Senac, sought by means of affection and tenderness to mitigate in a great degree the innate sadness of his disposition.

This zealous priest has lately terminated a long and useful career, after having acquired a well-

merited reputation by his philosophical works and by his success in the education and direction of youth. No one more than the Abbé Senac possessed the precious art of kindling the sacred spark in young men's minds; of inclining them towards the Beautiful and the Good; of leading them through the path of reason to that enlightened faith which elevates the soul, fortifies the heart, and bends the knee. This worthy man devoted himself with paternal kindness to Augustin Cochin; he made him love the Catholic faith; he revealed to him gradually its harmony and its depth; and after having been the boy's counsellor during the course of his classical studies, he continued the man's friend during the remainder of his life. It was the Abbé Senac who instructed and prepared him for his first communion. This solemn act, which the Church like a watchful mother has placed at the threshold of our youthful days, left in the soul of Augustin an everlasting impression. Thence may be traced that love of moral purity, that longing after Christian perfection which was the mainspring of all his actions. A few days before this august ceremony took place, he wrote the following letter to his father: "You and a fellow student whom at first I was not inclined to love, who has lately made his first communion with infinite piety, and with whom I am now on intimate terms, have made me feel more than ever the importance and sublimity of religion. Henceforth

I shall strive to restrain my faults as far as lies in my power. I intend to write a little diary of what I shall consider good or evil in my daily conduct. I shall write it with sincerity, and by degrees I hope to arrive at having nothing but good on my conscience. I hope this resolution on my part will please you, and I beg you will tell me on Sunday what you think of it." On the eve of approaching the Blessed Sacrament he wrote again to his father: "If when you are at the foot of the altar, you recollect that you have offended your brother, rise, and go, and reconcile yourself with him—these are the words of the Gospel. Oh, my dear father! I beg your pardon for the trouble and anxiety I have caused you. Pardon me if I have not fulfilled all the duties of the fourth commandment. If I have given you pain by my impatience and unreasonableness, pardon me, and grant me your blessing, that thus Jesus Christ may find in me a worthy abode for Himself. Pray tell Rosalie and Barbier* that I beg their pardon for the annoyance and vexation I have caused them. Adieu, dear father! This day commences a new life for me. A life of goodness is about to succeed to one full of faults, and I will do all in my power to contribute to your happiness."

After this, Augustin resumed his school life with all its monotonous activity. Politics, then as now, found means to penetrate within the walls of the

* His father's servants.

schools (*lycées*); passing events were canvassed; everyone had his opinion on the conduct of the government, and Augustin Cochin among the rest. Nor were his expressions on the subject of the mildest, as may be seen by the following letter: "I trust the increased garrison of Paris, and the Ministry which has just been appointed, will put an end to all these rumours. If what we hear be true, these brigands have acted like cowardly assassins. In the meantime deliberate calumnies are not wanting which attribute the risings to M. Thiers, and even to the police. As for me I cannot help thinking that no serious party would wish to dishonour itself by assenting to acts executed by a set of men fresh from the galleys, or who deserve to be sent there."

As Augustin advanced in years, he became more and more the friend and confidant of his father. Everything grew to be in common between them. The father dilated on charitable institutions; explained the part he took in them. The son gave an account of the books he read; expressed with confidence his ideas; sought to convince himself of their value, and in their mutual intercourse gave vent to all the tenderness of his disposition. The result of this intimacy was an increased admiration for each other. "The only excess with which I can reproach Augustin, is being too good," writes the father to one of his confidential friends; while the son writes to his father: "You are the model I

keep before my eyes, dear father, and every day I see in you fresh acts worthy of imitation."

Time had now modified the yearning after home from which Augustin had hitherto so painfully suffered. The motive which now prompted him to seek the paternal roof was no longer the mere longing of a discontented spirit, but a desire to be useful to his father. He saw him overworked, a prey to care and solitude, and he was anxious to diminish his labours and his sorrows by sharing them with him, while he hoped that his presence would serve to comfort his declining years. This idea increased his zeal and activity. He passed through his course of philosophy with considerable distinction, and crowned it by a brilliant examination for the baccalaureate. He was now free to pass his life by the side of his beloved father. But scarcely had he taken up his abode in the old house of the Rue St. Jacques when, instead of the happiness which he had looked forward to find there, he was met by a severe misfortune. His father, to whom he had hoped to devote his youthful energies and affections, was seized with sudden illness, and in a few hours was pronounced past recovery. This sudden shock, far from depriving Augustin Cochin of his energy, added fresh vigour to his mind, and awakened in him a degree of judgment and activity beyond his years. He immediately informed his relations, called in physicians, and surrounded the sick man with every

comfort and attention. Then, as the fatal term approached, he joined with him in prayer, spoke to him of God, of the immortal soul, of divine salvation, of heavenly bliss, preparing thus for death the father from whom he had hoped to receive himself lessons of life. When he had closed his father's eyes, and accompanied his mortal remains to the grave, he returned to his solitary home with a broken spirit and a shattered frame. As he himself relates, he gave vent to the bitterest grief he ever experienced during the whole course of his life." He was then only seventeen years of age.

Trials of this sort, which crush ordinary minds, tend to develop noble natures. Augustin Cochin found in his intense grief a fresh source of attachment to his religion. Left alone, he assumed for his model the father whom he mourned, and sought to honour his memory by imitating his actions. He refused at once the advantages which had been secured to him by will, and insisted on the property being equally divided between his brother and himself. But there was one portion of the paternal inheritance which he determined not to renounce—the works of charity which his father had initiated. He supported them with his activity, his writings, and his precocious intelligence; taking care at the same time to maintain them on the same principles to which their prosperity was mainly due. While thus occupied, he followed a

course of lectures on law, and found leisure with a few friends to establish a conference of St. Vincent of Paul in the Faubourg St. Jacques, of which he was chosen president when he had scarcely attained the age of eighteen. The venerable curé of the parish, M. Martin de Noirlieu, encouraged the undertaking by his frequent visits, ever repeating to the young members of the conference his favourite maxim: "Noise does no good and good makes no noise." Augustin adopted this maxim for his guidance, and never swerved from its observance. The pain which others feel when their faults are discovered, he experienced when his good actions became public; in his eyes their merit was tarnished by the honour they reflected on him. Soon after he founded in this same Faubourg St. Jacques a society of mutual aid for workmen, of which he was also named president. He continued as long as he lived to discharge this humble office, and in spite of his other more absorbing occupations, he never omitted to attend the monthly meetings of its members. Often on these occasions he would entertain them with some discourses relating to the object of the institution, or at times, rising beyond questions of technical interest, he would expound and make clear to them questions of public order or the principles of social economy. Besides the regular meetings of the society, he frequently assembled the workmen at his own house, in order to converse with them on

their own private wants and embarrassments. He invested their savings for them, assisted those in need, and enlightened those who were embarked in some difficult undertaking. His Sundays he devoted to a society of young apprentices (*patronage*) which he had established with a few other friends.

Moreover, he organized a conference on law, of which he was one of the most active members, and one whose words were the most willingly sought for and listened to.

He has himself described the generous sentiments, the active zeal, and the moral purity, which animated this group of young men, in a letter addressed to a friend who had loaded him with praise, while recalling those happy days:—"I shall not reply to your praises; we, you, I, all our friends, have been too much united by our studies, our pleasures, and the similar conditions and pursuits of our lives, to admit of praise and merit not being shared collectively. If we have laboured, it was because we encouraged each other; if we conducted ourselves honourably, it was because we served each other as examples; if we have believed in God, and practised our faith, it was because we had more at heart our mutual esteem than care for the sneers of the world. I have shared this life with you, and partaken of its healthy influence, of which I was more in want than you, owing to my isolation; let us then not praise ourselves,

but return thanks to God who has allowed us to pass years together without remorse amidst the charm and security of our mutual friendship."*

In writing these words, Augustin Cochin sought to conceal the prominent part he played in this life in common. He exercised over some of his companions a truly moral influence, clearing up their doubts, combating their foibles, exciting their courage, and kindling in their souls the generous spark which animated his own. Occupation and charity were, with prayer, his principal means of moral preservation. His holidays even were devoted to useful purposes; he employed them, for the most part, in studying the condition of the working classes in foreign countries, and seeking everywhere means of improvement for them, and information for those who took an interest in their lot. One eminent philanthropist more especially guided his investigations: M. Le Play, then in the outset of his career, but already fixed in his method, and imbued with the ideas which he has since developed in his remarkable work. By his advice, Augustin Cochin visited Germany and the district of the Vosges, whence he returned with three interesting monographs, afterwards inserted in a work entitled "Les Ouvriers Européens, et les Ouvriers des Deux Mondes." †

* Lettre à M. Soland.

† These monographs are called: "Le Chiffonier de Paris," "Le Tisserand de la Vallée du Rhin," and "Le Brodeur des Vosges."

These various occupations did not prevent him from prosecuting his studies for the law, and the several examinations which he underwent were invariably attended with success. He obtained his doctor's degree amidst universal applause, and lost no time in taking the necessary steps for his reception at the bar of Paris. Notwithstanding this he only took advantage of his title of barrister on one single occasion, but under circumstances which deserve mention.

A poor attorney's clerk had been for some time in the habit of levying secret tribute on the meals of his colleagues. Encouraged by impunity, he one day ventured to extend his operations to a sum of money which he had been charged to deliver. On this occasion his malversation was discovered, and led to the discovery of his other delinquencies. The indignation of his employer was extreme, and the victims demanded his punishment. The unfortunate clerk was denounced and thrown into prison. The excitement in the attorney's office had scarcely subsided, when a poor woman made her appearance, followed by four little children. She owned with tears that she was the culprit's mother, and that it was at her instigation that he had committed the thefts of which he was accused, adding that the ill-begotten sum had served to mitigate the extreme penury of the family, had saved it from otherwise inevitable starvation, and that now he who had sacrificed himself

for the rest was on the point of being dishonoured by a disgraceful sentence.

Indignation shortly gave way to pity; everybody began to think how they could save the youth, whom a few minutes before they had loaded with abuse and contumely. The question was, how to rescue him from his impending fate? Where find a lawyer of talent, and the means of remunerating him when found? A young licentiate in law, M. Nau de Beauregard, immediately thought of his relation, Augustin Cochin, and without hesitation sought his assistance; appealed to his feelings, to his well-known charity, and ended by overcoming his repugnance to plead in public.

On the day of the trial, the hall was crowded to excess; but, as may be supposed, it was not the young thief's cause which had excited public curiosity: a case relating to the press was to be discussed, Maitre Cremieux was to plead, and some scandal was expected. The clerk's affair was the first on the roll; the examination took place amidst the noise of the conversations carried on among the auditory. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and the public prosecutor demanded the extreme application of the law. Suddenly the conversations dropped, a profound silence ensued, and a young, gentle, but nevertheless firm-toned voice, was heard: it pleaded in glowing accents for the poor boy; and, by means of a touching narrative of the facts, reached the hearts of the jury and of the

crowd: the court was won, the audience moved with compassion, and the culprit himself burst into tears. A few minutes after, and the crowd hailed with approbation a sentence of acquittal. When the trial was concluded, the president summoned the successful pleader before him, and addressed him in the following terms:—"Maitre Cochin, you are the bearer of a name long since illustrious at the Paris bar, and you bear that name worthily; accept the congratulations of the Court, who considers itself fortunate to have heard you." To which the public prosecutor added: "I associate myself fully with these laudatory expressions; you have pleaded at the outset of your career as few experienced lawyers do at the end of theirs." After which the young orator retired, seeking as he left the scene of his modest triumph to avoid the congratulations which greeted him on his way, and hurried to alleviate the misery of those whom he had saved from infamy—charity completed the work which talent had commenced.

Thus at twenty years of age, when in general the most that a youth can offer are hopes, Augustin Cochin could produce acts; for him there seems to have been no transition from youth to manhood. In full possession of his independence, with a fortune which afforded him ample means of enjoyment, he never allowed himself to be led from the path he had traced out for himself: he remained youthful, though not thoughtless; serious, though

not pedantic; and this, at an age when qualities as well as faults are with difficulty prevented from falling into exaggeration. His fair hair, and blue eyes full of animation, his cordial smile, and a countenance which, like his mind, passed without an effort from cheerfulness to gravity; everything in him was engaging and attractive: he possessed all the qualities which might render him agreeable to the world, and the world captivating to him. But as he approached its dangers, he armed himself with an increase of religious faith, and like the navigator who, foreseeing the coming storm, grasps the helm more firmly, and fixes his gaze more steadily on the compass, Augustin Cochin resolutely joined the ranks of that select band of young men who, in all the fervour and integrity of their hearts, devoted themselves to the most noble, the most pure ideal: Christian liberty in political life, and Christian happiness in private life.

CHAPTER II.

M. Cochin's First Work—He enters the Commission of 1850 for the Liberty of Instruction—His Marriage—Extracts from his Private Correspondence.

WHEN in early youth, a man lays down the landmarks of his future life, as was the case with M. Cochin, not only does he secure profitable employment for his time, but he spares himself regret and self-reproach. By a singular phenomenon of the moral order, the blank inactive days of a man's life are not those which, at the end of his career, appear the lightest; and when comes the hour of supreme reckoning, among the things which weigh upon a conscience, inaction is one of those which weighs the heaviest. In this respect M. Cochin had nothing to fear; idleness was as unknown to him as vice. His young companions vied with him in activity, and, for the most part, all have held a prominent place in society owing to the services which they rendered.

The enlightened counsels of Count Benoist d'Azy, M. Cochin's uncle, exercised a decisive influence

over his career. One of the recommendations which M. Benoist d'Azy sought to inculcate upon his young nephew, was to follow the example of the young Englishmen who enter public life: to master one thing, then study all others a little; to travel and mix with men of his own and of other countries; study the policy of his times; investigate the history of parliamentary governments; in a word accumulate intellectual capital. Such was the "programme" drawn up for his observance, and punctually followed. At the same time his uncle presented him to M. de Melun, and the latter in his turn introduced him to Sister Rosalie*

To the salutary influences on M. Cochin's young mind were added those exercised by Baron Larrey, a distant relation of his family, and of the Abbé Debeauvais, Curé of St. Jacques du Haut Pas, successor of M. Martin de Noirlieu.

The numerous demands on Augustin's time, resulting from his various studies, and more especially from his constant occupation in works of charity, withdrew him gradually from the bar, and ended by detaching him altogether from that profession. He learnt English and German; the arts were not neglected; he became an excellent "connoisseur" of music and painting, and never allowed a picture or partition of any celebrated master to pass, without expressing the impression

* The admirable life of Sister Rosalie has been revealed to the public by M. de Melun.

which it excited in his mind. He was a constant attendant with MM. Berryer, de Montalembert and Vitet, at the celebrated concerts periodically given at the Conservatoire of Paris.

He had scarcely attained his twenty-fourth year, when the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences proposed for their annual prize a treatise on "The Critical Examination of Pestalozzi's System of Instruction and Education, in its Relations with the Welfare and Morality of the Poorer Classes." The frequent intercourse of Augustin Cochin with the working classes had directed his attention at an early age to the subject of elementary instruction. He had studied its practical operation in the school founded by his father, and the treatise now proposed for competition by the institute afforded him an opportunity of investigating its theory. Moreover, he found in this interesting subject everything that could attract the kindliness of his nature; the character of a man of feeling to describe; the solution of a grand problem, and the opportunity of working out an infinity of good. He dedicated his first literary attempt to his father, with these words: "These pages will not have met his eyes, nor will his voice be heard in its behalf; but I place it respectfully, as I do my life, under the inspiration and safeguard of his memory." The work obtained the reward of an "honourable mention" on the part of the Academy. Passing events soon afforded evidence of its opportuneness. Writ-

ten in 1847 during the shortsighted dream of security, which existed in many minds at that moment, it was published in 1848, when a fresh revolution was on the eve of bringing social questions for the first time under official notice, and delivering up universal suffrage to the masses.

Henry Pestalozzi, a Swiss by birth, was one of the most ardent promoters of scholastic progress in our times. Like all those who do good without ostentation, his name is little known. By turns a student of theology, a lawyer and an agriculturist, after traversing many doubts and many trials, he finally discovered his real vocation—primary instruction. Once found, he remained faithful to it until the last day of a long and agitated life, during which poverty was too often the sole recompense of his efforts and disinterestedness. After his death, however, his country erected a monument to his memory, which recalled his services and his humble fame. While M. Cochin's work gives a glowing description of the life of the poor Swiss pedagogue; while the principles of Pestalozzi's system are exposed with rare sagacity, and discussed therein with great power of analysis; while their practical application is made the object of an examination which discovers a mind as much at ease in the study of facts as of ideas: yet throughout this work there shines forth an interest far superior to the subject itself. While studying Pestalozzi the reader meets at every page

thoughts which throw light on M. Cochin. He already appears in full possession of the great ideas which are about to follow him through life. In an age when the instability of events is accompanied with versatility of opinions as its ordinary consequence, it is consoling to find a man whose latest work was simply a commentary on his first.

Education appears only to apply to the child; but it is unworthy of its name unless it includes the entire man. Its action appears confined within narrow limits, but it can attempt nothing until it has solved the great problems which agitate the world. In order to bring up a child, education must know from what centre the child proceeds, and what it brings with it thence; thus the family is in fact its starting-point. In order to teach, it must study the capacities of learning which lie within us; thus it penetrates into the heart of philosophy. In order to prepare useful members for society it must be guided by the wants of the country; consequently it cannot remain a stranger to social science. Finally, in order to inspire the love of virtue, and to surround duty with its only true sanction, it must summon religion to its aid. Thus the family, philosophy, society, God, are the elements which the educator encounters at the outset, and the excellence of his guidance must depend on the justness of his notions on these essential points.

M. Cochin meets each of them in its turn with

an accuracy of judgment which attests the depth of his reflections.

"A treatise on education should commence with fixed principles of philosophy; in order to be educated a man must be capable of improvement. Is he so in reality?" Yes, answers M. Cochin, for he is an intelligent being, and his ideas have their type as well as their development in the infinite. He is a sensible being, and the happiness and perfection which he is perpetually seeking after, while leading him towards it, remain unlimited. He possesses a will, and intelligence and sensibility are the primaryincentives which determine his actions. Intelligence and love constitute his entire soul, as God created it after his own image. The soul and its constituent ideas are therefore the basis of all human development, and the foundation of all human knowledge.

"Where does the child's education commence? In the family." The domestic hearth, says Pestalozzi, is the central point in which everything divine in the developing power of human nature is concentrated. The only solid ground on which we ought to seek to establish education is the heart of the parents: it is the parents who, by the strength, the sincerity, the innocence and disinterestedness of their love awaken in the hearts of their children the belief in love." And, adds M. Cochin: "Among the people, the predominating figure of the family, is the wife, the mother.

Everything depends on her virtue, and ends by shaping itself after her. To the husband revert the labour and the gains of the household; to the wife, its cares and guidance: the husband provides, the wife economizes; the husband supports the children, the wife brings them up; the husband is the chief of the family, the wife its link; the husband is its honour, the wife its blessing.

Take from this picture what appertains more especially to the poor, and you will have the essential features of the family: the division of attributions, the harmony of wills, and the union of hearts in the same affection. M. Cochin is unable to trace this picture without emotion: "He who never pronounces," he says, "that sweet name, 'my mother,' learns what he has lost by what he misses: he composes with all the virtues and the charms which he encounters on his path an ideal of his mother; he obeys her memory, evokes her presence in his mind, and when he listens to the accents of his own conscience, it is his mother's voice that speaks to him and that he hears." The mother forms her child's heart and teaches it to adore God: the school, in order not to betray its trust, ought to continue that teaching. "Instruction without religion is a torrent without a dyke, fire without a fire-guard. Religion alone is the sovereign teacher of duty. Religion," says M. Cochin, "is the first to teach the special aim of life; to give our acts their true value, and our

social feelings their just application; it calls all virtues duties in order to ensure their practice, and all duties virtues in order to command their love. In short, the Christian religion alone shows us on the one hand our end, which is perfection, on the other our imperfect nature, with the means and helps to guide our nature to that end. We find these helps solely in the Catholic religion, which is at once a doctrine and an institution: alone it possesses unity in its symbols and authority in its commandments; alone it dispenses a moral discipline of the soul, which is man's support as well as his guide, which exalts and fortifies him at every age and in every important trial of his life: a marvellous series of teachings in perfect harmony with the infinite varieties of our hearts. He alone can have ordained them who knows our hearts in all their secret folds, and who does know those secret folds save He who made them?"

Religion appears to have but one mission: to secure happiness to our souls in the other world; but, at the same time, it is the only force capable of consolidating the happiness of society in this. What is the object of this society? "It is," says M. Cochin, "the welfare and the perfection of individuals." The nearer men approach perfection, the more they are capable of liberty. Liberty, with its development and progress, is then the providential aim; and the only means of attaining it is the moral amelioration of individuals. What

will accomplish this double result? Christianity, by the conciliation of order with liberty. Christianity produces order by subjecting governments and governed to the same moral law, which inspires the former with respect of the people and the latter with respect of authority. "It produces liberty, for it requires," says M. Cochin, "that our rights should be only limited by those of others. A partial liberty is nothing more than a privilege. In calling for liberty in general, he does not so much mean the liberty of each individual as the regulation of each liberty." Then he adds: "Liberty tends to increase the number of duties rather than of rights, since every individual is bound to the same respect and to the same sacrifices towards the rights of all." Equality does not consist in every man obtaining the same place; it requires only that he should obtain the place for which he is fitted, while he should be able to aspire to all places. Equality must be chastened by charity: charity maintains inequality of conditions within the limits of its unavoidable existence, while, at the same time, it amends and renders it supportable to those who might suffer by it. Alas! how little is this understood now-a-days! The more liberty a man possesses the more he considers himself free from all respect and self-abnegation. The community which is the most blessed with liberty, is precisely the one which most requires the spirit of sacrifice. Order, liberty,

equality, charity, such are the foundations on which modern societies should rest. Religion, which serves as a bond of union between them, is far from paralysing, as it is accused of doing, the production of wealth. "If any one," says Franklin, "should come and tell you that there are other means of becoming rich than by labour and economy, drive him hence; he is a corruptor." Christianity prescribes labour and sanctifies it; it disposes towards economy by imposing temperance, which is its parent. It goes further, it renders even sorrow acceptable, and suffering useful.

Thus everything combines and tends to strengthen itself in this vast system of which religion is the basis, and of which it produces the harmony. It is the link which unites the family, the rule of individuals, and the main force of society. It teaches how to love God and man, whom philosophy only teaches to know.

Such are the ideas which form the groundwork of M. Cochin's writings, and the rule of his conduct. The result of a powerful effort of thought, they preserve in this his first work the abstract character which denotes a recent conception. Later on, in contact with experience, they become more lucid and practical; under the influence of new feelings they assume a more vivid form; but they will for ever and on every occasion be found illuminating the path of him who here expresses them for the first time.

This remarkable essay on Pestalozzi, his fidelity to the traditions of his family, as well as his modest courage and the coolness which he evinced during the bloody days of June, 1848, naturally pointed out M. Cochin for some municipal office in Paris. He was named assistant (*adjoint*) to the Mayor of the Tenth Arrondissement, in which he then resided.

It has been often stated and is still repeated that the majority in the Constituent Assembly of 1848 knowingly and designedly provoked civil war in the month of June with a view of putting an end to the Republic, and that the suppression of the national workshops, obtained through my persistency, was the treacherous origin of the insurrection. A few words are necessary in order to re-establish the truth with regard to this terrible episode of our civil dissensions, now for the most part forgotten.

The national workshops were not suppressed by a vote of the Constituent Assembly, either before or after the insurrection. Their suppression was decreed and executed by a dictatorial ordinance on the 3rd of July by General Cavaignac and a ministry composed of Old Republicans (*de la vieille*) as they were then called.*

The Assembly, anxious to accompany the suppression with some popular measures, was taken

* MM. Bethmond, Bastide, Carnot, Senart, Goudchaud, Recurt and Tourret.

by surprise, and called upon to declare itself on that subject by the insurrection itself. It was not until the insurrection had broken out, and precisely on that account, that I read my report in the tribune of the Chambers. The whole blame of the aggression was therefore on the side of the insurgents; the right of defence on the side of the Assembly. The moderate party were well aware of this fact.

In spite of M. Cochin's reserve on any question relating to himself, the following letter, addressed to M. Benoist d'Azy, shows how he understood his duty:—

"As for me," he says, "I was only exposed for a few hours in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and, thank God, I escaped unhurt from the single volley which caused some havoc in my company. Hyppolite Larrey is safe. As regards friends: among yours I only saw M. Le Play and M. Guynemer—both in good health; among mine, a poor schoolfellow of two-and-twenty, an only son, was killed; M. Adolphe Baudon* had his leg broken by a musket-shot; some others are less severely wounded. The questions at stake remain standing although the barricades have fallen, and material order is not, I regret to say, a proof or guarantee of moral and political order. Let us place our confidence in the Sovereign Lord of eternal order and justice, and let us not despair,

* President General of the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul.

'like those who have no hopes,' for we are Christians. But the tears and blood which have been shed shock the sight and distress the heart. How I wish to be near you, to receive your counsel, to lean on your strength, to enlighten myself by your wisdom, to console myself with your faith, and to find in your friendship and in the charms of our family circle the only remission which God grants to similar horrors—the blessing of still loving and honouring a few friends on earth!

"You will have learnt that our poor Archbishop was killed by a bullet shot from a window while he was in the act of embracing one of the insurgents. His end was truly heroic; it casts dishonour on the assassins, glorifies the faith, and will serve, in all probability, as a propitiation for us with God. We must deplore it, but may nevertheless feel proud of it."

The reaction which followed the days of June soon caused the downfall of General Cavaignac. Prince Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Republic on the 10th December, 1848.

I was charged with the portfolio of Public Instruction and Ecclesiastical Affairs in a Ministry, presided over by M. Odillon Barrot, and composed of the following members: MM. Buffet, Passy, de Tracy, de Laujuinais, Dufaure, de Tocqueville. The special condition on which I accepted a post for which I was so little prepared, was the presentation of a law on the liberty of public instruction.

Although public opinion had long been enlightened on this important question by M. de Montalembert and his friends, by l'Abbé Dupanloup, and nearly the entire episcopate; nevertheless the conversion of this protracted controversy into a legislative act presented numerous difficulties. Many conservatives still recoiled at the idea of tampering with the monopoly of the university. I was therefore under the necessity of securing the cooperation of the chiefs of the old liberal party, such as MM. Thiers and Cousin; as well as of some eminent members of the university themselves, such as MM. Saint Marc Girardin and Dubois. At the same time I had recourse to M. de Montalembert and the Abbé Dupanloup, whose former adversaries now warmly approved of this courageous measure, and I hailed with satisfaction the opportunity afforded me of placing M. Cochin on the commission which was formed on that occasion, and it is now one of my most pleasing recollections to recall in these pages M. Cochin's rapid success. "Who is this young colleague you have given us?" asked all the old hands at their first meeting, on beholding M. Cochin with his juvenile appearance, modestly seated at the extremity of their long horse-shoe table. "You will soon learn," I replied with confidence; and a few days after, when M. Cochin submitted to the board, for the first time, several propositions for their consideration, with a firm voice, though evidently with

some emotion, all his colleagues were struck by the mixture of natural timidity and precocious authority with which he pronounced them, and complimented me on the "discovery" I had made. From that day they enrolled themselves in the ranks of his admiring friends. He had already gained the sympathy of M. de Montalembert and the Abbé Dupanloup by the religious sentiments which they had perceived in him; but M. Thiers, M. Cousin, and M. Saint Marc Girardin were not less expansive or less faithful toward their young colleague. It was not long before M. Cochin was styled among us a Catholic Thiers, and M. Thiers, who was aware of this denomination, was by no means displeased at it. His lucidity of expression, the variety of his acquirements, his love of research, and the faculty he possessed of passing with the greatest ease from industrial, administrative, and financial questions to those of a more elevated nature, and to what M. Thiers was pleased to designate by the name of "the contemplation of eternal truths," were the object of the statesman's admiration and sympathy. From day to day M. Thiers took delight in conversing with an interlocutor ever ready with an answer; who knew how to combine frankness with deference, and often introduced questions on religious subjects with a conviction so sincere and penetrating that the discussions which ensued between them, in the *salon* of the Rue St. George, often lasted till past mid-

night. M. Cousin, whose eloquence was of an higher order, but not so varied as that of M. Thiers, also conceived the most cordial esteem for M. Cochin. At his death, which took place somewhat suddenly, M. Cochin paid a debt of gratitude to M. Cousin's memory, by rendering homage to the Christian sentiments of which he had so often heard the spontaneous expression from the lips of the philosopher himself.*

The labours of the commission were crowned with success. They are known at the present day under the name of the Law of March 15th, 1850, by those who are favourable to it, and by the name of Falloux's Law, by those who are opposed to it. A considerable share in the manipulation of this law must be attributed to M. Cochin, and his assiduity on this occasion had all the merit of a sacrifice. Every day at the issue of the commission, which lasted during three whole months, he was to be seen, with a cumbrous mass of papers under his arm, hurrying from the Ministry of Public Instruction to pass the remaining hours of the day at his uncle's, M. Benoist d'Azy, in the society of his cousin Mademoiselle Adeline Benoist d'Azy, who was destined shortly to bear his name and share the labours and the trials of his life.

M. and Madame Cochin passed the first months of their marriage at the ancient château of Azy.

* *Le Correspondant*, February 25th, 1867. Necrological article on M. Cousin, by M. Cochin.

Under that venerable roof, as was the custom in the patriarchal families of old, the successive generations of the family grow up and remain under the authority of one revered head. The chapel is the first rendezvous of the day; at an early hour of the morning, the elders of the family, with the children, grandchildren, and relatives, assemble round the altar, and often side by side receive the Holy Eucharist. The day thus begun in prayer continues in some useful occupation, which serves to stimulate the activity of the mind, to animate conversation, and to extract from every surrounding object, even from the excursions which ensue, some lasting profit. The evening hours are occupied in music, reading, and drawing.

Such a life, at once calm and occupied, could not fail to charm M. Cochin. But he never allowed it to divert him from the more austere duties which he had accepted in Paris. In the month of September, 1849, he returned to his post, and without loss of time placed himself at the disposal of the superintendent of the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul, M. Baudon, who, since the wound received in the days of June, had remained several months oscillating between life and death.

After exposing, in his letter to M. Baudon, the various calls on his more immediate care and attention, not forgetting even his wedding visits, M. Cochin goes on to say :—

"Believe me, I shall never neglect St. Vincent

de Paul, St. Jacques, and the workmen. I return full of splendid projects, which I lay before you that you may have a right to remind me of them. What I hold most dear on earth, is being a Catholic, and when I ask myself to whom I am indebted for that blessing, I cannot but reply that it is chiefly to St. Vincent de Paul. Your society was the asylum of my youth. There I found examples, friends, blessings, which I shall never forget. God alone knows to what an extent one or other among you, yourself for instance, have by a word, an example, an act of kindness, influenced my thoughts, my conduct, and the direction of my life, too soon abandoned to my own responsibility. I repeat all this to you that I may impose obligations on myself which it would be an act of ingratitude on my part to decline, and in order that you may have a right to appeal to my gratitude rather than to my zeal."

When the societies of mutual assistance were being organized, he wrote to M. Soland:—

"Your views with regard to the conditions of an efficient association of mutual assistance are most sagacious; you have foreseen all that experience could teach you. There are two modes of organizing similar associations, either by only admitting workmen of the same age and who possess the same pecuniary resources and conditions of health—in a word, subject to the same vicissitudes; in which case, an admittance fee, fines, and a limit to the

aid afforded, must be imposed. A society formed on these conditions may prosper materially, but farewell all Christian brotherhood. What becomes of the aged, the poor, and the infirm? The candidates are admitted like recruits passing before a medical board. Such is not your object. Or it may be organized by accepting every one not afflicted with chronic disease, or who is not a notorious reprobate. In this case the personal subscription must be raised, say, to one franc a month; because the number of those entitled to first-class assistance, as you may suppose, will increase rapidly. It is necessary to have a numerous body of active subscribers who give without receiving, and their subscription should be higher than that of the working men themselves.

"(1) In order that the workmen—even those not suffering from illness—may be frequently visited at their own homes; (2) in order that the amount of the subscriptions may serve as a security against erroneous calculations; (3) in order that the workmen's subscriptions being exclusively applied to the wants of the sick, there may still, with their consent, remain a fund applicable to the expenses of printing, of meetings, and other extras; (4) in order that the generous intervention of the subscribing members may confer on them a natural right to take upon themselves the entire administration of the board, and thus avoid disputes, hasty dissolutions of the society, and frauds; (5)

in order to procure lecturers for the meetings; (6) and finally to enable the rich to communicate freely with the poor.

"Above all, be particular in your choice of a treasurer; take care that he be impartial, zealous and exact. Let his accounts be examined by the heads of forms; do not be afraid of consulting the latter frequently, particularly on measures of discipline. Pray do not allow the physician who attends the sick workmen to tender his services gratuitously; pay him, so as to command his regular attendance, and attach him to the society. Should you have any other questions to put to me I am at your disposal."

When applied to on any private business, M. Cochin's answers were equally prompt and conscientious. On one occasion, in reply to a friend who asked his advice respecting the choice of a profession, his reply was as follows: "When we were studying the law, we were full of dreams and brimful of generous ideas; judging and ruling the world (in our colloquies), we imagined ourselves its judges and its rulers; and after having talked philosophy, politics, law, and religion in our stroll from the Place de la Concorde to the Barrière de l'Etoile, we were convinced that we were philosophers, politicans, jurisconsults and theologians; society was bound to accept us as such, and to open wide its arms to receive us as soon as we had terminated our last thesis. Society, however, did

no such thing. We deceived ourselves. We ought to have commenced some study or some career step by step, instead of flattering ourselves with the delusive idea of taking one by storm and beginning at the top. We should have acted more wisely had we followed the profession of our fathers, adopting some special study, instead of chosing to be men of forty without ever being men of five-and-twenty. We may be men of forty, but we shall remain so for the next twenty years before the world perceives it.

"Our best device is now to try back into some beaten path, and to follow it; there we may do some good; and if it be the will of Providence to promote us suddenly, it will know where to find us, no matter where we are. Until Providence is pleased to place us at the head of an army, let us strive to be good and humble soldiers in its ranks; let us be men of one study, of one work, of one profession, of one country; but let us accustom ourselves to apply large ideas to occupations which in themselves are humble and obscure."

M. Cochin, to whom the cause of public instruction was so deeply indebted, did not consider that the enactment of the law of 1850 had terminated his mission. His views had been crowned with success, but they had still to be converted into facts, and there remained for France to learn how to reduce to practice its newly acquired liberty in matters of education. This task, far less brilliant

than the former, required, however, qualities no less rare. A committee was formed under the presidency of M. Molé; M. Cochin was one of its most useful and active members. The natural amenity of his mind could not fail to foster among his colleagues the harmony which forms the main strength of all associations; while his personal activity compensated for the negligence of some, and for the frequent absence of others. Soon after the passing of the law in favour of the liberty of public instruction we find the following letter written by M. Cochin to M. Ducros de Sixt:—

"The new law on public instruction imposes a serious duty on its supporters and all lovers of liberty. Within certain limits, liable to be extended hereafter according to their deserts, liberty will no longer be wanting to religious-minded men; the question is whether they will not be found wanting to liberty. Should that unfortunately be the case, the cause will not be lost, because, before a quarter of a century has elapsed, God will have replaced this generation by another, and will render that one in all probability more active in its search after good; nevertheless, it will cast shame on the Catholics, and entail profound evil on the country. You are not ignorant of this, and feel and fear it as I do. In the meantime the work is very difficult; to teach is a complicated affair; to found is not easy; to administer is irksome; to prepare teachers, to write books, to

improve methods, is the work of time and labour. Not that we have all this to do, but what yet remains to accomplish is considerable.

"Many of those who have studied this great question have been of opinion that it was necessary in the first instance, for the success and for the nature of the effect to be produced, to form a committee of free teaching (*d'enseignement libre*), composed of elements sufficiently conciliatory to prove that its object was not contention, but edification, and sufficiently firm to inspire Catholics with confidence; a committee which would say to Government. We adopt liberty seriously, while you abandon it to the goodwill of individuals, without reckoning upon it. We are here to serve as a fulcrum, a *point d'appui*, to that goodwill, and we do reckon upon it. While to parents, it would say: We expect your sacrifices and await your wishes; you expect our efforts, our influence, and our example: neither shall fail you. To teachers it would say: We are here to serve, to protect you, and to see that the law be not turned against you.

"You will recognise the conciliatory and dignified character of this committee, in the names of the bishops who compose it, and in that of its President.* I must humbly confess that I do not expect it will accomplish much, although at the same time I am convinced nothing can be accom-

* Count Molé.

plished without it, and I have willingly devoted to it all the time and labour which has been asked of me. You will perceive that we have a vast undertaking before us, with a great chance of not succeeding, but at all events it will be a duty performed. Will you lend your assistance to the task?"

Domestic life, with its train of special and serious duties, often tends to detach men from works of a public nature, or only admits of their bestowing on them a limited amount of time and few resources. M. Cochin found means to escape from those prudential pre-occupations which are not always exempt from egotism. Every blessing of Providence, the birth of each of his children, caused his heart to overflow with gratitude and was the origin of some fresh foundation. It seemed as if he had at heart to strive by incessant acts of charity to deserve the perfect happiness in which his domestic lot was cast. Formerly when depressed by the memories of the past, and anxious of the future, he sought strength in occupation and consolation in charity. Henceforth it was a feeling of satisfaction and gratitude that inspired his benevolence. All things appeared easy to him, and he gave away his life, without grudging his time, his labour, or his fortune.

This ardent thirst for good easily consumes its victims, and M. Cochin was a striking and sorrowful example of this result. In 1858 he already

bent under the weight of excessive work, and was obliged to seek the restoration of his own failing strength, as well as of the health of one of his sons, at the waters of Luchon. This temporary separation from his family was the origin of an interesting correspondence with some of its members. Nothing serves to betray the secret of a soul like the intimacy of a familiar correspondence. In the world everybody, even involuntarily, plays a part. The best through delicacy, the worst for propriety's sake, confine themselves by a kind of tacit agreement within the circle of commonplace ideas. No matter how spontaneous the language and how confiding the mind may seem to appear, there remain corners of the soul which conversation seldom reveals. But in an intimate correspondence the secret escapes, the force of affection prompts a heart to disclose its feelings, and it never thinks itself thoroughly sincere unless when it lays itself completely bare. Then only does a man reveal himself. This light which shines forth from an intimate correspondence, fatal as it is to those who possess influence or talents not borne out by their moral character, brings, on the contrary, into relief those who have devoted a truly noble heart to the service of a modest calling. This is the reason why M. Cochin's correspondence exhibits him in all his genuine superiority; there his free mind bursts forth, and his thought displays itself in all its natural exuberance.

As he approaches the picturesque beauties of the South, he thus associates Madame Cochin with him in the scenes which first strike his imagination:—

"After St. Gaudens the mountains begin to appear; presently they grow in size, casting their vast shadows over each other, and confounding far away, in one single outline, green trees and reddish rocks, zigzag lines and harmonious curves, inhabited slopes and inaccessible heights; between which, in misty distance, indistinct ridges of still remoter summits form a series of countless outlines one behind the other, adding space to grandeur. It is a lovely sight! Man's instinct is to admire whatever tends upwards; a pillar or a palace; poplars or oaks; incense or flame: everything in short which soars upward appears an emblem of our invisible destinies, and as it were a stepping-stone to heaven. What charms me most after what is grand, is the mysterious and undefined. Through the vapours which bathe our somewhat melancholy landscapes of the North the mind's eye plunges and fancies it perceives what it cannot distinguish. The bright fallowness of the South blinds me with its dazzling brilliancy and excessive glare. I scarcely know anything of the South, but hitherto I greatly prefer the North."

There is a species of beauty to which the soul of M. Cochin was more alive than to that of the

sublimest landscape—that is, moral beauty. His feelings therefore may be well conceived when he first perceives a spark of this beauty in his son.

He writes to Madame Cochin :—

"Let us speak of Denys. I own it to you in a whisper—I have a sort of feeling of respect for my son. If you had seen the dear boy seated on the top of the diligence between the 'conducteur,' the postillion, and a gendarme, calmly making the sign of the cross as he passed every roadside cross, with that undaunted yet at the same time timid tranquility which you know, and then again before his meals in full table d'hôte! This morning his first words were for you. . . . I shall leave him to his own imagination and his own orthography when he writes to you on his birthday; which, mind, is a great act of humility on my part, for I am proud and happy at the physical progress he has made; but evidently his talents and his education suffer from his mother's absence, and when you see his pitiful composition you will have every right to say: "It is high time he should return under my government."

Although absent from Paris the works of nature do not deter M. Cochin from attending to those of man. Every literary and political incident has its echo even amidst the mountains of Luchon.

To MADAME COCHIN :—

"LUCHON, *August 18th.*

"I should have been as much amused as yourself at M. Viennet, who has plenty of mother wit, assisted by a comical countenance. It was he who, speaking of one of our friends, said: 'All is good or bad luck in this world (*heur et malheur*); X and myself are a proof of this adage: his absurdities have always been of service to him, while mine have always contrived to injure me.' . . . But, how right you are to abhor that fashion, now so common, of depreciating everything. How easy it is to mistake spite for experience, and how often the cookery is complained of when the stomach is to blame! This disposition, without speaking of the stings of wounded personal pride, is the offspring of three false notions: of a false notion of human perfection—Christianity teaches us to make up our minds as to original imperfection; of a false notion of the labour, pain, and sacrifice which God requires in the accomplishment of every action; everything tires us almost at the outset, and we complain that nothing succeeds without having attempted anything; finally, it proceeds from a weak faith in the future which lies beyond this world: we expect to assist at the entire drama, and to play our part in the winding up of it, instead of making our entrance and our exit in the middle of it.

"Let our faith shine forth more and more in our virtue; believing as we do in original sin, let us not expect perfection in man, but applaud when we see him tend towards it or approach its precincts; believing in our redemption through suffering, let us not think we have ever done enough; believing in a future life, let us willingly accept an humble position in this; finally, believing in the justice, in the providence of God and his government in this world, let us, while striving to instil into it the breath of Christianity, accept the wind of equality which overthrows the weather-cocks that rear their heads too high, but threatens not the oaks, which bows all men's necks to labour, and which, if wisely directed so as to lower nobody, will justly elevate the lowly. But enough of politics! I allow myself to be carried away when conversing with you, and at three hundred leagues distance go talking on; for you alone share my optimism and my habit of extracting from Christianity other things than tears."

"LUCHON, *Tuesday*.

"I cannot help thinking of the journey to Cherbourg—not that I reproach the Emperor for having performed an act of religion,* or the clergy

* The Emperor and Empress had gone to Cherbourg to receive the Queen of England, from thence to Brest by sea, and, after having visited Brittany (where they erected the bishopric of Rennes into an archbishopric), and passed the feast of the 15th of August at St. Anne d'Auray, they returned to Paris by Laval, Le Mans and Chartres.

and the populations for their love of the ruling power: it is a lesson, though it comes rather late, for those governments of the past, who never knew how to gain the love of a people so ready to bestow it. But what amaze me are the hyperboles of praise, the courtiership of the alphabet itself, dedicating capital letters to 'Their August Existences;' the clergy talking of St. Louis, and the *Univers* surpassing all, and proclaiming that the Emperor is the *Universal Chargé d'Affaires of the nation*, and that France is ready to bestow on him greater powers still. Oh, what dread antipathies all these exaggerations, accepted and spread throughout the applauding country, are preparing for us! When shall we be able to boast of holding a dignified language? Well, let us content ourselves with being now in a minority, and live in the future."

It is difficult to frequent people without forming an opinion of them, or to form an opinion of them without feeling inclined to sketch them. The pell-mell of a watering-place is, moreover, particularly favourable to this kind of portraiture :—

"LUCHON, *Wednesday, in the evening.*

"After our return at five o'clock, we paid a visit to Madame de X——, ever the same excellent amiable person, with her fluent little prattle gliding over every subject, and resting on none; neverthe-

less I prefer that to the distilled affected lime of certain other conversations. Her intelligence is at a loss to comprehend three things: How it is her funds do not always bring her in ten per cent? Why everybody is not in ecstasy with the Emperor, and why the Count de Chambord does not throw himself into his arms; "everything would then go on so smoothly, and everybody would be so happy!"

"Yesterday an invitation to an unavoidable dinner at Madame de Z—— with the painter ——. This great artist is so fond of compliments that you grow weary of praising him; nothing fatigues me so much as playing the part of thurifer—decidedly I am not apt for that office."

The man who thus sketched, in a few words, the foibles which strike him, glories, on the contrary, in the portrait of a simple, noble mind, and dwells with delight on his description in order to prolong the satisfaction which it affords him.

"LUCHON, *December 2nd.*

"We have been to visit, in his modest dwelling, the Vicar of Montauban (a small village in the neighbourhood), a saint and an artist. This venerable old man has not been absent from this spot for the last thirty years. He is now occupied in building his second church; nor does he content himself with building up empty walls, but he adorns them with statues and pictures. He builds up also in

the souls of his parishioners; all of them fulfil their paschal duties, and at the hour of Mass, when the bell tolls at the Elevation, we saw all the labourers in the fields doff their hats and pray. He has planted flowers in the cemetery, ornamented a cascade without spoiling it—embellished and sanctified all around him. Could you but have seen him scrambling over the stones of a torrent to fish up Deny's butterfly-net, or take the boy in his arms and offer him a flower for his birthday!—a graceful illustration of the sympathy which exists between virtue and innocence! I cannot tell you how touched I was at this landscape, at the saintly old man, at the parish church, and the calm stately promenade which surrounds it."

A rustic family of small farmers, combining the moral purity of olden times with the practical intelligence of modern days, could not fail to excite in him a sentiment of pious admiration. "No matter," he exclaims, "whether it is an eagle or dove, or an humble sparrow, the main point is that he should have wings that he may extricate his feet from the terrestrial mire, breathe the pure air, and soar upwards."

"LUCHON, 23*rd*.

"We lost our way; then, scrambling over hedges, ditches, and rocks, we reached a small village surrounded by cultivated fields, and crowned with a small neat church, placed in the centre of its silent

churchyard. A poor woman explained to us in her Gascon dialect, that her village was happy, that it had the southern sun, cool refreshing springs, and in its fields 'the most *respectable* wheat in Europe. We have a Mayor too,' she said, 'and his substitute, with a municipal council, just like Paris." I like this feeling of independence and contentment in the midst of these distant and mountainous regions; but what I like still more is to find our Saviour present, pouring consolation on his humble and confiding children. Oh, philosophy! will your doctrines ever reach this hidden nest? God placed here a drop of water and a grain of corn, our Saviour a drop of his precious blood and his doctrine, and that suffices to render a beggar-woman superior to an opera devotee, and, at less expense, happier far than she.

"By means of a break in the weather, we made our way down again through the mist, which dispersed as we descended, leaving the valleys teeming with renewed freshness. The picture seemed, as it were, newly varnished; small bunches of transparent vapours still issued from the earth like smoke from the underground kitchens of the moles and marmots, while dark, heavy clouds hung over our heads. Through the fleeting haze we commenced a sort of fantastic galop, accompanied with shouts of laughter, until a post of *douaniers* warned us that we were passing from the region of clouds and entering the domain of prose, of *terra firma*

and flat roads. Here our slackened pace and the increasing light allowed your brother Paul and myself to indulge in open-hearted conversation, replete with affectionate yearnings after you absent ones, and pious aspirations towards God, whose presence in these grand spectacles of nature appears so near at hand, that you imagine He is about to rise before you at any sudden turn of the road, or when a ray of light, piercing the cloud, enables the eye to reach far into the blue vault of heaven."

Undoubtedly the Pyrenees offer a sublime spectacle to all those who visit them; but the traveller's impression varies with his character, and after all, amidst these lovely scenes, he only enjoys the feelings which he carries in his own heart. In the foregoing correspondence one prevailing thought mingles with every other, and overrules them all—the thought of God. It gives to the spectacles of nature their living grandeur, adds a lively tenderness to affection, and invests society with moral beauty; clothes the humble with moral dignity, and assigns to politics the public welfare for their aim, and to man his duty as a guide; it ennobles the soul, and while it forbids it to neglect the earth, it raises it towards another and a better world. Its influence on M. Cochin's character is manifest. His serenity never failed him, because he felt himself under Divine guardianship; his

optimism was invincible, because in all things he discerned the action of Providence; his ardour for good was indefatigable, because he had in view, not man's wretchedness alone, but God's eternal justice. His charity to the lowly and the helpless knew no bounds, because in them he beheld the work of the Creator, and in their weakness a lesson for himself: the keenness of his penetration was no drawback to his benevolence. Naturally jocular and humorous, he might have been a formidable banterer, had he not been above all a Christian; but the faults of others reminded him of his own defects, and his humility prevented him from indulging in sarcasm. Success and failure, joy and sadness, the world and nature, tended to turn all his soul to God, and rendered the Divine presence ever-perceptible to his mind. The affectation of virtue was unknown to him; no one laboured more in good works and less in making them known. He buried deep in his soul the never-varying thought which inspired every action, and its effects alone betrayed its power over him.

CHAPTER III.

M. Cochin's Political Independence—His First Connection with the *Correspondant*—Exposition of 1855—A Dwelling for the Little Sisters of the Poor—The Trial of Count Montalembert.

So far we are acquainted with M. Cochin as a private individual and a Christian; in these two capacities we shall find him the same to the last hour of his life. Let us now consider him in his political or rather in his public career; for a party man, in the strict and exclusive sense of the word, he never was. Nevertheless, M. Cochin's patriotism would not allow him to remain indifferent to passing events, or to seek refuge in an impassible neutrality. On the contrary, at an early age, he followed with passionate interest the march of affairs in his country; but he chose to judge of them for himself without becoming a sharer in the animosities of one party, or in the illusions of the other; and, above all, without renouncing the right, to him the most precious of all, the right of doing good and of devoting himself to the moral progress of his countrymen, amidst the vicissitudes

of his time, and, if needed, in despite of any government whatever. Family sympathies would have attached him to the Legitimist party; but when he reached the age of action he found the Government, which had sprung from the revolution of 1830, engaged in struggling against revolutionary passions, and M. Cochin could with difficulty comprehend the implacable vehemence of the reproaches cast upon a Government, whose chief aim seemed to be to efface the imperfection of its origin. Yet he was not an Orleanist, nor had he at any time any intimate relations with any of the princes of that house. At five-and-twenty he found himself in presence of the Republic; it was an age, and the occasion was favourable, for becoming a Republican. But the Republic of 1848 neither inspired him with confidence, nor excited his enthusiasm. When the Republican constitution was proclaimed, he wrote to M. de Soland: "If we were to quit this life every fourth year, and then resume it again, only to die ultimately at the end of a century, it would be impossible either to educate a child, undertake any enterprise, work a farm, or cultivate a science; it would be worse than dying at once; well, such a death is our social life. This becomes more evident every day; and as for me I have no longer any taste for governments which resemble an intermittent fever before quinine was discovered." He made up his mind to look on, and what did he behold?

Religious ideas, one moment favoured, the next moment treated with suspicion, and then again opposed as enemies; he saw liberal ideas compromised by the sudden triumph of the Republic over Constitutional Monarchy; he saw former champions of parliamentary rights invoke despotism as the only safeguard against anarchy. M. Cochin could not find it in him to associate himself with this reaction; never did he abjure a single legitimate liberty, or relinquish one of the generous opinions which had formerly filled his heart. He was sufficiently independent and disinterested to continue the part of an observer.

When the Coup d'Etat of the 2nd December, 1851, violently dispersed the Legislative Assembly, the deputies who protested against this violence met at the Municipality of the Tenth Arrondissement in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain. This arrondissement was precisely the one in which M. Cochin was assistant mayor, and happened at that moment to be charged with the functions of his absent chief. With unrelenting courage he did the honours of this last refuge to the protesting deputies.

It was at the Municipality of the Tenth Arrondissement that MM. Benoist d'Azy, and Vitet, Vice-Presidents of the Assembly, shared with M. Berryer and General Oudinot the honour of trying to persuade the soldiery to remain faithful to the legitimate authority, but in vain; force predomi-

nated, and, as is well-known, the dictator, shortly after, received the title of emperor.

The new Government shut its eyes on M. Cochin's participation in the resistance of the Assembly. The Empire was not then prepared to quarrel with the men who had it in their power to lend it a moral support. It allowed, therefore, M. Cochin to remain in the peaceful discharge of his municipal functions, and in the performance of his works of charity; it even showed him greater favour than he sought for at its hands: in the month of October, 1853, it appointed him Mayor of the Tenth Arrondissement.

Up to this time M. Cochin was surrounded with universal affection, and his benevolent heart had never met with anything but benevolence. The first blow which was destined to disturb the serenity of his life, struck at once the most sensitive corner of his heart. A zealous champion of religion, he found himself not only at war with the enemies of his faith, but had the sorrow of encountering bitter adversaries in his own camp. The concord which reigned among the Catholics during the later years of Louis Philippe's reign, and the earlier period of the Republic, had been fruitful and undisturbed; it had been distinguished by the almost simultaneous presence of Father Ravignan and Father Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame, by the warm co-operation of M. de Montalembert with the French Episcopate, supported by the

entire religious press, under the repeated approbation of Gregory XVI., and the still more explicit sanction of Pius IX. at the commencement of his pontificate. This harmony was grounded on orthodoxy, which no one could attempt to question, and on the respect of the public liberties. Under these conditions, the religious movement had met with a daily increasing development, and if it did not everywhere obtain the complete adhesion of consciences, at any rate it acquired the sympathy of public opinion.

This state of things produced three principal results: the popularity of the clergy in 1848; the restoration of the Holy See by the arms of the French Republic; the return of the religious orders to the benefits of common-law and the administration of public instruction. This progress, not to say these conquests, ought to have served to cement a good understanding between those who benefited by them. Instead of which the promulgation of the law of public instruction became the primary occasion of open discord. At first the law of 1850 succumbed, for a time, through the vote of a contemptible Catholic minority, and with shameless ingratitude a few exaggerated minds denounced as criminal and pernicious all the liberties by means of which the victory had been gained.

In the meantime the victory itself was incessantly compromised by the vehement attacks which assailed it. It was at the moment when the

enemies of Christianity were striving to recover, by means of despotism, what liberty had deprived them of, that an effort was made to arrest from our hands the weapons which had already done good service to the Church. This state of things called for serious attention. M. de Montalembert and his friends unhesitatingly resolved to lend their support to this fresh contest. They cast their eyes on a periodical which already enjoyed public estimation. *Le Correspondant* saved from the wreck amidst our divers revolutions (thanks to a knot of generous men) M. de Vogué, de St. Seine, de Brosses, and de Kergolay. These formed a committee of "Redaction," presided by M. de Montalembert, in which were included, with M. Lenormant, already chief editor, the Prince de Broglie, M. Cochin, and myself.*

The task assumed by the *Correspondant* was manifold; it consisted in continuing the struggle against materialistic philosophy and science; in warning the Catholics against the policy of the Empire, which already threatened the Holy See; finally, in keeping Christian polemics free from all dangerous questions and exaggerations.

The *Correspondant* addressed the Catholic press as follows: "To suppose that Christianity is only

* The various phases of the *Correspondant* founded under the Restoration are related in the interesting work of M. le Comte de Carné, of the French Academy, entitled "Les Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse."

capable of producing Christians, is to deceive oneself strangely; it forms, at the same time, citizens; it creates that national temperament, that public treasury, out of which authority may be plentifully drawn without despotism, independence without revolt, and submission without baseness. To destroy or diminish the religious sentiment of a nation, is to impoverish its blood, and to dry up the real source of its existence. To attempt to teach men to obey, and above all to command, to boast of progress, of intellectual development, of moral amelioration, without Christianity, is to pursue a phantom, and to prepare for cruel deceptions. Christianity and liberty are the two poles of the moral and political world; they cannot be set aside without plunging nations and individuals into disorder and demoralization. And do not allege the interests of democracy; your fears on that score are imaginary. Amidst the divisions of the present day, one fact alone cannot be disputed: the advent of democracy. Everything has led to it, the errors of kings, as well as the impatience of peoples. No social state so urgently requires the infiltration of Christianity into the masses as democracy; the more a man is free from earthly restraints the more he stands in need of heavenly checks. When morality disappears from the consciences of individuals, tyranny makes its appearance in their codes; when moral order does not reign paramount in a democratic community,

anarchy is close at hand, and despotism follows on the heels of anarchy."

"Your policy towards the Holy See and the Catholics," said the *Correspondant* to the Imperial Government, "is not only unjust, but blind. You will fall yourself into the snare you think to spread for us, and you will perish in it. The independence of the Papacy—that is, the inviolability of dogma—is as essential to the political as to the religious world. Those great founders of empires, those renowned legislators whose everlasting services to mankind have inscribed their names in the annals of history, were well aware of this secret: they looked upon the temporal power of the popes not as an instrument of sovereignty, but as a sovereign instrument of civilisation, attributing to it sufficient power to support them in virtue and truth, and sufficient independence to resist them in error and in evil. When Napoleon I. took upon himself the same mission, he began by following their example; he signed the Concordat, he opened the churches, in order to open the doors of the Tuileries and close the era of disorder. Later on he forgot and despised his own wisdom; remember what it cost him. Napoleon III., like Napoleon I., holds in his hands the power; he can, if he chooses to persevere, destroy momentarily the Holy See; but he would destroy with the same blow, and that perhaps for ever, the Empire."

To the recently formed religious school which had the pretension to flatter in the same breath the Empire and the Papacy, the *Correspondant* said:—"You do not rest satisfied with passing from a liberalism often extreme to a transcendental absolutism; you strive to associate Catholicism with these new theories, and you would fain render it the accomplice of your sudden recantations. It is not only to parliamentary institutions, but to modern society in general, that you address your delarations of incompatibility. Doubtless that society has its faults and its weaknesses—what society has not? But those faults must be combated; those weaknesses must be cured. But the way to combat and cure is by useful warnings, not by imprecations and curses often without foundation, always without moderation. The Church has always met with these intemperances of language; she has suffered from them, and always reproved their violence. The tender solicitude of our Lord never disdained moderation, because He never disdained any means whatever of conciliating souls. When he wished to inculcate any truth on his disciples, and through his disciples on the world, He did not content himself by presenting it in an absolute form; He did not defy the multitude; on the contrary, He borrowed from nature, from the customs of Judæa, parables and comparisons calculated to touch their hearts and enlighten their understandings. Doubtless, it is necessary above

all things that dogma should remain intact, and doctrine pure—to allow a spring to be tainted is to poison those who drink of its waters—but to render inaccessible the path that leads to it, is equally an offence against humanity. Let us then bow down before the Church, the watchful guardians of the waters of salvation, but let us not rashly constitute ourselves severer sentinels than the Church herself. Do you not perceive, for instance, that by combining the apology of Christianity with a permanent and systematic aggression on the era of 1789, you fall into the same historical error as your adversaries? You date every evil from that period, as they date every good. Alas! the two paradoxes are worthy of each other, and the principles of 1789, which are nowhere doctrinally defined, are neither answerable for so many evils, nor productive of so many benefits, as the partisans of each opinion would fain pretend. Those who hear you might imagine that the Church had never met with trials and contradictions before the year 1789. One would think that previous to the birth of those ideas which you now vilify, the Church had never encountered at the hands of princes, or on the part of peoples, aught but respect and docility. No doubt legislative assemblies allow themselves at times to be led away by passion, and commit the grossest errors; but, after all, do not public debates and the control of opinion offer greater resources for the defence

of honesty and truth than the secret intrigues and unappealable caprices of despotism. Even within the present century two absolute governments have twice overturned the Holy See; a constitutional government and a republic have twice restored it. Louis XV. proscribed the Jesuits; a representative assembly recalled them. The sack of Rome in the sixteenth century; the religious dissensions of the sixteenth century; the long exile of the Popes at Avignon; the massacres of the Jacquerie in feudal times; the endless war of the Empire and the Papacy; are they the produce of the tribune and the principles of 1789? No! neither the evil or its remedy exist where you are pleased to place them. No! it was not modern society that suddenly let loose the storm amidst the calm repose of a cloudless sky.

"Moreover, your argument is in opposition to your premises, and a flagrant denial of history; it accumulates dangers and animosities in the Church, and that most gratuitously. It creates alliances for her of the most compromising nature, narrows the range of her vast horizon, mixes up religious with political questions, engages those who imagine they have an interest in the maintenance of modern institutions to war against religion, and should it prevail in the minds of the Catholics, would deliver up the world to the most awful conflagrations."

Such were the grounds on which men differing

in age, in their professions, and in their political sympathies, but animated with the same spirit of devotion, met and became united.

The historian of St. Elizabeth, and of the monks of the West, the orator of the Chamber of Peers and of the National Assembly, the courageous champion ever ready to defend by word or deed those causes which, powerful in the sight of God and right, were in danger of being crushed by the blows of human force and persecution, M. de Montalembert entered into this association accompanied with his brilliant reputation, his vast erudition, and the vigour of his eloquence. Danger seemed to attract him; he braved it with passionate energy, and often in the contest would expose himself, in order to reach his enemy. M. Lenormant, Professor at the College de France, a reserved, scrupulous man of science, accustomed to live among the ancients, from whom he borrowed arguments he well knew how to wield to modern purposes, carried into the same debates a cooler judgment, but a no less tenacious will. Grown old in the magistracy, scrupulous and just, M. Foisset investigated all questions with profound sagacity, and ennobled them with the sentiments of morality and honour, which he brought to bear upon them. In the meridian of youth, but already called on to play a distinguished part, the historian of the Church in the fourth century, Prince Albert de Broglie, was remarkable for his

reasoning powers and the keen penetration of his mind; he excelled in investing with the charms of a refined and graceful language the severe deductions of his powerful and stringent logic. Others were indebted to a long experience of men and things for the calm and lucid sense which steers clear of blind enthusiasm and useless invective. Their integrity of character afforded them the right of speaking out without reticence, and the moderation of their language gained them a favourable hearing. M. Cochin, the youngest among his grave associates, soon obtained a prominent position in the eyes of these meritorious men, and rendered important services to the common cause. His mind, by nature and from principle inclined to conciliation, led him at once to perceive the precise point at which opinions, apparently the most conflicting, could be made to coalesce; but he owed his chief ascendancy to the sympathy with which he inspired those who came in contact with him. Prompt in conceiving, skilful in executing, he was ever ready to place his pen and his ideas at the service of others, regardless of the satisfaction of his own vanity when the general interest called for his devotion.

Inasmuch as the *Correspondant* was intended by its founders to become a vehicle for the propagation of religious ideas, its domain ranged naturally over a very extensive field. Christianity comprises, in fact, every sphere of human activity,

for it acts upon every conception of the human mind; for this reason it encounters at every stage witnesses which bear evidence in favour of its influence. This point of view was the particular object of M. Cochin's thoughts, and he never ceased to address warm appeals to all those who had some great idea to express. Opposition did not alarm him, and yet, when called upon, his pen gave ample proof of its power. But polemics, even when necessary, appeared to him more apt to stimulate passion than to excite virtue. He loved to maintain his thoughts, and to lead souls into a calmer region. When the reorganisation of the *Correspondant* took place, he wrote to M. de Soland, whose name occurs frequently in these pages, owing to the intimate friendship which existed between them, and which brought them continually together in their works of charity:—

"Give us or procure us some dissertations or essays on any subject you think fit; we have other work to do besides polemics and politics—two things which our Saviour neither practised nor preached. There are many other fields on which to fight the battle of Christian truth, and to manifest its splendour—arts, science, history! Then pray God that we may not offend Him, but render ourselves worthy of defending his holy name. I am sure the notice on Ozanam* will have de-

* "Notice sur Ozanam," par le P. Lacordaire. *Correspondant* du 25 novembre, 1855.

lighted you! Did it not recall to you our early days? Is it not the fresh resounding and sublime echo of all we then felt and hoped for? But what am I saying? Have we not still the same hopes and feelings?"

Ozanam fully deserved to remain the object of M. Cochin's tenderest recollections. He appeared to him ever as the type of the true Christian of the nineteenth century: ardent in seeking the demonstration of religious truth through science; anxious to show its fruits in charitable works; on a level with the finest intellects by the nobleness of his character; within reach of the humblest by the tenderness of his soul; the author of Studies on Dante and the Germans, and the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul,—such a man could not fail to excite M. Cochin's admiration, and to inspire him with a desire to follow in his wake. He wrote a letter of thanks to Father Lacordaire for the homage he had rendered his friend, in which, however, he could not refrain from recurring with sorrow to the past:—

"*December 1st*, 1855.

"While reading your Notice on Ozanam, he seemed again present amongst us, and with him those precious years of labour but of courage, of obstacles but of zeal, of dignity and honourable demeanour, full of the memory of our friend. To how many souls will this language prove salutary,

and how especially beneficial at a moment when the Church, who once had advocates, has now only accusers ever ready with an indictment, and affecting a tone of reproach so chilling and repulsive that it serves to frighten rather than to attract!

"I have to thank you also, dear reverend father, for having honoured and encouraged the Review to which we are striving to give an impulse by allowing your work to appear in it. I do not expect much success, and but little justice; it will be something, however, to have shown that all Christians do not lean on the same side. Nevertheless we shall only merit God's blessing by devoting to his service our united and persevering efforts, by works, devoid of all useless spite and abuse, but at the same time establishing Christian truth, and rendering it triumphant solely by means of its innate majesty. You have set us the example; pray give us often your advice, the advantage of your guidance, and the help of your prayers. For my very small share in this undertaking I feel how much I require that assistance, and beg you earnestly to grant it me."

It may be seen from this letter that M. Cochin was under no illusions as to the dangers which threatened the *Correspondant*, and although he was resolved to carry on the contest without flinching, he was by no means free from anxiety when

he entered the lists. The distinct view of danger is not apt in general to favour enthusiasm, and zeal willingly feeds on illusions; consequently most men at the outset of an undertaking manifest a degree of ardour which is only equalled by the suddenness of the despondency which follows; everything fails them when success ceases to favour them. M. Cochin saw only the good to be accomplished. It was not the vivacity of his hopes that excited the ardour of his zeal, but a feeling of duty. He foresaw all the difficulties, and while he fully expected defeat he acted as if he were certain of victory. He seemed even to rise in his own eyes by acting under no human consideration or hope.

"We are embarked in the undertaking," he writes to Madame Cochin. "I bring it very little enthusiasm and less hope, but thus I am better able to feel that I am simply obeying a duty which is not likely to be rewarded in this world. Pray God only that we may not do mischief while we imagine that we are doing good."

The success of the *Correspondant*, which followed soon after, surprised M. Cochin without elating him. On this occasion he wrote to M. Ducros de Sixt in the following terms:—"You judge our situation perfectly; the exaggerated violence of the attacks against us have gone too far not to recoil on their authors. But as they are likewise calculated to injure religion, which is above all to

be avoided, we have put off M. de Broglie's article, a work of deep research, which we did not choose should pass merely for a reprisal. Moreover, in such a delicate situation as ours, holding a language much in advance of the opinions of many of our friends, we must expect to live for some time to come on the suppositions of others, and they are sure to be malevolent. Gallicans, politicians, grumblers, ambitious, &c., &c.; be sure we shall not be spared epithets of every sort, nor will calumnies be wanting. But as we are justified by our consciences, I trust in God's blessing; then gradually polemics will cease, and the review will have to enlarge its literary and scientific sphere. That is the object we must ever keep in view. As M. de Maistre says: 'The best means of refuting a bad book is to write a good one on the same subject.'"

M. Cochin therefore entered the lists, with only one fear at heart, the only one indeed which a sincere Christian need not disavow, that of overstepping the bounds of moderation and wounding the minds of those he was anxious to enlighten. During a residence in Anjou he writes to Madame Cochin:—"Alas! even whilst breathing this peaceful atmosphere, I must talk to you of hostilities, contentions, meannesses, and contradictions. Our position is more difficult than ever; it resembles the country I see from my window, where formerly a few gallant men held their ground against a

numerous host; the smiling green fields were also blackened with powder and stained with blood. Without wishing to compare our pen-and-ink skirmishes with those memorable struggles, I pray God that we also may have reason and grace on our side, and not justify the excesses of others by our own."

As the contest grew warmer, M. Cochin became more deeply imbued with the notion which he had formed respecting Christian apologetics. They should, he thought, preserve the character of charity which the Gospel has imparted to them, and the broad and solid science which they have received from the Fathers of the Church. He hailed with joy these qualities in the first essays of a young man then beginning his ecclesiastical career, but still preserving amidst the success of the orator the fervour of the priest.

After hearing a sermon of the Abbé Perreyve he writes to him thus:—"You preached admirably; your ideas are excellent, your style elegant and clear, your gesticulation natural and expressive, your tone modest. The occupants of the churchwarden's pew kept their eyes open, which is a rarity; old M. de Vatimesnil, who is no novice, said to me, 'That is indeed a real talent.' Go on increasing in piety, for the chief effect of your discourse proceeds from its manifesting so distinctly your faith, while it is easy to perceive that you meditate what you say, and that you have

previously uttered in the presence of God what you afterwards repeat in the presence of your auditory."

On another occasion he again writes to the Abbé Perreyve:—"Nothing is so injurious to religion as to clothe it in the garb of intolerance and pride. In every age it should speak the most sublime language of the age; it should be equal in science to the scientific, and in eloquence to the literary men of the day, while it should soar above them all, illumined by the rays of light it receives from heaven. It seems to me that in our younger days we inhaled the love of Christianity because it was presented to us as an opening of the soul, not as a penitentiary cell likely to confine it. May we in our humble periodical continue the noble traditions of the school of Father Lacordaire and the other great masters! Come then to our aid, and pray that we may not be unworthy of following in that path."

It was not only in a religious point of view that the *Correspondant* was doomed, politics helped also to increase the difficulties of the situation. The Imperial Government, ever suspicious of the ancient political parties, could not fail to perceive that several of the representatives of those parties had taken refuge in the new review. It feared the resuscitation of the remnants of that tribune which it had destroyed by force, and consequently directed against the *Correspondant* the weapons contained

in the armoury of the new constitution which it had created with so much foresight. Nevertheless, the review did not alter its attitude, but continued to defend the same ideas, striving to reconcile, as far as possible, straightforwardness with prudence. M. Cochin, as he said himself, "assumed the office of head of the service of public safety."

In a letter to the Abbé Perreyve, explaining to him the modifications prudently introduced in one of its articles, he says:—"You cannot, where you are, in presence of the great free ocean, form an idea of the precautions we are forced to adopt in order that the feeble breath of liberty which is still left us should not be totally extinguished."

He was himself, as Mayor of the Tenth Arrondissement, the object of insinuations and even of attacks, which he repulsed with indignation. "M. le Prefet," he writes to his father-in-law, "has taken care to let me know that M. Billaut (the Minister of the Interior) regards me with extreme repugnance on account of my convictions and connections. As I am not prepared to renounce either to please him, or to overcome the repugnance with which he inspires me, I shall do nothing to undeceive him."

M. Cochin was therefore fully aware that he would shortly have to choose between the functions which enabled him still to do a little good, and the ideas which inspired him with the determination to accomplish it. With this alternative

before him his choice was soon made, and his resignation was prepared in advance. He took advantage of the last moments of office to render his administration more active and beneficial. He did not consider the inhabitants of his arrondissement as the mere creatures of his administration, but the objects of his affection. At the termination of the Crimean War he wrote to Mr. Monsell,* a member of the British parliament:—"Come at least to Paris this winter, and let us return thanks to God for the success of our arms, which have joined together in a noble cause, and for the disappearance of that awful scourge which follows in the wake of war, as it were to multiply the number of the dead and grieve the living. Hitherto I have suffered severely in my municipal family, but none of my relations have been attacked."

England had inaugurated universal exhibitions, and France was not disposed to leave her the exclusive honour of a similar enterprise. A special building was erected in Paris in the Champs Elysées, and the industry of the whole world was invited to meet there. M. Cochin, as may be supposed, joined heartily and actively in this new mode of comparison, of emulation, and consequently of progress. His personal share in this undertaking was marked by the introduction of a successful and important innovation.

* Lord Emly.

At his request a special jury was appointed in order to examine what degree of excellence the fabrication of low-priced articles in general had attained, with a view to collect and expose them in a special and separate department.

"The wretched and unwholesome state of the dwellings of the greater number of the operatives and peasantry," said M. Cochin,* "is one of the primary causes of misery, of sickness, of abandonment of the family, of vice, of crimes; of this there can be no doubt.

"The operatives and the peasantry, as well as the members of all other classes of society, are daily more and more separating into two groups: those who live and take delight in their homes and do all its work—cooking, washing, cleaning—who consider the family linen and clothes as a reserve to be increased, regard the national costume, if they have retained it, as heirlooms not to be neglected; and those who, on the contrary, live out of the family, are led to seek enjoyments, in common with others of the same stamp, at the wine-shop, look upon their furniture and their clothes as their only disposable capital, go without, pawn, or sell them to satisfy the first caprice. On which side are to be found morality, health, happiness? Let the question be put to the wives and children of these operatives!

"If we descend to the poor, what shall we meet

* "Rapport de M. Cochin au jury de la 31e classe."

with there? There are countries (not France) where the pauper has not a coat or lodging of his own, but who wears, after a dozen changes of owner, the coat, the dress, the hat, which as many degrees of opulence have cast off, and who nightly changes the roof under which he sleeps.

"Again, in several other countries, there are hundreds of families in which a bed, or even candles and soap are rare commodities; in which no one reads, no evening circle is possible, for want of some kind of luminary; where the inmates only warm themselves at long intervals, or with the aid of charity, unless they possess the right, or assume it, of gathering fuel from the neighbouring woods.

"Outside these depths of human misery the populations, even the most favoured, remain for years in ignorance of, or do not choose to adopt, the ingenious and cheap appliances which, taking up little space, would so easily afford convenience and comfort to their homes. . . . . Even luxury, though carried, as now, to an excess which morality reproves, luxury which seems to be the exclusive appendage of the minority, is useful to all when carried to a reasonable extent and to genuine perfection. There is no raising the summit without enlarging the base, and masterpieces in industry as well as in letters tend to elevate the general level; without that, they are but splendid and often dangerous superfluities. Why should light

be made brighter unless it is in order that its rays may reach farther?

"It is necessary then to destroy the prejudice which regards industry as the profit which a few persons derive from the labour of all the others, and to avoid separating what it manufactures for the rich from what it manufactures for those who are not rich."

M. Cochin called the exhibition of cheap articles "The Gallery of Domestic Economy," and in the remarkable report which gained his cause he proposed the following question: Is this special exhibition, although incomplete, useful?

"The interest which it has excited and the opinion of many enlightened men authorize us to answer in the affirmative. It is useful above all to the working men, to their wives, and to small householders, who find collected in the same spot what appeared almost lost in the vast labyrinth of the exhibition; who discover utensils of common use, learn their prices, compare the various processes, and return with a hundred means of augmenting at little expense their domestic comfort. It is useful to masters and overseers, who may propagate these ideas and examples; to municipal functionaries and members of charitable institutions, who are often at a loss to distribute appropriate presents, to make purchases, or diffuse practical advice with regard to order, cleanliness, and salubrity; lastly it is useful to the manufacturers

of different nations, whom comparison may induce to adopt the processes employed in other countries.

". . . . In future no universal exhibition should take place without reserving a considerable space for the special exhibition of articles of use adapted to the physical or intellectual development of the most numerous classes of society, the examination of these articles to form part of the duties of the jury, and their prices, with the indication of the 'depôts,' to be published. People will no longer say that these costly and laudable efforts merely encourage luxury, and serve only to collect in one spot the various means invented by man to diminish his labour and increase his enjoyment."

The catalogue of these articles and the names of their expositors contains no less than one hundred and three pages.*

M. Cochin was named president of one of the special juries. He passed whole days at work under the arches of the Crystal Palace of Industry, during the heat of summer. His health suffered from this mighty effort, but he had the satisfaction of beholding his work crowned with success. He wrote as follows to Madame Cochin :—" Our affair of the exhibition is progressing gradually and modestly, but usefully. It affords me an opportunity of studying this Temple of Industry, and in spite of my ignorance I cannot help feeling

* Imprimerie de J. Claye, Rue St. Benoit, 7, Paris, 1855.

proud while contemplating these miracles of human science. The gallery of machinery is truly marvellous. Have you read M. Dumas' admirable expression, 'The machines, those slaves which release man from slavery, which you may torture without scruple, and whose groans you listen to without remorse.'"

In addition to these occupations he volunteered to do the honours of Paris, and show all kinds of hospitable attentions to the numerous strangers attracted within its walls. "I have fed my Dutchmen as decently as possible," he writes to Madame Cochin, "and taken them about; they are excellent souls, and Heaven will learn their names, though here below it is impossible to pronounce them. People from all countries arrive daily, and most of them fall to my lot: pastors from Geneva, counsellors from Vienna, delegates from Belgium; my door-bell resembles the devil's tail in a famine, there is always some one pulling at it." *

About the same time M. Cochin undertook one of the most wearisome but meritorious works, owing to the numerous difficulties and annoyances he had to encounter in order to succeed.

The Little Sisters of the Poor had established in the Rue du Regard an asylum for old men, in a house they had hired of the Parisian Board of Hospitals. But they had scarcely settled them-

* In allusion to the French saying: *Tirer le diable par la queue.* "To have a hard matter to make both ends meet."

selves in it when the building mania which characterised Baron Hausseman's administration reached the members of that Board, and they decided to erect some buildings on the ground in the Rue du Regard, in order to increase the value of their property. Unfortunately the Little Sisters held no lease, they were only tenants at will; they received warning to quit the premises within twelve months, a term granted them in order that they might have time to find an abode for the hundred and eighty old men under their charge. M. Cochin, informed of the circumstance in his capacity of mayor, and more particularly as a friend and patron of the establishment, hastened to intercede with the Hospital Council, in hopes of obtaining either a lease or a further respite for the Sisters. He received for answer that private interests must give way to the public good, and that the Administration of Public Assistance was bound to make the most of its property.

M. Cochin was beaten with his own weapons. Seeing this, he lost no time in looking out for another dwelling for the old men; but while on the one hand no one could be found willing to share his roof with such burdensome guests, on the other a building large enough to contain them, was not to be found under a rent of 30,000 francs a year. All hopes of success seemed at an end, when the Sister Superior called upon him and related the following scene, which had just occurred:—

"A gentleman, of whose name I am ignorant," she said, "but who is in the habit of assisting at mass in the chapel, where I have frequently observed him, has just called on me, and these are his words:—'My reverend mother, you are seeking a shelter for your old men; I have also been on the look out for the same purpose, but we shall not succeed. You must purchase some land and build an asylum yourself.' I replied that that was an excellent idea, but that in order to purchase and build we must have money, and that we had none. To which the unknown gentleman answered, 'God will see to that. First of all let us think of the land. I have found a piece quite large enough and in an excellent situation—Avenue de Breteuil—for fifteen francs the metre. Such an opportunity will not occur again; in less than a year, perhaps in a month, this land will be worth forty or fifty francs the metre. Set about treating with the owner immediately; as for the necessary expenses of the moment here are 30,000 francs which I place at your disposal.'

"I requested permission to consult my superiors; adding, Pray give me your address, as soon as I receive the answer I will hasten to bring it to you.

"'My address is useless. In two or three days, I shall return to hear mass in your chapel, when we come out we can meet and talk things over, and if your answer conveys a consent, we will have

the deeds of purchase drawn up in the course of the day.'"

The superior authorities of the Little Sisters consented. M. Cochin, who was consulted, opened a subscription, commencing by subscribing himself, as was his usual custom. He succeeded in persuading the companies of the National Guard belonging to the quarter of the Avenue de Breteuil to take upon them the maintenance of a certain number of old men, recommended by their officers; obtained from the poor fund of the quarter (*Bureau de Bienfaisance*) 25,000 francs; set the masons to work; superintended their operations; inaugurated the building, and pronounced a discourse which drew tears from a numerous and brilliant auditory.

The generous promoter of this interesting work was under the necessity of disclosing his name when called upon to fulfil certain legal formalities and guarantees which required his signature; but he only consented to do so on condition that it should not be revealed to the public during his life. Death has lately absolved the gratitude of the Little Sisters of the Poor from the secrecy imposed upon it, and it is with feelings of the deepest veneration that they now are able to pronounce aloud the name of M. Cartier, by whose will a further legacy of 12,000 francs was left to this establishment, which owes its existence to the modest benevolence of this truly Christian man.

A melancholy and painful romance exists under the name of "The Mysteries of Paris;" might not a beautiful history be written and entitled—"The Mysteries of Charity?"

M. Cochin's discourse had been carefully inscribed on the register of the establishment of the Avenue de Breteuil, and such was its value in the eyes of the community that the Little Sisters confided it during the Commune to the care of some private friends, whose habitation they considered less exposed to danger at that moment than the walls of a religious community. This dwelling was devoured by the flames of May 24th and the register perished, victim of the precaution which had been taken to preserve it.

The works which were destined to carry on through centuries their beneficent action, attracted more particularly the solicitude of M. Cochin. But although collective charity appeared to him to offer greater guarantees, it was never at the expense of individual benevolence. The poor continued to have a day of reception (Friday) at his own house; and from the age of eighteen until the day of his death he never failed, when in Paris, to attend what was to him a sacred rendezvous. His patience was indefatigable, and at times he was so deeply moved by the moral and physical miseries confided to him, that he remained for the rest of the day unable to recover his spirits. Nothing, he often repeated to his intimates, could

console him for the sufferings of the poor or the faults of his fellow men. Nevertheless he sometimes met with rewards of which he was equally sensible. He once received the visit of a man who, taking advantage of his usual Friday reception, thus addressed him: "I am the editor of the —— journal, and it is I who every day attack your canvass at Paris. But a frightful trial has befallen me, which I can confide to you only, for I am certain that you will keep my secret, pity me, and assist me." He did assist him, and only mentioned the incident to Madame Cochin, but without naming any one. Secrecy was always his inviolable custom whenever it was his lot to act alone. Madame Cochin herself remained ignorant of his good works in all cases where she herself did not share them. If any chanced to be divulged against his will, he used to say: "Ah, that's lost for heaven." On one occasion a friend remarked, "It is not your fault, therefore nothing is lost." "Yes," replied M. Cochin, "that is a reward, and what I have done is too trifling to deserve two rewards."

It may truly be said that this pre-occupation never left him. In a letter to Madame Cochin he suddenly interrupted the current of certain literary appreciations in order to talk to her of his beloved poor:—

"I would willingly quit everything else to participate in your noble enjoyments of the mind, but action is nobler still. I jog slowly on, then, my

little path, and, oh, what miseries do I find there! I have just been visited by a crowd of women, of blind men, of children, who have not a penny wherewith to pay their rent, and who instead, like myself, of indulging in the refinements of taste and luxury, have no ambition beyond a wretched pallet, or a morsel of bread! Instead of reading the review, they read a greasy paper bearing the stamp of a bailiff's signature, which orders them to turn out! What an account we shall have to render on that fatal day, when we too shall receive our warning to quit a life so happy, so favoured! Then they, the poor, will inhabit palaces. Dare we hope to obtain a corner in the same celestial mansion?"

M. Cochin's numerous occupations did not prevent him from remaining one of the most assiduous contributors to the *Correspondant.* The situation of the review, already so beset with difficulties, had of late been seriously aggravated by the Law of Public Safety. The Government, armed with this fresh weapon, passed from threats to persecution, and commenced attacking the *Correspondant.* Its first blows reached the man who was its leader and its soul—M. de Montalembert. An article on British India was accused of tending to disturb the public peace, because it contained an eulogium of parliamentary life; as mendacious, because it insinuated that France was not in the full enjoyment of political freedom. The Administration which held its seat on the banks of the

Seine, feeling itself offended by considerations which referred to the Government on the banks of the Ganges, submitted the outrage said to be cast upon it to the tribunals. M. Cochin, in a letter to Prince Albert de Broglie, relates the discussion which took place before the chamber of Correctional Police on that occasion :—

"You are already aware of our trial; and have, I believe, been informed of what took place in court. Nothing can give you an idea of the physiognomy of the audience. A stranger might easily have mistaken the accused and their friends for the accusers. The Duke, your father, MM. Odillon Barrot and Villemain defended our friend by their presence, Berryer and Dufaure with their eloquence, against a judge skilful but partial, and a miserably weak imperial prosecutor. Berryer, with all the energy of his splendid voice and impassioned soul; Dufaure, with all the powerful vehemence of his vigorous and glowing logic, which fell upon the indictment like a reaper's scythe on a field of corn: of all this talent no more remains behind than of last night's opera for him who did not hear it. No publicity, no echo; nothing but the cold statement in juridical language of a sentence evidently agreed upon beforehand and out of all proportion to the offence; and who knows what the offence is? or who heard the defence? You read the sentence, and ask why? and as the question remains without an answer,

there's an end of it. Scarcely two hundred people foresee that it is the first battle of the press with absolute power; a contest which history will appreciate, but of which the present generation take no heed; a cruel punishment for a man who has not deserved it."

The sentence of six months imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs, to which the illustrious offender was condemned, rendered him liable in virtue of the Law of Public Safety to an arbitrary warrant of transportation. Notwithstanding the supineness in which public opinion was then plunged, a sentence of this nature pronounced against such a man caused intense emotion. The Government felt at once its importance, and had recourse to an unexpected mode of reparation. It announced in the official journal of the 2nd December, that M. de Montalembert was released from the punishment which had been awarded him. A pardon granted on such an anniversary as the 2nd December, thereby assumed a character which it was not possible for a noble mind to accept. The jurisconsults—and M. Cochin was of the number—observed that a judgment was not definitive until all the degrees of appeal had been exhausted, and therefore that an anticipated discharge was illegal. M. de Montalembert lost no time in taking advantage of the path thus open to him; he lodged an appeal, but which, in fact, was directed more against the act of grace than against

the sentence itself. The new judges showed themselves relatively more moderate: the sentence of imprisonment was reduced from six to three months, which liberated the culprit from the action of the Law of Public Safety. M. de Montalembert presented himself forthwith at the prison wicket, but was informed that no order had been issued to admit him; and on his insisting, the wicket was abruptly closed against him. The order was never issued, and public opinion gained one of those silent victories which it would not fail to achieve oftener if it knew how to show itself more resolute.

Such was M. Cochin's unvarying opinion, and, far from giving way to discouragement, he wrote on that occasion to one of his associates:—

"Let us not shrink before our increasing difficulties. Have we not plenty of religious, moral and literary questions to defend, in which the divorce of reason and faith threatens society? We have still a vast mission to fulfil: the services to render, the position to maintain, the protestations to attempt, are always the same. We have sufficiently manifested and sufficiently paid for our independence not to be called upon for fresh proofs on that score in future. Discouragement is suicide."

The wisdom of this advice soon became evident. When the Imperial Government had upset Italy; encouraged revolution, while pretending to resist it; prepared German unity, by tolerating Italian

unity; and tolerated an attack on the patrimony of St. Peter, in spite of the solemn guarantees with which it was surrounded,—the Catholics could no longer refrain from giving vent to the cry of their consciences. The *Correspondant*, which had already pointed out the threatening danger during the Congress of Paris, did not shrink from its duty amidst the painful circumstances of the present moment. It devoted four articles to the defence of the Holy See. Those written by MM. Cochin and de Broglie had the honour of an official warning. (*avertissement*).

M. Billaut, in language which betrayed his embarrassment, stated the motives of this twofold measure. "It was taken," he said, "in consideration, that in the appreciation which they contain of the events which preceded and followed the Italian war, the articles in question calumniated the policy of France, and their evident hostility aimed at exciting passions reproved by the national sentiment."

The warning addressed to M. Cochin made no allusion to his public functions; he might therefore have considered himself authorized to continue them, but the dignity of his conscience was on a par with its delicacy. What these municipal functions were in his eyes, and how tenderly endeared to him were his paternal traditions, need not be repeated; nevertheless, he renounced them that he might publicly and freely assert his religious convictions.

The warning addressed at the same time to Prince Albert de Broglie, strengthened the ties of friendship which already existed between them. "Let me hope," writes M. Cochin to the Prince, "that since M. le Ministre has bound our two hands together, nothing in the world will loosen them, and that this campaign, fought side by side, will cement and strengthen our mutual affection. I return thanks, therefore, to M. le Ministre for this favour, as well as for the opportunity he has offered me of manifesting in public my opinion by my conduct." And, indeed, these two hearts remained inseparable during the struggle. Death alone parted them at the hour when their united action would have been for both a consolation and a force.

CHAPTER IV.

Thoughts—Essay on Pauperism—On the Abolition of Slavery—Father Lacordaire's Reception at the Academy—Dissolution of the General Assembly of St. Vincent de Paul.

"EVERY man," says Montaigne, "hungers after the knowledge of himself (*Tout homme est affamé de se cognoistre*)." Christianity stimulates and encourages this noble yearning of our nature, and renders it a duty. By means of its dogmas, it casts a vivid light on those mysterious depths of our being, where so many generous aspirations on the one hand, and paltry objects of desire on the other, are struggling for the mastery; by its precepts, it obliges us to examine the motives of our actions in the secret of our hearts. In vain we impose on others; in vain we deceive ourselves: one day or other all the clouds we have built up must be dispersed, and we must judge ourselves in the sight of God without illusion or excuse. The unceasing travail of Christianity is to lead us back to self introspection; the aim of its teaching is to throw light upon this interior study; the scope of its

practice is to place us in presence of our conscience. But is not self knowledge also the surest method of learning how to know others? There is in the human heart an unvarying substratum: the lights we gather with regard to ourselves we unhesitatingly apply to our fellow-men. What a formidable observer of mankind is he who has learnt to penetrate himself!

The way in which Christianity regards the world is also purely an interior process. It heeds not the rank, the age, or the condition of men; one thing alone serves to distinguish them in its eyes—moral worth. But acts are far from offering infallible evidence of moral worth; words are seldom its faithful expression: it is in the secret chambers of thought that we must look for the sources of virtue, because it depends solely on motives. We can neither judge men accurately, nor appreciate their conduct justly, without having penetrated the complex working of their motives—realized the interior drama which so many souls have an interest in concealing.

M. Cochin was too much of a Christian not to be a moralist; moreover, his mind was instinctively borne in that direction. Delicate touches, acute perceptions of the human heart, abound in his letters, mingling a pleasing gravity and maturity with the lively grace of his conversation. With age, which extends the circle of ideas, and obstacles, which stimulate thought, this natural

taste became a habit, and he began to collect in the form of rapid jottings, the observations which the sight of men and events suggested to his inquiring mind.

It must be confessed, however, that a life of action is not favourable to such a study. Moralists, in general, have led obscure lives, or have worked out in solitude those great discoveries relating to mankind which beauty of form has consecrated, and which the eternal interest of the subject renders ever new. The noises, the outward occupations, of the world distract the eye from within, or only allow it to descend there at intervals languid and dim. But M. Cochin's nature did not allow him to live long out of himself, and his attraction towards the inward life was fostered by the delicate state of his health.

Suffering is also a great teacher. It reveals secrets and mysteries which the careless ardour of health forgets or overlooks. Sickness brings us back, and concentrates us within ourselves. What sublime lights the study of souls extracts from suffering! It is as if a veil fell from before our eyes, and the world rose up before us under a new aspect.

Thus none of the great sources of moral science were wanting to M. Cochin: Christianity, society, suffering, all combined to furnish him with lights. Thoughts springing from religion are, as may be imagined, the most numerous. Some of these already contain the elements of his work, "Christian

Hopes," which occupied his latter years, and was only interrupted by his death :—

"To attempt to combat Christianity with reason is to forget that Christianity was the first to give light to reason.

"Religion may suffer but cannot die. If men no longer encounter it on metaphysical heights, or in the depths of mysticism, it awaits them in the dry narrow paths of practical life.

"Religion is above governments and revolutions: the latter are no more able to destroy it than the former are able to save it.

"In politics, as in religion, the way to the *Credo* is often through the *Confiteor*.

"Christian philosophy consists in showing that in every problem nature without God is insufficient.

"Carry questions of the natural order to the extreme, and they all arrive at the supernatural.

"All sciences are journies which, by different routes, bring man to the threshold of the Gospel.

"Catholic France is the Latin Church translated into a living language.

"Be discontented with nothing but yourself.

"Man creates order without knowing or willing it; virtue consists in seeing and willing it.

"Let a man be free in order that he may be responsible; make him a Christian that he may feel he is so.

"A man is more vexed at being hindered in his habits than in his opinions.

"What takes place beyond the pale of Christianity proves what we should be if it did not exist.

"Motives of hope are motives of action.

"Man is so diminutive that he is nowhere indispensable; so great, that each one has something to perform.

"Pessimism leads some men to take interest in nothing; others to give themselves up to pleasure; it leads none to combat evil, which is the cause of pessimism.

"Virtues are like flowers: some have a perfume; others have none, and are clothed in cold, indefinite tints; others lean on a graceful stem, while others, again, are gaunt and rigid. There are people who are not satisfied with cleansing their souls, they starch them.

"When I was a child, I tried to build walls by collecting stones which fitted into each other; but in spite of turning and turning them over and over again, there always remained some rift, and my labour was fruitless. So it is with the arrangements by which we try to adjust our lives; in spite of all our efforts there are gaps which we must needs fill up with that goodly cement—Christian spirit.

"We must place our happiness on an eminence above the reach of jarring and transitory things, such as pomp, fortune, reputation, worldliness, in order the more freely to inhale the Divine truths, to taste the pleasures of the intellect, the satisfactions

of the heart, and the intimate joys of a peaceful home.

"Demolitions are dismal, but ruins are not so, when consecrated by time, and when their destiny has run its course.

"It is not only life which may be compared to a journey, but thought also, incapable of finding a resting-place.

"Self-gained riches are more selfish than those acquired by inheritance: a man knows that a heritage is a debt, but what he has himself created he would fain never surrender.

"Sorrow is like the harrow, which levels the grain-sown soil so that the seed may freely germinate.

"Let us cry out against abuses; let us imitate the bell-ringer, who mounts the belfry, and amidst the indifference of the villagers, makes the bronze speak, and every day repeat: Justice has visited the earth!

"As time goes on I am more convinced that liberty is justice, that equality is justice, and that oftentimes charity is justice.

"Ideas are ever in advance of acts; monarchy is gradually becoming a republic, with an immoveable chief.

"We must not hope to escape errors, they are unavoidable; the best system of government is that under which they are not irreparable.

"The old *régime* and the revolution are quits: neither has created liberty.

"If the earth is a prison, the question is to reform the prisoner.

"The questions commonly called *social questions* encounter various dispositions in the world: the discontented, the contented, and the indifferent; the first of these are the most ardent, the second the most powerful, the third the most numerous. Fortunately there is room outside of these for others—for practical dispositions.

"The taste for statistics is an employment of the mind on what is just as well as useful; it attempts to make out every man's account and to establish his share.

"Almost everybody agrees in words: ministers and their opponents, believers and free-thinkers, hold the same language. There remains to discover the bottom of things, and those who do not speak the truth.

"'The Catholic party'—a deplorable expression! —should make way for 'Catholic of all parties.'"

M. Cochin replies indignantly to the following observation which appears in one of Voltaire's letters recently published: "The people are fools and barbarians, they are beasts requiring fodder, a yoke, and a goad.'" The Christian takes another view of those whom the philosopher despises. M. Cochin was convinced that the only road to amelioration was charity.

"He who makes use of men assumes the charge of them, and is responsible for them.

"To form groups of operations is the question of industry; to separate them is the question of policy. The solution of both these questions is, that industry being Christian, workmen should be happy. Security lies in charity.

"The more I advance in life, the more grateful I am to God for having created me neither an eagle nor a snail, neither a monarch nor a beggar; but in that middle state where man is more human: sufficiently near the summit not to regard it with envy, and close enough to the base to be able willingly to lend it a helping hand.

"'Every man is an inheritor and every man is an ancestor.

"There is no danger that all the progress and all the improvements past and present will ever transform the earth into a permanent city or a vale of happiness; but it is lawful for man to accomplish them for his redemption and his amelioration—the twofold essence of his nature.

"What precludes all doubt within me of the triumph of political equality is the growing equality of souls. The same books, the same plays, the same discourses are addressed to and please every class. It is not possible to write or speak for a few only, and public language daily becomes more democratic. Thence, in a great measure, the failure of those who attempt a particular style for the use of the people or for works on morality. Such works are more numerous than might be supposed. Written expressly,

they fail in their object. When you speak to children a language too infantile you aggravate them.

"The chief proprietor of a township or of a village, or the director placed at the head of a manufactory, expects to meet with a population already drilled, perfectly selected, moralised and obedient: this is a mistake; it is for him to render it so."

The foregoing ideas, as may be observed, are not limited to the disinterested consideration of human life; they are not mere reflections on what exists, but on what ought to be. M. Cochin was fond of theories, and excelled in developing them; but he never would have confined himself to the mere superficial examination in which so many writers take delight. He was not one of those men, so frequently to be met with at the present day, for whom thought and discussion are a calculation or a pastime, and who care little for the value of ideas as long as they excite attention and charm the multitude. This profanation of the intellect seemed to M. Cochin a permanent source of danger to society. If he willingly ventured on speculative heights, he was careful never to dwell there long. It was with a view to their practical application that he considered systems, and by that touchstone that he sought to try them.

Modifying one of M. Cochin's own expressions, it may be well said of him: "Our motives to love are also our motives to act."

After having held these communings with himself, he applied himself with fresh energy, not to the study of man in general, but to the study of suffering man in particular.

Indigence and its concomitant evils hung heavily on his heart, and formed the constant object of his meditations. He collected with care every work which treated of the great problem of pauperism, so painful to the Christian and perplexing to the politician. Not one escaped the vigilance of his philanthropic mind; not one but became the subject of his comments, either in the *Annales de la Charité*, a publication well worthy of its title, or in the *Correspondant*. He thus propagated numerous ideas and fresh observations, which were immediately taken up and reduced to practice. One of his most remarkable essays is that in which he treats of the numerical status of the indigent population of Paris.*

At first sight no theme could appear more arid and ungrateful. M. Cochin contrives, however, to give it animation, and the lifeless figures assume in his hands an unexpected light and meaning. The number of poor in Paris bears an almost invariable proportion with the number of its inhabitants. Each "arrondissement" has its peculiar class of destitute, and each profession appears to have its special domicile. The poor are seldom of Parisian origin; poverty haunts more especially the strangers

* *Annales de la Charité*, 12e livraison.

who flock to the great city in hopes of acquiring greater gains, but who, failing to obtain employment, only encounter misery and ill-health. The higher branches of industry, although productive of undeniable advantages, engender these misfortunes, which become implanted in the heart of Paris, and are the source of constant danger to society. The solution therefore of the problem would be to avert the danger, by removing those whom want prepares and holds ready for every rash attempt by condemning them to every hard privation.

To this problem M. Cochin was in the habit of applying the method recommended by M. Le Play: a minute personal investigation of every form of the evil, in order to discover its remedy. This examination led him to the conviction that misery was not the result of ill-conduct alone, but that it proceeded also from errors of judgment, and sometimes even from the most singular refinements of self-love. One day, while collecting material for his monograph of the "Parisian Ragman," he strolled to the far end of the Barrière d'Italie, where he found in a miserable mephitic dwelling, a man tattered and disfigured with dirt; but who, in spite of his squalor still retained an air of youth.

"My friend," said M. Cochin, after having addressed him in a tone of sympathy, "what motive induced you to adopt this profession?"

"Pride."

"That is a strange result, indeed! Pray explain yourself."

"I was a printer. Too poor to buy fine clothes, I was laughed at by my comrades. I could not endure it, and, in order not to be exposed to these continual taunts, I turned ragman. My new colleagues have nothing to reproach me with now: I live miserably but contentedly in my tatters."

One may easily understand the kind of compassion which this avowal drew from M. Cochin, and how it increased his desire never to separate intellectual from physical training.

With these ideas M. Cochin visited the London Universal Exhibition. The splendour of the Crystal Palace charmed but did not satisfy him; he determined to inquire beyond. The works and reports he read, the garrets he visited, afforded him matter for the serious study of pauperism in England. Nowhere has misery inspired so many works and so many foundations as in Great Britain. In that country the poor are the object of a vast system of legislation; a considerable sum is devoted to their support; richly-endowed workhouses and asylums, numberless institutions of charity are to be seen throughout the land, and nevertheless it is in this richest country of the globe that the eye encounters the most awful misery. Whence arises this painful contrast? The causes are manifold; but there is one, which, according to M. Cochin, ex-

plains and predominates over all the rest. In England generosity is inexhaustible; but the spirit of charity is not co-equal with it. To give money is much, but to bestow affection is more, and these are qualities which Protestantism does not sufficiently inspire. In England the poor man is an object of fear, and is not assisted, or moralised with that genuine solicitude and sympathetic devotion which springs from affection of heart. Catholicism alone possesses and propagates the spirit of charity in all its plenitude.

Another evil, a plague more baneful far than poverty, for it degrades the victim and dishonours humanity—slavery—had early in life awakened M. Cochin's sympathy. His work on this great question is assuredly the most remarkable of his writings; in it is to be found the full measure of his heart and talent. The gift of patient investigation and glowing exposition, the foresight and elevation of the views therein displayed, stamp this important work with the greatest value. A rapid but faithful summary of its contents will serve to give an idea of its tendency and bearing.

Philosophy, within the last hundred years, and theology, from time immemorial, have sent forth loud protests against slavery; but reason has little hold over those who are blinded by lucre, and religion loses all influence where corruption prevails. Those who have only interest in view, only listen to the voice of interest. Consequently M.

Cochin undertakes to prove that slavery, far from being a source of riches, is a cause of ruin; that far from being necessary to cultivation, it multiplies its difficulties, diminishes population, restricts commerce, destroys the negroes, corrupts the whites, and, injurious to both races, inflicts on both an equally fatal yoke. "When," says M. Cochin, in his introduction, "I commenced my work, I was touched by the hard lot of the oppressed, of that unfortunate race which has made the fortune of those who perpetuate their misery; when ending it, I, on the contrary, find myself pitying their oppressors. I conjure them to have pity on themselves and to put an end to the injury they inflict upon themselves."

The author sets to work at once to prove this novel and original argument; he illustrates it with such a copious array of facts, of documents, and of figures, that no ground remains to the most intrepid defenders of slavery to stand upon. He enters into a strict inquiry of the question, and follows it through all the colonies of the globe. When slavery has succumbed, he establishes a comparison between the situation before and after its abolition, and disengages with a masterly hand the lessons which flow from it. Where slavery still exists, he exposes its results and obliges the reader to judge of the tree from its fruits.

He commences by examining the French colonies. Although of no great extent, they are

not the less interesting to the student, owing to their having traversed every kind of regime, and undergone trials of every sort. M. Cochin has studied and analysed the mass of documents relating to them: commercial statistics, official ordinances, letters of missionaries, written opinions of the planters, reports addressed to the chambers; he turns everything to account, and draws from these combined sources an assemblage of facts and proofs perfectly irrefutable.

It is not religion, as has been stated, or the ancient monarchy, as some people still believe, which introduced slavery in our colonies. It is the original work of the planters themselves. It was they who willed, established, and developed it, and afterwards caused its acceptance by the metropolis. Later on the celebrated saying, "*No navy can exist without Colonies, nor colonies without slavery,*" was regarded as an incontestable axiom; and sovereigns, by granting premiums, encouraged the slave trade—that second evil inevitably attendant on the first. Moreover, the Colonial Convention placed the French establishments beyond all danger of foreign competition, and secured for them the markets of the mother country. The Legislative Assembly suppressed the premiums on the slave trade, and the Convention unanimously decreed the abolition of slavery. But the Revolution had anticipated the decrees of the assembly; war had broken out at San Domingo among the whites;

and emancipation, far from feeding the flame, would doubtless have extinguished it, had it not been for the imprudences committed by the commissaries of the Rebublic, and the embarrassments of foreign war. The Consulate, and after that the Empire, re-establish the slave trade and slavery. The colonies are retaken by the English. The Restoration once more re-establishes order and security among them, and abolishes the slave trade. The Government of July prepares the emancipation of the negroes. Public opinion, directed by such men as MM. Passy, de Broglie, de Montalembert, urges it in that direction; but, owing to its dilatoriness and indecision, the glory of that admirable measure is snatched from its hands, and emancipation is proclaimed by the Republic of 1848.

It is difficult to imagine a law issued under more unfavourable auspices, and under conditions more calculated to justify the apprehensions of its opposers. It was preceded by the Revolution, drawn up by an ignorant and fanatic commission, and obstructed by a bad harvest. No precaution was taken, no idemnity granted to the slaveholders. It was in the midst of disorder and without any preparatory notification that emancipation was suddenly introduced into the French colonies. Nevertheless it caused neither confusion nor disturbance; the blacks remained tranquil, the whites became active, and at Guadaloupe it required all the ex-

citement of the press and the passions of the ballot to provoke an attempt at revolt, which was immediately repressed.

Now then, at a distance of six-and-twenty years after emancipation has taken place in the colonies, let us glance at their situation. The sinister predictions, the prognostics of ruin, are far from having been realised: production has risen to the same standard as under the ancient regime; cultivation has abandoned its superannuated routine; the use of machinery goes on increasing, and the various processes are daily improving; the number of crimes against the person is decreasing; the garrisons have been reduced by one half; and marriages have considerably augmented. All this, according to M. Cochin, springs from "the fact of the colonies having on the same day and at the same hour witnessed the birth of two sacred objects—the family and liberty. The clergy, so long demoralised by the contact of slavery and thwarted by the masters, has resumed its regenerating predications. The creation of three bishoprics has increased its influence, consolidated its discipline, and exalted its action. The blacks listen to its teachings, and their hearts are as anxious after instruction as after faith. This transformation has therefore produced little evil and much good: the evil is a relic of the ancient organization, the good a fruit of the new one; a fresh proof that there exists an intimate union between moral laws and the true

principles of personal interest. What is morally evil can never be materially useful.

The history of the British colonies is not less instructive. Subject, before the abolition, to the same trials, and afflicted with the same evils, as the French colonies, they have, since the adoption of that measure, entered an era of regeneration. Towards the end of the eighteenth century a few humane and just men, animated with the spirit of the Gospel, protested loudly against the slave trade. Their voice, at first unheeded, soon found an echo in that of the entire Parliament, and in 1807 this shameful traffic was abolished. It was believed that slavery, arrested in its source, would disappear of itself; but there exists an unhappy law on earth by which no evil ever comes to an end, unless it is vigorously and directly combated. The spirit of religion once more resumed its work, for it is that spirit, as the Duc de Broglie (the father of the present Duke) so admirably remarked, which bore the brunt and heat of the day, and to that spirit principally is due the honour of the triumph. It is religion which in the British colonies really emancipated the blacks. In 1823 Lord Bathurst initiated the measures necessary to prepare the negroes for the dignity of free men, by elevating them to instruction, to religion, and to that great boon of human life—the family. In 1833 Lord Stanley presented the act for the abolition of slavery throughout the British colonies, with a

grant of compensation to those persons hitherto entitled to the services of the manumitted slaves, while the slaves themselves were bound to serve an apprenticeship which was to last until the year 1840. But this last measure was forestalled by the colonies themselves. To the infinite alarm of the Government, they spontaneously proclaimed emancipation in 1838. This done, the blacks set to work, constructed dwellings, founded villages, and built schools and churches; the cultivation of small farms increased, and production augmented. The colonies, which showed the greatest tardiness to accept the new order of things, were the first to recover their commercial prosperity. The English nation took advantage of the reform, its treasury was enriched, and civilisation at large profited by it, as it does by every real improvement. After a rapid survey of the less important colonies of Denmark and Sweden, M. Cochin goes on to study a new aspect of the question in the United States. While he was writing, the Union was beginning to experience the first throes of the terrible outbreak, by which shortly after it was brought to the verge of dismemberment. Slavery, the origin of the disorder, was in a continual state of development; the slave trade was carried on in secret, and numerous crews of human beings were constantly arriving to fill up the vacancies caused by misery, sickness, and death. M. Cochin commences as usual by tracing the history of the

scourge. He shows it menaced in the first instance by the founders of the Independence; then tolerated through necessity, but leaving no mark of its presence in the constitution. Gradually it expands, and ventures to unveil itself; then it demands its place in the open day, has its representatives in Congress, and increases its influence at one time by means of treacherous annexions, at another by armed determination. The slave states now endeavoured to obtain a fixed delimitation of their boundaries, and a recognition of their right to pursue fugitive slaves into the neighbouring states; they punish with death those who attempt to destroy that institution, and with exile those who write against it; they make it the centre of their policy, the object of their votes, the basis of their constitutions; they even seek to erect it into a religious dogma; and when election carries Abraham Lincoln, a declared enemy of slavery, to the Presidency of the United States, but who promises the most solemn guarantees to the South, they prefer tearing asunder the Flag of the Union rather than allow their dominion over their human herd to be compromised even in appearance. M. Cochin's conscience revolts at this spectacle, and leaving aside for a moment his facts, his figures, and his comparative tables, he exclaims:

"Oh! what would the immortal authors of American independence, what would Washington have said, if contemplating in spirit with just admira-

tion the vast destinies of the nation he had lately founded, and which had risen in less than a century to be one of the mistresses of the world, what would he have said if at the same time he could have perceived imprinted on its brow a stigma which time would only serve to engrave still deeper? You can understand slavery in heathen states, and it may even be explained in small colonial states, whose place in this world is so trifling and exceptional; but that an illustrious, Christian, generous, enlightened nation, possessing orators, poets, and historians, should tolerate, justify, and sanction men who purchase men, fathers who sell their offspring, magistrates occupied in slave-hunting, women whose sole object is to reproduce children to be sold again, as they themselves were sold before; morals and laws which ancient paganism would have condemned—Oh! I do not believe that in the whole course of history a more melancholy denial was ever inflicted on human wisdom, or a crueller disappointment imposed on generous hopes. Scarcely a century has passed over a revolution which was only so fruitful, because it was so honest, and already we may fear lest this vast fabric should collapse, and a society so young and in appearance so vigorous should drop off the tree of civilisation!"

Without ignoring the faults of the North, M. Cochin, in spite of all, believed in the success of the anti-slavery states. He trusted in the final

victory of justice and liberty, and was persuaded that before the end of the century a grand iniquity would have disappeared from the surface of the earth.

Events have justified these previsions; policy has not been long in combining its cause with that of morality. The North had taken up arms only to restore the Union; it was under the necessity, while combating the South, of destroying the chief element of its strength; but it was only at the price of much blood, of numberless ruins, and the most strenuous efforts, that an evil so inveterate and ancient could be uprooted from a soil in which it had struck such profound roots.

M. Cochin, resuming his long exploration, suddenly meets with a country which apparently upsets all his theories and calculations. There exists an island which retains slavery, which, in spite of conventions, secretly continues the traffic, and that island can boast of increasing prosperity, increasing population, and increasing commerce; lately it has astonished Europe with the spectacle of its luxury and the vast fortunes of its inhabitants—the island of Cuba. Many causes combine to produce this prosperity, at first sight apparently so abnormal: some of these are permanent, such as the incomparable beauty of the soil, its peculiar situation between North and South America, at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico; others are accidental, such as the commotions of Europe and the

vicissitudes of the neighbouring colonies. Everything seems to have turned to the advantage of Cuba; it has grown, as well by its own labour as by the misfortunes of its neighbours. But on penetrating beneath this brilliant surface, and looking at the bottom of things, the ordinary work of slavery is still discernible. Periodical revolts stain the colony with blood; the Government has rendered itself absolute, in order at once to rule over both the slave-masters and their human herd; corruption of morals passes all belief; the destruction of every feeling of modesty has carried with it the ruin of all family ties; the magistracy, rapacious and meddling, never issues a verdict, or if it does, it weighs it in scales where gold and not justice regulates the balance; the clergy is debased, and despised; violent hatred separates the whites from the mulattoes; property in general is indebted; the depopulation of the blacks is rapid, and would be more apparent, did not corrupt governors favour the slave trade, which their duty is to repress. Such was the situation of Cuba in 1861. Since that period events have added the blackest colours to the picture here traced by M. Cochin. At the present time an endless war desolates the island—the whites are struggling against the whites; sanguinary executions have only served to embitter hate; the intervention of the United States is ardently called for; the intelligent proprietors, who were willing to renounce

slavery and employ free labour, have been persecuted, treated as enemies, or banished; the most solid fortunes, in appearance, have fallen to pieces, the hostile encounters increase, the ruins accumulate, and it is not certain that Spain, distracted herself by revolutions and civil war, will be able to retain possession of Cuba.

Porto Rico, also under the dominion of Spain, but with a less favourable situation, possessing fewer slaves, has persevered in its endeavours to encourage and develop free labour, and lives on in peace and increasing prosperity hitherto undisturbed.

Portugal, like her neighbour Spain, possessed a magnificent colonial empire, but this once glorious, outspreading tree has fallen a victim to the slave disease, and vegetates in a state of miserable torpor. Will the tardy measures adopted to instil a little vigour into its degenerate sap prove efficacious? Events will show; but there again, the same crime has produced the same results; it has shattered the instruments of all civilisation: religion, labour, and capital.

Brazil, formerly a Portuguese colony, followed too faithfully in the steps of the metropolis: it resolved, but late, to abolish the slave trade, and in 1861, when M. Cochin wrote, slavery still existed throughout its territory. The author studies with a lenient eye the government of an empire which possessed great titles to his affection, for it was

Catholic and constitutional; but precisely for those reasons he is the more eager to dissipate the prejudices which oppose emancipation, and to refute the arguments addressed against it. He sums up his economical, moral, and religious views by holding up to admiration the efforts of a few liberal minds in favour of emancipation. "Let us hope," he says, "that this generous movement will increase. Brazil must leave foolish fears and pitiable arguments to insignificant and feeble colonies; a monarchy of eight millions of united, intelligent, and vigorous inhabitants is bound to share in the task of humanity, and work out its designs."

This wish has been heard; emancipation was decreed in 1870, and M. Cochin may with justice vindicate his share in this important act. His book had produced a lively sensation in America; the chiefs of the Abolitionist movement had placed themselves in communication with the author; he had himself addressed respectful but pressing solicitations to the Brazilian Government. The Emperor, remindful of them when he came to Europe, conversed at length on the subject with M. Cochin, who did not wholly approve of the new law; he considered its operation too slow and complicated. Nevertheless, in spite of some defects, it marked a progress sufficiently important to merit his attention. At the present day it is beginning to bear its fruits; increase of produc-

tion goes hand-in-hand with free labour; the Government itself, agreeably surprised at its results, strives to hasten them by applying six millions yearly to the liberation of the slaves who still remain to reap its benefits.

The Dutch colonies are also reviewed. Freedom in Malaysia, and slavery in the Antilles present the same contrast and the same lessons. "Thus," exclaims M. Cochin, "under whatever latitude, under whatever régime, under whatever institutions, nationalities, or religions, you trace back the history of slavery, you discover the same origin, the same progress, the same order of events, and the same effects. Wherever it has struck root, it has invariably proved an obstacle to the population of the land, to the propagation of the Gospel, to the elevation of the inferior races, and the civilisation of the superior ones. The moralist calls it a crime, the historian and the economist a scourge."

But this picture would not be complete were it merely to represent the action of slavery in the colonies. Behold the ravages it produces in Africa itself, the cradle of the oppressed race! In that desolate land man-hunting never ceases; the constant warfare carried on there has no other aim, the traffic no other object; caravans from the interior transport the living commodity across the desert, and vessels secretly haunt the coast ready to carry off and land on alien shores the wretched victims who have resisted the hardships of the

journey, and outlived the cruelties of the kidnappers. Where, then, is the remedy to be sought for? The solution of the question should have been its starting-point. Africa should be civilized; men of science, merchants, missionaries, all combine in striving to attain this desired object; the former by exploring the country, the latter by disclosing its native riches, and by implanting in it the seeds of Christianity. To France—mistress of Algeria, of Senegal, of Gabon, of Bourbon, and of the neighbouring islands of Madagascar—belongs the principal share in the work of African transformation; let us hope she will not fail in her noble mission.

When M. Cochin reaches this culminating point of his work, he halts awhile in order to measure the blows which have been brought to bear on the evil, and he hails with delight the day when it will disappear for ever. Who has prepared this joy for the world?—Christianity.

Before Christianity raised her sacred voice, politicians regarded slavery as necessary, philosophers as just, economists as useful. Among the nations, the Hebrews, while tolerating slavery, alone imposed on it limitations, and surrounded it with precautions. But the day that our Saviour reinstated the lowly, opened out the same hopes to the whole human race, inspired it with charity, and proclaimed the equality of all men under the providential rule of one creating God—on that day

the effect of slavery, which is contempt of labour, received a mortal blow; its cause, which is brute force, and its principle, which is inequality, lie condemned. Whatever certain sophists of the day may say, the condemnation was formal, and if its application was not immediate, it was because the Church never loved violent revolutions, and because, as it is charged with the government of souls, it leaves to others the government of states. It never ceased, likewise, to be animated with the spirit of the Master; it saw souls to save where the heathen saw only animals to scourge. It first addressed itself to slaves; it was with their aid that it first commenced the wonderful transformation of the Roman community, which ended in the overthrow of paganism. Slavery began to wane under the influence of the new doctrines.

In the sixth century it assumed the shape of *rural colonies*, and disappeared from the Christian world towards the eleventh century. But it existed among the barbarians, and with them it returned; again it was assailed, and again it was defeated by the Church, and finally it expired in the thirteenth century. The Mahometans introduce it once more into Spain and Portugal, thence it reaches the New World; again the Church arms herself to oppose it. In fact, notwithstanding the faults of a few men, unworthy of their charge, the Church has invariably protested through the voice of its chiefs, against slavery, and Pius II., Paul III., Urban

VIII., Benedict XIV. have successively condemned it. A society has been founded for the Redemption of Christians from Slavery, and when philosophers oppose in the name of reason what Christianity has branded in the name of faith, it is the spirit of Christianity which unconsciously inspires them. Thus Christianity is ever foremost in this new crusade. M. Cochin describes its action in the following terms:—

"Christianity exposes the cause of the evil to the philosopher, and inspires the writer with the desire of opposing it. It furnishes the statesman with the means of destroying it without danger. Before the Christian era the abolition of slavery was not thought of; out of its pale the idea of its abolition does not exist; without it, its abolition never can take place. Previous to the suppression of slavery Christianity reinstates labour, it affirms equal rights among men, it prescribes charity and justice, it curbs the master, elevates the slave, and tempers the law. After the abolition of slavery it cures the slave of idleness and envy; for him it founds the church, the school, the hospital; and although it neither establishes the prison nor the tribunal, it visits the prisoner, and inspires the judge. The eye of hope already perceives the dawn of the gladsome day when slavery will have disappeared from among the Christian nations. On that day the heavens and the earth will rejoice.

We are too near the time when this work saw

the light, and too remote from the regions in which its influence is destined to operate, to be able to appreciate the share which M. Cochin may claim in this great result; but divers circumstances manifest the immense success which his book obtained. In France it called forth a fresh discussion on slavery, placed it on a sound basis, and excited the vigilance of public opinion, which never fails to bear its fruits in a country where works of merit are so universally read. It inspired the Bishop of Orleans with an eloquent letter condemning, in the name of religion, what had been already condemned in the name of political economy. In the United States it was immediately translated into English, commented and discussed, and the New York Committee conveyed its thanks to the author in a magnificent address. In Brazil, as we have seen, it contributed directly to the adoption of the law of emancipation. In Spain it elicited, in the first instance, more cries of alarm than of reform; but the colonies bore it in mind and meditated its teachings: Cuba congratulated the enemy of slavery through the voice of its most intelligent representatives.

The conscientious fulfilment of a duty was the sole reward after which M. Cochin aspired; but he was soon to receive another, in an honourable manifestation of the public esteem. His work on Slavery was crowned by the Academy, and its author appointed a member of the Institute, with a

seat in the class of Moral and Political Science. M. Cochin took advantage of his new title to serve with still greater authority the cause he had at heart. Passing from theories to practice, he strove to combat by acts the evil which hitherto he had assailed with his arguments.

As secretary of the anti-slavery committee formed at Paris, under the presidency of M. Laboulaye, he entered into communications with the foreign societies, with which he kept up a constant correspondence, provoking studies, encouraging inquiries, and pointing out results. Delegates from all these societies met periodically in Paris for the purpose of communicating their mutual ideas and information. They would have wished to hold public conferences, in order to awaken public opinion, too apt to slumber after having once pronounced a definitive judgment. At first the Imperial Government thought proper to grant the necessary authorisation, but shortly after they withdrew it, and never ceased throwing obstacles in the way of the work in hand, until they had lost all hope of destroying it. The action of the societies was slow, but not the less effective. Addresses to the sovereigns of the Slave States were drawn up, for the most by M. Cochin's pen; the journals of those states were provided with constant communications, and several notable individuals were moved to speak and act. On every side a vast crusade was organized, which placed at

the service of civilisation a faith and fervour worthy of the Middle Ages. If some of the French journals ventured directly or indirectly to defend slavery, M. Cochin's wounded feelings immediately protested. "What has Washington done to M. Laurentie?" he wrote to Montalembert: "this patriarch of the '*Union*' (not the American) writes that the adversaries of slavery are a set of buffoons (*farceurs*), and that the Republic has not the right to defend itself against a revolution, since it is itself a revolution, and because it is not a Catholic monarchy (a piece of information which he might have spared himself the trouble of giving), and all this in the theatrical tone of Geronte in a passion. A Frenchman, a Christian, and a Conservative, he defends slavery and insurrection, and then calls on us to honour principles!" M. Cochin did not content himself with calling for the adoption of laws against slavery, he took care also to watch over their execution. When Spain, so long deaf to every appeal, at length decided on enacting some legislative measures, he writes to Mr. Cooper, one of the most active members of the London Anti-slavery Society: "It is necessary that England should have a consul at Cuba, fully determined to watch over the execution of the new law, and to inform your Government of any infraction of it. I am about to write to my friend Mr. Monsell, of the Colonial Office, on the subject, and I feel certain you will take care to see to this."

No country escaped his keen attention. At the present day the evil which M. Cochin attacked with so much energy has been everywhere vanquished, and if it still finds adherents it can no longer boast of having defenders.

An interesting literary event which took place about this time served to confirm the success of this remarkable work. One of the promoters of slave abolition, the eminent historian of American laws and customs, M. Alexis de Tocqueville, had lately descended to the grave in the prime of life. The Academy, urged by a due feeling of respect, deliberated which of its members was the best suited, both in talent and reputation, to pronounce the customary eulogium on his memory. At M. Cousin's suggestion, Father Lacordaire was selected to perform this honourable task, and, by a fortunate coincidence the reply fell to the lot of M. Guizot. Notwithstanding the storm which raged in the New World, and the first rumours of the horrible civil war which was preparing, the illustrious Dominican, clad in the same habit which Las Casas had rendered illustrious three centuries before, celebrated within the walls of the French Academy the American constitution. Such a cause, defended by such a man, was a spectacle which could not fail to touch the heart of one who had ever been the sincere lover of religion and of liberty. M. Cochin, fresh from the scene, poured forth his feelings to me in the following letter:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I will lose no time in writing to you after the sitting at the Academy, at which I pity you for not having assisted. Another person also was missing, Madame Swetchine. How both of you would have enjoyed it!

"The hall was crowded to excess, and a few minutes before twelve o'clock at least one half of those who had tickets of admission were nevertheless obliged to retire for want of seats. In the tribunes might be seen the Empress, and the Princesses Matilda and Clotilde; over Bossuet's statue sat Prince Napoleon. At two o'clock the 'Institut' made its appearance, complete in number, more so than ever it was before; every soul anxious for the rare enjoyment of listening to the accents of two such men. At two o'clock —I shall never forget this moment—the illustrious Dominican, in his flowing white tunic, with his pallid countenance and expressive eyes, entered the hall to take his seat in the midst of his assembled colleagues; intellect, science, glory gave way to let him pass. The nineteenth century hailed with acclamation the gown which the eighteenth had torn to pieces, and the sons of Voltaire huddled together to make room for the son of St. Dominic amidst the applause of the multitude. 'How singular!' whispered some, others, 'How just!' and all, 'What a happy progress!' You will read the speeches. Father Lacordaire believes, and the moment is ill-chosen for that belief,

that all Americans are Washingtons; M. Guizot thinks that M. de Tocqueville only differed from himself through ignorance. But these are trifling specks in the picture: the *ensemble* was grand, generous, Christian, liberal and tolerant. Beautiful language, elevated thoughts, noble gestures, majestic air, everything that stamps perfection in a man was combined in the person of the great modern monk, received by the most distinguished Protestants of the day, and this scene of piquancy and grandeur was enacted to celebrate the memory of the greatest of liberals. What struck the ear was beautiful no doubt, but what struck the eye marks an era. The newspapers may stammer out a few reluctant phrases of admiration, grumble, criticise or remain silent, as they please. Nevertheless, the entrance of a monk into the capital of the human intellect, into the fortress whence his brethren were brutally ejected, is a victory, and a victory which conscience proclaims and loves to dwell upon."

But these accents of concord and tolerance now appear almost an anachronism. Other aspirations tend to replace and almost to refute them in the daily polemics of the time. Hereafter experience will pronounce on their respective value. As regards Father Lacordaire, the crown which had so lately adorned his brow was shortly to be placed upon his tomb. A few months after this interesting scene M. Cochin was again speaking

of Father Lacordaire, but it was to address a last farewell to the illustrious orator, the holy monk, snatched away in all the splendour of his spotless fame at the moment when the Church was more than ever about to need his eloquence and his popularity.

Before Father Lacordaire had passed away, the cause which he had so constantly defended was assailed in one of its noble and most sacred forms—in the liberty of charity. Like all simple and timely institutions, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was attended with rapid progress. Ere its founders had closed their eyes for ever, they had seen its branches spreading throughout the greater part of the Christian world. The general council, resident in Paris, held the supreme authority over the minor conferences; an authority which the latter willingly intrusted to it, and which it employed in directing this most praiseworthy institution of charity. M. Cochin, who, still in his teens, had been appointed president of the conference of St. Jacques, had also at an early age been chosen a member of this supreme board. In this capacity he was giving full vent to his talent for organization, and boldly carrying out his enlightened views in the cause of charity, when the society received information that it had been denounced as a political instrument in the hands of a party acting in hostility to the Empire. M. Persigny was then Minister of the Interior. Aware that ever since

the year 1835, cordial relations existed between him and M. de Falloux, and that on more than one occasion, the latter had had reason to appreciate M. de Persigny's Christian sentiments, M. Cochin urged M. de Falloux to make an appeal to these recollections, in behalf of the threatened Society of St. Vincent de Paul. M. de Falloux yielded to his suggestions, and laying aside the objections he might have felt to solicit a favour at the hands of the Imperial minister, he did not hesitate to seek an explanation from him on a mere question of justice. M. de Persigny, accustomed to their differences of opinions, received him with his usual urbanity, and having listened to the object of his visit, drew from his desk several letters, addressed to him by persons well known for their religious opinions, complaining that two or three of the conferences of St. Vincent in the South of France, had introduced, as prizes in lotteries for the poor, a bust and some photographic likenesses of the Count de Chambord. The religious journals which at the present day affect to associate the cause of Christianity with the cause of Legitimacy, under its most absolute form, followed a totally different line under the Empire, and those who were led by them openly declined all sympathy with the Legitimist party. The documents therefore which the minister exhibited, instead of alarming M. de Falloux, furnished him on the contrary with an excellent argument to show that

a few rare and trifling facts, such as those adduced, were a sufficient proof of the innocence, not only of the Society of St. Vincent in general, but even of the individual conferences, against which no accusation could be found but an incident of the most puerile and inoffensive nature. "The fact alone," added M. de Falloux, "of the eagerness of these religious persons to report the incident in question to the minister ought to afford him ample security: everything combined, both in the political and in the Christian order, to render the Society of St. Vincent de Paul sacred in his eyes. It was a philanthropic institution of laymen, at a time when the religious habit provoked suspicion and inspired apprehensions. Ought they not to honour, or at least respect, men of the world, magistrates, military men, functionaries of all ranks, and of all opinions, who, without any compact but their published regulations, and without any other object than that of charity, assembled together for the purpose of devising means to encounter the increasing wants and miseries of the necessitous?" He insisted on the fact of the Society of St. Vincent being a work essentially adapted to modern society; "it was the Christian thought embodied in a new form, and springing directly from the wants of the present time; for under the 'ancient régime,' the working man, confined but protected by his own corporation, found within its precincts assistance and support, which at the present day free labour obliged him to

seek at his own risk and peril. To declare war against such an institution was to declare war against Christian charity itself." M. de Persigny, touched by this conversation, expressed a wish to see M. Cochin. The interview took place, in which M. de Persigny assured M. Cochin "that the contemplated measures of rigour against the society had been abandoned." Unfortunately, it was not so easy to disarm the ultra-democratic journals; they continued their onslaught with renewed animosity, which found support in the higher spheres of Government. After a long resistance M. de Persigny yielded, and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was suppressed.

M. Cochin, bitterly distressed by this decision, thus boldly gave vent to his indignation in the *Correspondant*:—

"Shall we never see in France ten men assembled in the name of God, without believing that they are conspiring? Will this cruel folly never end? Are all the other religious associations to be threatened with administrative measures, without an inquiry, without notice, without a contradictory discussion, without a regular judgment, without being allowed to defend themselves? If these societies do good, let them live freely; if they do mischief, prove it. We shall be accused of being political partizans for holding this language, but political partizans would rejoice in a fault which we do but deplore."

M. Cochin did not content himself with talking —he was for acting, and acting energetically. He proposed bringing the ministerial measure before the tribunals. He maintained this opinion in a general meeting of the conferences, and used every effort to make it prevail. But the time was past when two young men, Montalembert and Lacordaire, boldly opened a free school in a small room in the "Quartier Latin," in hopes of gaining, at least in the eyes of public opinion, the cause which they were sure of losing before the tribunals. The absence of public life had weakened men's natures, and they no longer found within themselves the courage to defy a government armed with discretionary power. The members of the council would not have shrunk before any personal responsibility, but they hesitated before a resolution which would place all the conferences of the society established in France in jeopardy. Their resolute refusal baffled a pretension which, under the pretext of conciliation, sought to impose on the general council a president appointed by the Emperor, and artfully chosen among the highest dignitaries of the Church. They would not consent to transform the free and independent action of charity into an official institution; they would not allow themselves to be placed on the same footing as Freemasonry, which on the same occasion was offered, and which accepted, the presidency of a high dignitary of the army. The majority of the

council preferred the silent benefit of the semi-toleration which, although not clearly specified, was in fact conceded. M. Cochin bent reluctantly to the opinion of the majority of his colleagues. He wrote to M. du Boys, formerly a magistrate:—"I was in the minority which voted for the resistance of the general council even before the courts of law, and for keeping up the conferences. The contrary opinion has prevailed; the council is dissolved, and the conferences, like a shepherdless flock, are for the most part disbanded. My colleagues, milder than myself, although doubtless as devoted as it is possible to be, have taken the most active steps for the purpose of obtaining justice, or at least a hearing, from the Government. They do not despair of obtaining a general council more or less similar to the late one, with the exception of its *dangerous* members, such as Lemercier * and myself."

M. Cochin then set to work in hopes of preventing the ministerial decree from bearing all its fruits; he sought to secure the existence, at least, of the conferences, even if he could not keep up their union. But although M. Cochin had warmly contended with his colleagues in this affair, he had no wish to shine at their expense, as may be seen by the following letter to M. Soland:—

"Called upon to go down to La Roche-Guyon to

* Count Anatole Lemercier, then a deputy of the Corps Legislatif.

attend the funeral of poor Georges de la Rochefoucauld,* who has just died, at two-and-thirty, I was not able to answer you sooner, and I saw that it was too late to send you advice with reference to our conferences, as I found by the papers that they had dissolved themselves. Such was not my opinion; I considered that the general council should have resisted, and that the conferences should remain firm. Now the former has not resisted, and the latter are breaking up. This is falling precisely into the snare laid for us. What does the Government desire? To weaken the society? It is weakened. That its more active members should retire? They are retiring. That the society should be decapitated? We are cutting off our own heads. The programme is accomplished. This, my dear friend, is my opinion; but since it has not prevailed, pray keep it for yourself. I was grieved to see in the *Union de l'Ouest* an article, in which I was made to act a high-flown part in contrast with the tone of my colleagues. Now, although we differed in opinion, my friends have quite as much courage as myself, and a hundred times more virtue. It is enough that we should be smitten, without dividing us. I am glad to hear that my lines on P. Lacordaire pleased you. Oh, what a loss! Notre Dame and St. Vincent

* Georges de la Rochefoucauld, youngest son of the Duke of that name, had founded at La Roche-Guyon a Convalescent Asylum for young men quitting the hospitals of Paris.

de Paul! nothing less than our youth melting away!"

Then, without indulging in any more sorrowful reflections on himself, he hastens to add:—

"Do not despond too much over our times; men shock us because of the ideal with which we feed our souls; but we have no right to expect the same ideal from them, and in history when was the ideal realised? True, we are painfully humiliated as Catholics, and above all, as Frenchmen; but when a man is not ready to sacrifice everything to his conscience, he is not thoroughly an honest man. We have at any rate this satisfaction, and that suffices for the present; it is impossible to live long without either religion or liberty, and that suffices for the future."

CHAPTER V.

Journey to Rome.

THE year 1862 brought with it the greatest satisfaction M. Cochin had ever known. He was able to accomplish his long-cherished project of a journey to Rome. A desire to admire in her majesty the mother of all the Churches, and the craving to lay his filial homage at the feet of the supreme Pontiff, induced M. Cochin to suspend for a short time his increasing duties and occupations in Paris, and to start for Italy. In a letter to his sister-in-law, Madame de St. Maur, he says :—

"A wish to show ourselves the courtiers of misfortune, the dread of events which, though postponed, may break out at any moment, and the assemblage of almost all the bishops of Christendom at Rome, these are the many inducements which have determined our journey."

It was indeed a solemn moment for the Papacy. Its material weakness and its moral grandeur were alike conspicuous to all eyes. The calamities which fell upon Rome had long been in prepara-

tion. At the Congress of Paris (1856), under the presidency of our Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Walewski, words of deep significancy had been uttered, and the Italian Question had suddenly been introduced in a conference convoked solely for the settlement of the Eastern Question. Any attentive observer of the imperial policy might from that moment have forecast the events which shortly after emerged from the darkness in which they had been matured. The world knows with what rapidity they succeeded each other. The war of 1859, which to all appearance was levelled at Austria alone, crushed the Pope; Romagna was invaded and taken possession of by Piedmont, who already owed to France the kingdom of Lombardy. In 1861 the small Pontifical army, commanded by General de Lamoricière, was destroyed at Castelfidardo. This odious act excited the indignation of all those who still retained a feeling of honour and justice. M. Cochin became their mouthpiece in the *Correspondant*. His article on this occasion, which deserves to be quoted *in extenso*, commenced with the following words:—

"The battle of Castelfidardo, remarkable for the triumph of sixty thousand well-trained and experienced troops over a handful of volunteers recruited and drilled in the space of three months, has called forth immense enthusiasm at Turin. The glory attached to the name of Lamoricière must be great indeed for a general, a king, and an entire people

to be so proud of having defeated him with an army numbering ten to one! It is easy to see that the Piedmontese are not in the habit of gaining victories single-handed.

"As for us, had the honour fallen to our lot of reckoning in the ranks of the victorious general of Constantine, and of having fought so good a battle under so brave a chief for so excellent a cause, we should still feel, in the midst of our defeat, some pride mingle with our sorrow, and, while offering up to God our unsuccessful efforts with greater confidence than our enemies dare offer up their triumph, we should intone with calm resignation the verse of the *Te Deum*: "Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus."*

Pius IX. was reduced to the sovereignty of the city of Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter. Piedmont, who had been arrested in her views on this last asylum of the Papacy, by the respect which the Imperial Government still imposed upon her, had carried her unwarrantable encroachments southwards. The kingdom of Naples, already in the possession of Garibaldi, had been annexed by Victor Emmanuel. The Pope, surrounded on all sides, might foresee the moment when he would have to choose between exile and captivity. It was amidst these afflictions and fears that Pius IX., engaged in the canonization of the Japan martyrs, called around him all the Catholic bishops of the

* *Correspondant* du 25 septembre, 1860.

world, and that the Church, congregated in its centre, showed itself so much the more devoted to its chief as the attacks on that chief increased in violence. It was at that moment that M. Cochin arrived in Rome, accompanied by his wife and by his eldest son. On his way he had fallen in with two of his dearest friends—M. de Soland and M. de Rességuier.* Providence seemed to take delight in surrounding him with these sympathetic hearts, in order to increase the intensity of the impression of the beautiful. Thus beloved, he saw and judged better; affection was the key to all his other enjoyments.

It was the middle of the Holy Week. The sublime ceremonies of the Church, the magnificence of the music, which moves even hearts untouched by Catholic faith, deeply impressed the soul of M. Cochin. In a letter written at that time to Madame de St. Maur, he thus gives vent to his feelings:—

"ROME, *April 19th*, 1862.

"When you arrive at Rome on Holy Wednesday, you cannot be expected to give a clear idea of your first impression on the Saturday following. You pass from one ceremony to another, from one monument to another monument. Your mind is confusedly engrossed with feelings and recollections, over which floats the solemn presence of the

* Le Comte de Rességuier, Deputy of the National Assembly.

highest representative of God on earth. Do not then expect any description from me in this first letter. I confine myself to letting you know that we are moved and delighted; that we have seen and followed the Holy Father through all the ceremonies of the last two days; that he receives us this evening; that he appears strong and in good health, although his hair is completely white, and his features wear the appearance of fatigue. An immence multitude has congregated here, as if Rome were the queen of the universe and the tranquil city of the Lord, instead of being a prey to the ambition of men, and the object of the efforts of an approaching revolution."

M. Cochin attached too little importance to anything which concerned himself, to keep a regular diary of his journey; but he made a few notes and memoranda of what especially struck him, and the audience of the Pope, just mentioned, was among them :—

"ROME, *April 19th*, 1862.

"Holy Saturday.

"At half-past four, in the immense gallery of the Vatican, the Holy Father, assisted by Monseigneur Talbot and Monseigneur Pacca, received us in public audience, together with above five hundred other persons from all quarters of the globe: England, Russia, Brazil, Peru, America. The Pope, dressed in white, traversed the gallery in its entire length

with a firm step and smiling countenance, stopping to speak to every one, and give every one his blessing. He addressed me by name, and inquired after Count Montalembert, he then blessed my son, his brothers, and his mother, and presented me his hand to kiss. When the audience was over he placed himself on a step in the recess of a window, whence with a powerful voice, checked at intervals by emotion, he pronounced a short allocution, ending with these words: 'We live in an age of confusion; over a large portion of Europe the principles of right and justice have been set at nought; *we* will use Christian weapons—prayer, patience, faith, and unshaken confidence in God.'"

On the following day M. Cochin was received alone in a private audience, which lasted three quarters of an hour, of which he courageously took advantage to expose to the Holy Father the religious, intellectual and political wants of France, from his point of view. His language was too respectful, and his motives too unselfish for the Pope to misunderstand them; nor did he. Upon the most delicate points, he replied in a tone of paternal affection: "I do not condemn liberty, nor do I trench upon politics; but now-a-days there are errors abroad which I cannot pass over in silence, and I am preparing an important bull on that subject upon which I shall consult the bishops."

This is the document which was afterwards published under the name of the Syllabus.

Pius IX. then went on to speak of Père Lacordaire, lately dead: "I regret him much," he said; then of M. de Montalembert, after whom he inquired in terms of great affection.

When the reign of Pius IX. passes into the domain of History, M. Cochin's notes may be usefully consulted. A portrait will be there found of Pius IX., drawn by M. Cochin, while he was still under the impression of these interviews with the venerable Pontiff; a few touches of which may not be uninteresting to the reader:—

"Pius IX. combines in his person three remarkable gifts: holiness, kindness, and comeliness. In intimate union with God, loving Him with love the most ardent and the most enduring, having no other thought but that of pleasing and obeying Him, he possesses an excellent heart and an amiable nature. His demeanour bears no trace of pride or constraint; he converses with pleasure, fluency and gaiety. Moreover, these interior gifts are marvellously well seconded by a handsome countenance, expressive eyes, regular features, and graceful and dignified gesticulation. Pius IX. indeed is at once a prince, a father, and a priest."

A week after these receptions at the Vatican, M. Cochin followed the Holy Father to Porto d'Anzo, a small village five leagues from Rome, and we read the following in his journal:—

"On Monday, April 28th, at four o'clock, the Holy Father was pleased to receive us at Porto d'Anzo. The customary ceremonial was omitted, owing to the small dimensions of the room in which our reception took place. On entering we fell on our knees and kissed his hand; after which, making us a sign to rise, he desired us to be seated.

"This audience was a scene of effusion, such as might be witnessed in a meeting between the tenderest of fathers and his children. Pius IX. allowed us to name one after the other all our beloved ones; taking an interest in each as if each had been his own child, or as a shepherd interests himself in each of his flock. On mentioning the name of my father-in-law, he said: 'Oh! I know him, he is an excellent man.' I then repeated the names of all the members of that family of Christians which owns M. Benoist d'Azy for their head, and he gave them his blessing.

"After that, I took upon myself to offer him the respects of General Oudinot, of MM. de Montalembert, de Falloux, de Broglie, de Lamoricière, Berryer, Sauez, Jaubert, of Admiral Fourichon, in short, of all those to whom I knew that this act of filial homage would be regarded as an honour, including more particularly those with whom it had been my happy lot to labour in the defence of the Church. Each name called forth from the Holy Father either a flattering remark, an affectionate smile, or an exclamation of joy; while the warm

interest which so many noble hearts take in his cause, drew from his lips expressions of charity towards his enemies, hope in God, and humble resignation to the calamities which threatened him.

"We had prepared two petitions praying for some spiritual favours for ourselves and families. His Holiness read them over with attention, and as daylight began to wane, he said to my son Denys: 'Now, my child, render the Pope a service. I am old, and my sight is failing; give me more light; open the blinds.' He then granted our request, adding to his signature a few touching, and for us, most precious lines. Then, as we knelt before him, he gave us his blessing. We kissed his feet and hands and retired, leaving the spiritual chief of mankind, the universal Pontiff, the illustrious, saintly, and unfortunate Pius IX., in a lowly chamber, standing before a small table, shorn of all ornament, save the crucifix which speaks to him of his duties, the clock which measures out his time, and the pen which serves to trace the venerable dictates of his will.

"Scarcely had we returned to our inn, and had time to recover from our emotion, than we were attracted to the window by the sound of voices: the Pope on foot with his modest retinue was on his way to the beach. We followed him at a distance, and passed an hour on that lovely shore of Porto d'Anzo, which offered us a spectacle which time can never efface from our memories.

"Nature, history, and the present time combined together, in this small corner of the world, to compose a picture of which the effect was everlastingly striking. Nature furnished the colours: the azure of the sky, the rays of the setting sun, the variable aspect of the sea, the sombre belt of cliffs spotted with smiling villas. History brought before our eyes the most ancient recollections of pagan Rome: the Volsci, Antium, Nero, his birth; the ruins of his palace stretching out towards the sea; of the Apollo discovered among these ruins; the triumph of the Church over the Empire. On this scene, embellished with nature's most gorgeous ornaments, and teeming with historical reminiscences, figure to yourself, at the decline of day, animated groups of joyous beings: here children at play, there a knot of fishermen in busy converse, further on towards the horizon the standard of the pontifical zouaves floating over their tents, whence at intervals the martial sound of their clarions strikes upon the ear, recalling their devotedness to a holy cause. In the midst of all this, the Pope, 'the observed of all observers,' clothed in his white cassock and scarlet hat fringed with gold, walking cheerfully on the sea-skirted beach, followed by the multitude, as was once his master on the shores of the Judæan lakes.

"Presently the Borghese and the Barberini families are seen approaching at the full speed of their horses; within a few paces they pull up, leap

from their saddles, and kneeling, invoke his blessing. By their side on the same sandy platform kneel also a group of ragged urchins; the fishermen present their nets before casting them into the sea. A few minutes elapse and they return with dejected looks, their draught has been unsuccessful. 'My children,' said the Pope, smilingly, 'see how well Providence does all she does; there are no fish to-day, and I don't like fish; but you like piasters, and here are some.'

"Meanwhile the Holy Father continued his walk, stopping almost at every step to admire the loveliness of the view and weather. We follow him, touched by the simplicity and at the same time by the grandeur of a scene which shadows forth the true character of that royal paternity, the object of so many assaults; a scene which afforded us an opportunity of sharing with Pius, in the midst of his greatest trials, one of the rare moments of happiness granted on earth to this august and peerless old man.

"From the windows of the Villa Mastai, the Pope might perceive anchored in the roads the frigate, the *Immaculate Conception*, whose deck may one day be his only refuge. Beyond, in the offing, with the aid of a glass, he might also have perceived King Victor Emmanuel's fleet steering triumphantly towards Naples, and receiving on its way an escort of honour from our squadron."

M. Cochin returned to Rome from Porto d'Anzo gladdened and refreshed. He indulged in all the

ardour of his curiosity, and studied, with a mind at ease and a contented heart, the incomparable treasures of the Eternal City. His delight knew no bounds. Moreover, he had the good fortune to profit by the presence of some companions, of all others the best fitted to inspire him with a taste for what he saw. Among them was M. Ampere, the learned professor, who, after having previously carried his curiosity into every quarter of the globe, and his researches into every intellectual department, had made Rome his latest study. He who formerly, in presence of the Pyramids, sought relaxation from the dull study of hieroglyphics in the perusal of works in the Chinese language, had now confined his researches within the precincts of his new residence, and pursued them with all the ardour of his keen and persevering spirit. No one knew how to remain so thoroughly a Frenchman as M. Ampere in his travels abroad; no one brought so much animation into his mathematical studies, or bore with better grace the weight of intense labour. With all the humour of youth, vivacity of speech, richness of ideas, he displayed spontaneously and without reserve the treasures of his erudition. What a companion in M. Cochin's perambulations through the city, where every stone has its title, where every spot has been the witness of some great event, must have been the author of "L'Histoire Romaine à Rome!"

And then M. de Rossi, carrying more gravity

than M. Ampere, but no less ardour into the study of Christian antiquity. M. Cochin could with difficulty restrain his emotion while following M. de Rossi through the catacombs where Christianity in its early days had sought to conceal its mysteries and its martyrs. While the silence of these vast solitudes awakened in his mind a strong religious feeling, the recollections which they evoked fortified his faith, and filled his heart with prayer and adoration. The explanations of the eminent archæologian who discovered the tomb of Saint Cecilia and the cemetery of St. Calixtus, and restored them to the veneration of the faithful, could but confirm this pious impression, as M. de Rossi retraced in impassioned accents the lives of the first Christians, threw light on the obscurities of their symbolism, and revealed the artless simplicity of their inscriptions.

On issuing from the catacombs M. Cochin had before his eyes the Rome of Christianity, of whose triumph and glory no worthier interpreter could be found than his venerable friend Monseigneur Dupanloup. The most splendid religious monuments viewed by the light of ecclesiastical history, the beauty of religious art explained with all the force of pious eloquence, the masterpieces of Christian inspiration described by a prelate in whose soul everything great awakens a thrilling echo—what an association of all that is elevated and noble among men!

But one spot in particular seemed more especially to call forth the ardour of M. Cochin's faith—the tomb of the apostles. "It is there," he writes to M. de Montalembert, "that you feel fortified; there you renew all the resolutions of your life over the remains of the two giants of Christianity thus strangely and for ever united as it were—authority and reason, the rock and the source, faith imposed and faith proved."

"I can but speak well of Rome," he writes to Prince Albert de Broglie, "for hitherto I have only seen her piety, her arts, her recollections, and her sun, and the impression of all this surpasses what I expected. The religious and the prelates do not appear such tyrants, nor the people such victims, as the *Siècle*, taking up the note from Lord Palmerston, would fain proclaim them. I have, however, seen a slave—yes, a real slave; but he is a British subject, a Hindoo, belonging to Colonel R., who I dare say writes to London that the Romans are oppressed, meanwhile he is carrying away from his native land a *coolie*, who sleeps at his chamber-door on the ground and has only permission to eat once a day. Would not that be a charming story for the *Times?*"

The same feeling is expressed in another letter to M. de Montalembert:—

"I came here to increase my faith, and I regulate my journey accordingly. I have therefore carefully commenced by opening wide the gates of

my soul in order to give free access to admiration; I refused to listen to a single political or critical conversation until I had received the Pope's blessing, humbled myself before the remains of the true cross deposited by the Empress Helena in the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, listened to the music on Good Friday in the Sixtine Chapel, visited the tombs on the Via Appia at sunset, feasted my eyes on the Transfiguration in the Vatican, and admired the contents of Overbeck's studio. Thus imbued, I may say enriched, with all that is most worthy of admiration, I can afford to place the miseries in the balance without running the risk of turning the scale."

M. Cochin quitted Rome for Naples. What a contrast between these two cities! On the one hand, solemn gravity—on the other, easy and careless gaiety; there, majestic ruins and solemn monuments—here, nature clothed in her ever youthful beauty.

M. Cochin visited with rapture a country of which Goethe had said, "Write, relate, or paint what you will, this surpasses all; the shore, the bay, the gulf, Vesuvius, the town, the suburbs, the castle, the public walks! I forgive all those who lose their senses when they behold Naples."

This spot, created for the pleasures of sight, presented at that moment the most saddening thoughts to the mind. A revolution had lately changed its peaceful aspect, and Victor Emmanuel

occupied the throne of the King of Naples. M. Cochin found anchored in the port of Naples the Piedmontese squadron, which a few days before he had perceived in the offing of Porto d'Anzo, but he found there also the French squadron, and he thus expresses his feelings on the subject to Count Montalembert:—

"In order to secure a good reception for the King, it was necessary to obtain a victory over the minds of the population. France has obtained that victory by escorting him with three admirals, eight ships of the line, and nine thousand men. The effect of the presence of the fleet has been decisive. The admiral had orders to render extraordinary honours to the King. Sham fights, illuminations, nothing has been spared to act upon the minds of a population accustomed to live upon whatever strikes the imagination. Till now it still had doubts with regard to the Emperor's acceptation of Italian unity; it has now seen France, England, and Sweden backing Victor Emmanuel; it doubts no longer, at least for a few weeks."

The journey to Naples was but a rapid excursion for M. Cochin. A natural preference and various preoccupations in harmony with all his thoughts soon recalled him to Rome. A French ecclesiastic, professor of philosophy in one of the great seminaries, M. l'Abbé Godard had published anonymously a work entitled "La Doctrine de l'Eglise et les Principes de '89." M. Cochin had reviewed

it in the *Correspondant*,* making reservations, but accompanied with some praise, and the work had just been placed in the Index. The author, inexperienced in such matters, had chosen a title which tended to render it suspicious in the eyes of the ecclesiastical authorities, and moreover he had assumed a critical ground by connecting the essential principles of civil society and of modern legislation with the pompous document so much debated but so little known—"La Declaration des Droits de l'Homme." The high-mindedness and integrity which breathed throughout this work would have sufficed to enlist M. Cochin in the author's favour, even if he had not been himself directly interested in his defence. He undertook, then, to plead his cause and to attenuate, if possible, as he had arrived too late to avert, the sentence which had been pronounced against him. He betook himself to the congregation of the Index, represented at that moment by Father Modena, a learned monk, who beneath the most benevolent and modest aspect concealed a fund of erudition rarely surpassed. M. Cochin relates this interview in the following terms to Count Montalembert:—

"I called upon the secretary and chief inspirer of the Index, Father Modena. Are you acquainted with this little vivacious old man? His abode is at the Minerva, where, owing to the convent being for the most part empty and forming convenient

* *Correspondant* du 25 aout, 1861.

barracks, the deserted dormitories are inhabited by red-legged soldiers.*

"The great hall through which you have to pass to reach Father Modena's room is occupied by the 62nd regiment of the line. At eight o'clock in the morning I already found there a hundred or more soldiers employed in dressing themselves, or in eating their morning meal. Once recognised as a compatriot I was allowed to pass. Thus having succeeded in subduing material force, I ventured timidly to approach the little cell which serves as a citadel to moral force. There, without counting time, theology is at work, and Father Modena is oftener occupied with Suarez or Michel Cano than with Paradol or Jourdan. Rome is like Archimedes continuing his algebra while the enemy is plundering his home."

M. Cochin's note-book furnishes the remainder of this description :—

"I knock and enter: folios against the wall, papers spread about a large table, two secretaries pen in hand, attract my sight before I discover a little old monk in white, his cowl over his head, with a sallow face, and gestures prompt and quick. All eyes are instantly turned towards the intruder and his layman's dress. 'Father Modena?' 'I am Father Modena—and who are you?' I handed him my card. 'Ah! Cochin of Paris. Where is

* The French infantry in general wear pantaloons of red cloth—*pantalons garance.*

he? Are you he?' 'Yes, father.' 'I know you. You write books; you write the *Correspondant.* But you are a priest, *caro mio.*' 'No, indeed!' 'Oh, yes, you are a little, at least by your doctrine. I am the chief of the police of souls; I have read your works, you have nothing to fear from me.'

"After this familiar salutation, truly Italian, Father Modena observed to me that he was too much engaged to prolong the interview at that moment, and requested me to return on the following day. I was punctual to the appointment, and the conversation immediately assumed a serious turn. 'May I ask you why you have condemned a work in the French language on Catholic doctrine and the principles of 1789?'

"'Ah, I have received the author's submission conveyed in an admirable letter.' 'That does not in the least surprise me; you probably are aware that I have written favourably of that work?' 'Yes —in too great a hurry, *mio caro.*' 'Until further proof, I cannot but consider the work perfectly defensible.' 'Yes, yes; *in abstracto* it is nothing more or less than St. Thomas and Suarez, but *in concreto* it contains tenets which are dangerous.' 'I should very much like to know the grounds of its condemnation.' 'It is not in my power to let you know them. The grounds of our condemnations are never stated, for fear of rendering eternal, discussions which we wish precisely to put an end to.' Father Modena then very obligingly explained to

me the mode of proceeding observed by the congregation of the Index, emphatically repeating to me that it neither touched the individual nor the doctrine as a whole when, as a whole, the doctrine was irreproachable, but merely such and such a work, or such and such a passage in that work. He reminded me that Bellarmin and Liguori had been censured on certain points of detail; that in France, when the traditionalism of M. Bonnetty had been condemned, on the Archbishop of Paris writing that the doctrine itself of traditionalism had undergone condemnation, he had been blamed; that even when the sentence itself does not contain 'donec corrigatur,' the author may nevertheless be authorised to revise his work and publish other editions.*

"'There is every reason to suppose,' continued Father Modena, 'that the Abbé Godard will obtain this favour if such is his wish. He submitted himself without reserve, repeating the beautiful words applied to the authority of the Church by the theologian, Michel Cano: 'Pater meus major me est.'†

* I yield to M. Bonnetty's desire by inserting the text of the letter which was addressed to him from Rome: "It has been the desire to observe with reference to M. Bonnetty the same charitable regards practised at other times in similar cases towards writers eminently Catholic, by not pronouncing, to the prejudice of their reputation, any judgment which declares their opinions to be either erroneous, suspicious, or dangerous."

† M. l'Abbé Godard followed this advice, and published a second edition, which was the object of no censure whatever.

"Father Modena then pursued the conversation, sometimes in Italian, at others in French; he requested me to accept some verses and essays on various subjects which he had composed. Before taking leave, as he was joking me on my atttachments to the principles of '89, I could not help answering him: 'Father, you represent Catholic doctrine, do you not? Well, pray remember that your door is guarded by French soldiers; they are there because in 1849 we had journals, orators, a tribune, all the means in short of acting on public opinion, and we owe them to 1789.' We parted excellent friends, and at his request I promised to call on him again before quitting Rome."

M. Cochin's journal is not devoted solely to what regards himself, it contains also several portraits remarkable for their originality. Describing Monseigneur de Merode, he writes: "One may say of Monseigneur de Merode, that if he is not absolutely a sage, he is nearly as possible a saint. His noble blood, his military valour, his vivacious humour, his universal activity, and above all his humility and his piety, stamp him as a man apart; a Christian hero disguised under a physiognomy not to be forgotten when once seen."

M. Cochin rendered at the same time the following homage to Monseigneur de Merode. Writing to M. de Montalembert, he says: "Your brother-in-law has every reason to be proud of his little army; alone it protected the Pope at a dangerous

moment. It serves to prove to the world that the person of the Pope is not to be touched without causing blood to flow, and that the Government has men ready to die for him. Moreover, without the Papal army, France would already have departed, and Piedmont would have entered."

Father Vercellone * appeared also in this gallery of portraits :—

"I have not found at Rome, a religious, more austere, or a more liberal spirit than Father Vercellone. Still young, though bent down with study, Father Vercellone passes his days in comparing the Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and Latin texts of the Holy Scriptures, for the purpose of answering the attacks of modern science."

Speaking of Father Barnabo, prefect of the Propaganda, he says :—

"He walks at a rapid pace; speaks, writes, and eats quickly; making the most of his time and of his watch in all his actions; unlike the Romans in general. As a member of the Council for the Propagation of the Faith, I had several affairs of importance to treat with him. They were despatched in a few minutes, and he kindly took occasion to relate to me the immense services rendered to the Propaganda by this association, supported solely by charity, and without which the numerous

* Father Vercellone, a Barnabite, author of several remarkable works on the Bible.

missionaries in all quarters of the globe would literally not have bread to eat."

Monseigneur Berardi at that time stood high in the confidence of Cardinal Antonelli; he was perfectly cognizant of modern ideas and well versed in the political affairs of Europe. M. Cochin would have wished to see the Pontifical Chancery display greater activity in answering directly the accusations which assailed it on all sides. He was convinced that with an excellent cause and a small force, with arguments stronger than battalions, public opinion was the object to conciliate.

The venerable Marquis Brignole, during many years Sardinian Ambassador at Paris, had expressly charged M. Cochin to urge Cardinal Antonelli to answer in a public despatch the numerous sophisms of Piedmontese policy. This idea, carried out by the Cardinal, tended in many quarters to produce results of a favourable nature. The presence at Rome of a considerable number of French bishops, and the serious questions then under discussion, afforded M. Cochin the opportunity of rendering important services. He was requested to take part in the grave deliberations of the moment, and in the decisions which followed: but the discretion he imposed upon himself with regard to these transactions imposes an equal silence on the writer of these pages.

M. de Montalembert, who was well aware of M. Cochin's tendency to keep himself out of sight

in order to let others shine, having on this occasion expressed regret at the reserve he thought fit to adopt, received from him the following reply:—

"Do not pity me, dear friend, for being so little known. God is pleased to grant me a happy life, obscure and useful; what can I wish for more? And if my obscurity were to cease, who knows but my happiness might vanish also! Above all let not your affection for me diminish, for that forms part of my happiness."

The solemnities which took place at Rome on this occasion were crowned by the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, and on the following day, the bishops presented an address to the Pope expressive of their devotion to the Holy Father and the Catholic Faith.

A few days after, M. Cochin was on his way to France. Scarcely had he set foot on his native soil, when, under the fresh impression of all he had witnessed in the Eternal City, he took up his pen in order to share with his friends the overflowing feelings of his heart, and published in the *Correspondant* an article, full of religious admiration and tenderness, entitled: "Rome, les Martyrs du Japon et les Evêques du XIX^{e} Siècle." In these eloquent pages, the majestic scenes enacted in the capital of Christianity and the clouds which darken its horizon mingle together in painful contrast; but the faith of the believer rises above the tran-

sient miseries of the earth, supported by intense hope and unremitting charity:—

"Three hundred bishops are seen slowly advancing clothed in their pontifical vestments and uniting, in the harmony of one universal prayer, the variety of their native tongues; they ascend the steps of the finest temple in the world, to serve as an escort to the prince of bishops, God's highest representative on earth—the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"Borne processionally through the devout and peaceful crowd which make the arches of the Basilica re-echo with the omnipotent words: "Tu es Petrus," inscribed in gigantic letters beneath the cupola, and now repeated by 20,000 voices to the sound of solemn music, Pius IX., on descending from his *sedia gestatoria*, takes up his station over the tomb of the apostles, and the ceremony, at once simple, expressive, and sublime, commences. The church seems to ascend step by step to heaven, and arrived at its gate, to pray with redoubled ardour. At the first postulation the Litanies of the Saints convoke as it were, the whole assembly of the blessed to the festival; at the second, the Veni Sancte Spiritus, chanted in a subdued and impressive tone, calls down the assistance of Him, who alone creates the Saints; finally, at the third, the decree is pronounced, the Te Deum bursts forth, and the newly beatified appear to emerge from the dust and rise to eternity in the presence of the living."*

* *Correspondant* du 25 juin, 1862.

CHAPTER VI.

Various studies in Political Economy—Letter to his Children—Paris Elections in 1863—Congress of Malines—Taking the Veil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

ON his return from Rome M. Cochin would willingly have visited the second Universal Exhibition then taking place in London. While still fresh from the contemplation of the supreme abode of faith, the inspection of that emporium of industry and labour, the passage from the problems of the soul to those of matter, was not for his deep-searching mind the mere enjoyment of a contrast; it was the tracing out of one unique cause through divers forms—the cause of human progress. The laws of interest and those of duty may to the outward eye appear contradictory; but in reality there exists between them a goodly agreement and an intimate harmony. This view of things lies at the bottom of all M. Cochin's social studies.

"Religion," he says, "aims at human perfection, humanity aspires after happiness, policy strives to maintain peace and tranquillity among men. Order, happiness, moral progress, these words are

synonymous, they serve to designate various currents, sprung from the same source to meet again in the same end."

Absorbed by his numerous occupations, M. Cochin was not able to execute his wished-for journey across the Channel, but as usual, he would not let slip an opportunity of joining in the efforts then at work to provoke the combined development of material and moral profits.

A substantial essay on the condition of the working-classes in France, conveyed to the International Charitable Congress, which was about to meet in London under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, a study of the facts and works which might serve to assist the labours of this assembly. This essay appeared in the *Correspondant* of July 25th, 1862, one month after the article on the Japanese Martyrs:—

"To be occupied with the lot of those who gain their livelihood by the sweat of their brow," writes M. Cochin, "is to be occupied with the lot of the great majority of mankind. Few are those who escape the law of manual labour; it is only by constant efforts that some families have accomplished what others may still effect—their redemption from it. Ye rich, love the poor, for yesterday you were poor yourselves! Ye poor, love the rich, for to-morrow you will be rich yourselves. Let us assist those who possess, in preserving, and those who do not, in acquiring. That is true fraternity;

where it does not reign, envy and tyranny war against each other with various results."

M. Cochin then proceeds to review, in a spirit of keen and liberal criticism, the various works which treat of the working-classes:—The History of Labour, as it was written by M. Levasseur, and by M. du Cellier; the Studies of Industry, by M. Audigenne; M. Reybaud's special studies on the condition of the Silk Weavers, and on the Cotton Industry; the "Workwoman" by M. Jules Simon, and the Economical Analyses of M. le Play. It might be thought that M. Cochin was actuated by a too complacent optimism in favour of the working-classes; such, indeed, was his natural bent, but it never blinded him to their faults. The irregularities and perverted notions of justice, which he detected among the poor, never diminished his sympathy in their behalf; he knew how to deal with their fallacies, and he was too anxious to redress them not to point them out.

The modern working man has a notable superiority over the operative of former days; various agencies have combined to produce this superiority. First of all, Christianity, in exalting labour, has elevated the workman himself, ennobled his mind, and introduced a new element—charity; the discoveries of science, which serve to increase the quantity of labour, and diminish man's toil; freedom of labour, which by emancipating the working-man from the rules and regulations of the

ancient corporations, at first tutelary, but latterly tyrannical, has opened a wide career to his individual efforts.

Owing to these various influences the working men of the present day enjoy a situation far superior to that of the working men of former times; but if their lot is better, are they better satisfied with it? Left to themselves, a fluctuating and isolated class, the working men have traversed prosperity without feeling themselves secure or happy; a constant restlessness, excited by the vague and fanciful schemes which the suffering mind is unable to resist, has formed the leaven of their judgment, and the bane of their condition. Deeming themselves more unfortunate as they grew more enlightened, whilst formerly in their simplemindedness they willingly accustomed themselves to institutions of no real value, they have in the present century revolted against a system founded on far sounder principles.

Let us examine the course of this false and perilous situation.

At the present day the working man is left to his own resources, and at the same time he is exposed to far greater temptations than formerly. The vast extent of modern cities favours every passion, and admits of their gratification without trouble and often without shame. Moreover domestic life is broken up by the insufficiency of lodgings, which gives to the wine shop the attractions that fail him

in his ordinary dwelling; by the employment of women in the manufactures, which carries away from home the one who ought to be its soul. Incited to disorder and expense, the working man is unable to pay his rent, whence he is found to be continually changing his abode, so that vagrancy is rampant in the midst of civilisation. In no immediate relation with his master, who keeps himself aloof, too highly placed to notice him, the working man comes only in contact with the cold domineering vigilance of the overseer. Unconsoled by religion, which he ignores, uncomforted by the priest, whom he dreads, he seeks his inspirations in some declamatory journal, or in the pernicious examples of dissolute companions. Isolated and discontented he vents the natural love of association which dwells in the human heart by joining some secret society. Thence, if the breath of revolution raises its discordant cry, disorder is sure to reckon in its foremost ranks the very man whose greatest interest it would be to oppose it.

There lies the evil which requires an immediate remedy. "The social crisis of equality is over, so is the economical crisis of machinery; the commercial crisis of free trade fast advancing to its end. Every effort is engrossed in the one great fight against misery, vice and ignorance. The state is not alone charged with this struggle—it is the affair of all and each of us."

The experiments already made, and the progress

accomplished point out in what direction the solution is to be sought for. Economy, family, religion, such are the forces which tend to moralise man, and render him happy. These are the objects which must be awakened among the working classes.

Let the working man no longer dwell in the large towns: the medium centres of population are alone capable of affording satisfaction to his legitimate aspirations; there alone the operative and the master find themselves closely united.

"At Mulhausen, for instance," says M. Cochin, "the master makes a point of keeping his *personnel* under his own hand and eye. When casualties occur, how are they to be filled up? This *personnel* has been formed gradually, and is recruited from among the workman's children, apprentices to their fathers; they know the master, and the master or his father has known them from their birth. When the demand for labour diminishes, they work on even at a loss rather than discontinue work altogether. The church, the school, the hospital, the assistance fund (*caisse de secours*) are all the master's property. The master's wife visits the workman's wife; she is the confidant of her misfortunes and the proctectress of her children. In order to lodge and feed his people, the master builds lodgings and procures provisions. Moreover, in a small town, land is near at hand and can be acquired at a moderate price. The workman

yearns after it with the affection which every man feels for man's nourisher. When he owns a house, a garden, an interior where his mind is somewhat instructed and his heart somewhat grateful, happiness commences for him, and repose for society."

The evil lies below—the remedy must be sought above. The artificial barriers which in society keep men apart and isolate them from each other have disappeared; all classes now elbow each other, and react the one upon the other, either for their good or for their misfortune. Hence, M. Cochin may say with truth:—"The best mode of improving the lower classes, is to reform the minds of their superiors."

The above-mentioned study, written in France, was read with the greatest interest in England. Shortly afterwards an English law furnished M. Cochin with the subject of a lecture at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. His mind delighted in these international exchanges and comparisons, whence he excelled in extracting the elements of true utility and fruitfulness.

Mr. Gladstone had proposed to Parliament, and succeeded in carrying, after a long debate, a law for the regulation and simplification of life insurances. This law rendered savings amenable and economy easy to persons in the humblest conditions of life.

The most irremediable cause of misery for a family of operatives is the death of its chief; with

him all its resources come to an end, even its daily bread. The new law secured to the survivors a certain capital on the fixed prepayment of a trifling sum levied on the operatives' daily gains. By this means a father had it in his power to protect his children from the penury which otherwise threatened them at his death, and he could continue by his savings when in his grave the good he toiled to procure them by his labour when living. The deposit required to constitute this guarantee was within the reach of all, for a sum as low as fifty centimes a week was admitted; and it was available to all, as it could be effected at every post-office in the United Kingdom. M. Cochin would willingly have transplanted this law into France.

"Life assurances," he said, in his report to the Institute, "were on their first announcement the object of serious discussions. The jurisconsults condemned them unanimously; the theologians approved them with equal unanimity: the former saw in them a suspicious system of gambling; the latter a goodly scheme of moral providence."

Strong prejudices exist in France against life insurances: they have been looked upon as immoral and degrading. M. Cochin strives to combat these prejudices. He shows that of all investments, that one is the most honourable and respectable; it is not founded on personal interest, but on the spirit of sacrifice; the investor has not himself, but others for his object. M. Cochin, in

general no admirer of government intervention, which in France is ever disposed to counteract individual initiative, in order to interpose its own sterile omnipotence, considers it necessary in this particular case. "Individuals," he says, "cannot, companies will not, and mutual societies know not, how to establish life insurances for small sums. In this instance the State injures no one, and is useful to all; it interferes for the purpose of exerting and accustoming private individuals to foresee, to save, and economise. Therefore," he exclaims, "the smallest progress in one direction requires the concurrence of all kinds of progress in every other! In order that the contract of assurances should obtain sufficient security in the laws and in common practice, how many other conditions are necessary! Intelligence, morality, the spirit of domesticity, must be in an advanced state of progress. In the island of Congo no one thinks of insuring his life, nor did the ancients dream of such a thing. The civil acts must be rigorously kept; a century ago they were not so. Statistical science must be in general practice; its name and use are but of modern date. The spirit of association must be largely developed: between two individuals assurance is but an imprudent wager; whereas, on the contrary, a company finds its credit in the fidelity of its engagements. To admit of saving, wages and profits must be sufficiently high: the wood-cutters of our forests have no idea

of such a thing. A government must be sufficiently honest and sufficiently strong to inspire confidence and establish security: few persons would carry their gains to the Ottoman Porte. Justice must be firm, and publicity on the watch, to punish and deter abuses. Thus is this contract the sign and the fruit of an advanced state of civilisation."

It is evident from the foregoing report that M. Cochin was not the advocate of barren theories. He never failed to extract some fruitful applications from those he upheld, and he only upheld them when he saw distinctly that they would result in the relief of misery and in the propagation of comfort among the poor. He was ambitious of this reward alone, and when he succeeded in obtaining it, he experienced far greater joy than in the passing breath of the praise which he elicited from those who listened to his speeches.

Endless would be the list of the institutions founded or developed by means of M. Cochin's charitable theories. On one occasion, after visiting, as a member of the Conference of St. Vincent, a family occupied in watching over a sick child, he could not rest until he had succeeded in establishing a convalescent hospital in the suburbs of Paris, or until he had assisted the Brothers of St. Jean de Dieu in the creation of an establishment for incurable children, or secured at Benck the benefit of sea bathing for the children of the poor as well as of the rich. After experiencing for Madame Cochin

and himself the beneficial effects of the climate of Cannes, he hastened to Villefranche, near Nice, in order to study the plan of a consumption hospital in that locality for the convalescent poor. But interesting and useful as may be the description of good works, it has also its monotony, and from all we have related, we leave our readers to guess how much more we leave untold.

These explorations in so many divers paths never led him away from his real centre—his family circle. Thither his heart constantly reverts. He follows with solicitude the education of his three sons, and takes as much interest in every artless expression of their budding thoughts, as though no other pre-occupation called for his attention or his time. Near them, he forgets the burden of life, and mingles gaily in all their amusements. Absent, he writes to them as soon as they begin to put words together. To awaken their young intellects, more easily impressed with what they see than with what they read, he garnishes his prose with illustrative drawings. Not that these compositions have any pretension to art—in truth, nature never witnessed animals or human beings such as suddenly figure amid his playful lines—but a wholesome picturesqueness breathes in the whimsical boldness of their fantastic outlines. This correspondence abounds in playful expressions flowing from his paternal heart. At times his thought rises, and without overstepping the reach of youthful

comprehension, it borrows from Christian sentiment the simple grandeur springing from his pious nature. On Christmas Eve he writes to his son Henry, then nine years old :—

"I wish this letter to reach you on Christmas Day, on the day when God deigned to visit man, and appeared to him in the form of a poor forlorn babe. Open your soul to this beautiful festival; compare the Infant Jesus, lying on a bed of straw, threatened and abandoned in a lonely village of an uncivilised land; compare the orphans, the children of the poor and labouring man, with yourself, surrounded with every comfort—happy and beloved; then say to yourself: "Who am I compared to Jesus? Am I more deserving than the poor? What have I done that I should deserve greater happiness than they? How grateful, humble, and charitable ought I to be to show myself worthy of such benefits!" Pray to our Lord with your whole heart that He may give you strength; and recommend your father, mother, brothers, and all those who are kind to you, to his Divine love."

To his eldest son Denys, he wrote :—

"I hope the Abbé Perreyve has set you another lesson. You say that the first which he gave you to do was tiresome, but that as you advanced in it, it charmed you. So it is with every duty; it appears hard at first, and then grows easy and agreeable."

In 1863 M. Cochin exposed himself for the first time to the storms of universal suffrage. The attempt was a bold one. Between the overpowering influence which the State brought to bear in favour of the official candidates, and the menacing and imperious attitude of organized radicalism, there was no room for a man of independent opinions. Too liberal for the Government and too conservative for the prejudiced and inflamed masses, M. Cochin appeared too clerical in the eyes of both parties—the consequence was they united to overthrow him.

Without harbouring any illusion with respect to the enemies with whom he had to deal, he never betrayed the slightest irritation towards them, and at times went so far as to defend them. Such were the conditions under which M. Cochin courageously entered the lists in the quarter of Paris on the left bank of the Seine, in which his name was the object of respect and love. The electoral struggle soon became complicated with a judicial one; the *Constitutionnel* newspaper thought fit to attack him in one of its numbers, copies of which were distributed gratis all over Paris. An answer was immediately sent to the offending paper, which refused to insert it. Thence a law suit, giving rise to numerous discussions during a space of six months, at the end of which a derisory sentence was issued declaring that the *Constitutionnel* was in the wrong, and condemning the editor to imaginary

costs. In spite of the disadvantage of such a contest, the suffrages he obtained served to show M. Cochin that the enlightened public took part with him and sympathized in his efforts. He polled nearly seven thousand votes, forming a respectable minority obtained by no other independent candidate in Paris. His disappointment in no way troubled his wonted serenity, as may be seen by the following reply to Montalembert who, in an affectionate letter, had expressed his opinion of the prejudice and ignorance which reigned among the class of voters who had rejected him: "Your last letter deserves my grateful acknowledgments; the affection with which it overflows touches me deeply; but I will not accept your compliments if they are to become arguments against our country. I heartily bewail my uselessness, but I do not complain of not being appreciated, when I behold so many men who are far superior to myself, forgotten and overlooked. I am the victim of the cruel misunderstanding which separates our age and country from the Church, a misunderstanding of which the Catholics themselves are partly guilty." Two months after this event, M. Cochin repaired to Malines. His religious opinions, by which access to the tribune of France was closed against him, opened a platform for him beyond the frontiers. Belgium became the theatre of an imposing manifestation. Catholics from all parts of Europe assembled at Malines

to vindicate their injured faith, and prove the imperishable vitality of its principles. M. Cochin presented himself before this immense assembly in company with MM. de Montalembert and de Broglie. Ever on the breach to defend the same cause in their own country, it was natural that they should be seen together in its defence abroad. The words which he pronounced were consoling, and teemed with elevating sentiments. Their object was to demonstrate that all sciences tended to prove God's existence, and that all progress tended to his service; they called on every man to spread the truth, and strain every nerve to render manifest the importance of the Christian spirit. This discourse, which is indebted to improvisation for the lively glow of language and the ingenious opportunity for allusions which pervaded it, and which owes its force and depth of thought to profound meditation, was received with loud enthusiasm.*

* This discourse is the paraphrase of Father Lacordaire's brilliant passage in his panegyric of St. Thomas Aquinas: "Whatever you touch, be it ancient or modern, Christianity is there to meet you; every truth serves to sustain it, every error to manifest its greatness. Thence it is that the grand progress of centuries, by daily adding to the mass of human science, adds also to the solidity of Christianity. Everything works in its favour. The physician, who extorts from nature the secret of light, fancies he dethrones the sun, while he only confirms God's word, proclaimed to the heavens before the creation of the planets: *Fiat lux.* The geologist, who lays bare the secular order of the earth's strata, imagines he refutes the newness of creation, while he confirms the slow gradation of God's creative work, and the succession of periods described by Moses. The traveller, who searches the sands of Egypt or examines the ruins of Nineveh, imagines he detects in the surviving granite the proofs of the errors of Holy Writ, and carries away with

A few days after this discourse, M. Cochin writes to M. Benoist d'Azy: "The assembly at Malines was truly imposing, and I thank you for having advised me to attend it. Nearly four thousand persons agreeing on every ground, and what grounds! God, the Church, monarchy, liberty, charity! meeting and conversing together without restraint, without disorder, without gendarmes, arrived from Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, France, Spain, England, Italy, America, Mexico, Chili, and even from Australia: a grand spectacle truly! The Belgians are proud of it, and it inspires them with courage in their struggles. Useful and extensive relations have sprung up between the labourers in the same vineyard, and, to speak only of the ideas which I hold so dear, I am delighted to have seen them predominate there, and gloriously proclaimed. My particular friends —Montalembert, Albert de Broglie, Melun, Kolb-Bernard, M. Deschamps, M. Mermillod, and Le Duc Salviati—obtained immense success; and allow me to say for your own private ear, and modesty apart, I was far more successful myself than I had dared to expect: with the help of God I contrived

him in letters and images an authentic edition of the history which Holy Writ has consecrated. Steam, in joining its propelling force to our chariots, and bringing men in contact with each other, would fain carry them away from God, whereas it prepares the glorious final reign —the reign when conscience will prevail over force, and when the false religions of which we lately spoke, still separated from the truth by fire and sword, will behold the bloody ramparts hitherto raised by these means against the Gospel, crumble into dust by its divine contact."

to occupy the rostrum, in presence of an audience of three thousand persons, during an hour at least, exciting by turns laughter and tears, as well as much sincere applause. When I had finished, my fingers were well nigh wrung off by the hearty grasp of Flemish and Walloon hands, and I was honoured and gratified by the fraternal accolade of Monsignor Manning, Count de Theux, and I know not how many young men besides, whose Christian suffrages I had the good fortune to elicit. You see that my success at Malines has amply compensated for my failure at Paris. To-morrow I dare say the *Siècle* will take good care to wipe away any feeling of vanity with which I might be tempted; but nevertheless I shall still feel proud of having protested against the fatal effects of discouragement, and of having evoked the general acclamation of the assembly in favour of my plain unvarnished thesis: 'All sciences tend to prove God—all progress, material and industrial, tend to serve him.' At Azy this would be no novelty."

M. Cochin, who had been M. de Montalembert's companion in arms at Malines, and had shared in the success he had achieved there, found himself again by the side of the illustrious orator a few weeks later during the severest trial of his life. An irresistible vocation for a religious life on the part of Mademoiselle Catherine de Montalembert was about to sever her for ever from the paternal roof. The day was fixed for her taking the veil,

and her father called around him his dearest friends to assist him in bearing the cruel separation. A painful illness precluded me from attending the friendly summons; but M. Cochin, ever occupied with the thought of those he loved, communicated to me without delay the account of the touching ceremony in the following terms:—

"PARIS, *October 28th*, 1863.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I feel certain that your friendship yearns for the details of the ceremony of the 26th at the Sacré Cœur. I was present at it, and shall ever be, in memory at least, for it is one of the deepest emotions I ever experienced.

"Picture to yourself the scene: a lofty chapel, elegant and bright; in the centre, each in her stall, forty nuns and a choir of young girls; in the aisles, the relations and female friends, the children of the Merode family, Steinmetz and myself; the silence broken by the solemn and plantive sounds of the organ, and on all these silent witnesses of the scene, the mingled reflections of declining daylight from without, and of the burning tapers from within—an image, so to say, of the struggle between nature and faith in our souls, in expectation of the ceremony about to begin; before the altar, decked with flowers stood a prie-Dieu of blue satin—a solitary one—and by its side hung a *corbeille*, in which was placed a white linen veil.

"At nine o'clock the marriage, for such it was, commenced. First appeared the family, the mother leading, who with a firm, dignified, I may almost say, a proud step, followed by her two younger daughters, hastened to kneel before the altar; then the father, our friend, a true father, oppressed with tears, and slackening his place as it were to gain a little time ere he reached the place of sacrifice. You remember his saying to us: 'Who will ever love me so well as she?' Then the Bishop of Orleans took his station at the altar, his feelings of a man struggling hard with his episcopal stateliness; then a nun conducted the bride to the prie-Dieu. She advanced calmly, with her usual unaffected graceful gait, a gentle smile upon her lips, on her cheek the flush of health, her bridal garlands encircling her bright auburn hair, her dress and shoes of white satin, with white kid gloves. You must remember that gracious somewhat mocking look of hers, observing all around without betraying herself, like a bee slightly sipping at every flower and saying: 'I love you, but you do not bear the honey for which I seek.' Yet now you would have said she had attained the beatitude of possession. As soon as she knelt before him the Bishop uttered a few short broken sentences, and, having blessed the veil, he placed it on the bride's head with these words: 'His yoke is sweet, and his burthen light.' This done she retired, to return again shortly clothed in her habit

of frieze, with her worsted gloves, and linen coif—that coif which conceals every worldly charm, yet leaves apparent the spiritual beauty and expression of the soul. Again she kneels on the same solitary prie-Dieu, in expectation of the Divine Spouse about to descend upon the altar. At the communion Madame de Montalembert, with an admirable power of self-restraint, and wholly wrapt in heavenly aspirations, knelt with her daughter Madeleine by the side of the novice. The disconsolate father dropt on his knees at the nearest corner of the balustrade, as if he had not the strength to touch her black garments and white veil—the eternal barriers now for ever raised between himself and child. God gave them the strength which we implored for them in our prayers, mingling in the holy sacrifice the blood of their souls, as St. Augustin so beautifully denominates the tears springing from a pious heart. What pen can describe the illumined air of fortitude and angelic humility which beamed in the countenance of the young novice as she rose from her prostrate attitude? The Holy Sacrifice at an end, she turned to embrace one after the other her sisters in religion, as a bride embraces her new family after the wedding mass, ere she quits her mother. A few minutes after she appeared among us all smiling and happy, and clasping in her two hands her father's venerable face she repeated: 'Father do not murmur at your

daughter's spouse: it is God whom I have wedded.' Oh, my dear friend! who can this Jesus be, who, twenty centuries after his death, thus ravishes hearts of twenty years old, if not the master of hearts, the living God, present, so immediately present, that in moments like these you seem to feel his breath inflaming your whole being, and his finger touching you! What are all the romances written on the life of Jesus* by the side of this living Jesus?"

The profound melancholy which this separation engraved in M. de Montalembert's heart is known to those who have read in "The Monks of the West"—those sublime pages, everflowing with sorrow, in which admiration mingles with tears, and sobs ill subdued are transfigured into accents of enthusiasm for a religious life.†

* M. Renan had just published his "Life of Jesus," and M. Cochin was then preparing an eloquent refutation of this work.

† "Les Moines d'Occident," liv. xvii. p. 383.

CHAPTER VII.

The Orleans Railroad Company — The Workmen's Clubs — St. Gobain.

A DOZEN years ago, in one of the Parisian drawing-rooms, chance had assembled MM. Benoist d'Azy, de Broglie, de Corcelle and Cochin. The conversation turned on the general state of France.

"In what strange times we live!" remarked one of the party. "Is it not singular that men trained for political life should be found to resort to industrial pursuits!" "Well," replied smilingly M. Cochin, "and does not that suffice to stay one's appetite?" A sorrowful yet forcible expression of the yearning after occupation, on the part of patriotic men banished from public life, and compelled to place their unsated energies in the industrial enterprises of the day.

If the Second Empire has endangered national commerce, it has been so far useful in forcing back on industry men whose intelligence and dignity of character ought to have placed them out of the reach of systematic exclusion. They were forced

to seek elsewhere an object and an employment for their activity, and being debarred from serving their country in any political capacity, they consoled themselves by devoting their faculties to its material prosperity.

It has been said that of all human occupations commerce was the one which required the greatest display of intellect. Politicians, artists, philosophers have naturally, and with every right, protested against such an assertion. However, it must be confessed that the direction of a numerous body of men, the harmonious working of several combined manufactures, the "surveillance" of rival enterprises, the constant attention to the nascent wants of different regions of the globe, and the ingenuity necessary to satisfy them, undoubtedly calls for a rare amount of vigorous intelligence.

M. Cochin excelled in work of this nature. He was remarkable for the talent with which he separated the essential facts of an affair from the mass of superfluous details with which it is in general surrounded, and for the manner in which he always took an enlarged view of any matter submitted to his consideration. He was not dazzled by the mirage of figures; he knew how to distinguish with singular acumen their real from their apparent value. Several of his business letters are perfect models of lucidity. If at times he was at a loss for technical information, he was endowed, on the other hand, with a fund of general knowledge

which amply supplied its place. Naturally interested in the Orleans Railway Company, in which his father's memory was still remembered with gratitude, and to which his father-in-law (M. Benoist d'Azy) still continued to render important services, he was called to the board of administration as soon as he had attained his thirtieth year—the age required by the statutes of the company. This special mark of confidence was immediately justified. From the moment he joined the board it was evident that the new administrator knew how to conciliate the care of the material interests, which ensure the prosperity of companies, with that of the moral interests, which form their reputation and moreover consolidate that prosperity.

But if, in these assemblies of eminent men, influence belongs to the most intelligent, decision is the work of all, and every one has a right to claim his share of it. To relate the ameliorations which were introduced during M. Cochin's administration, is therefore to relate the works of his colleagues as well as his own.

Punctual and laborious, he lent himself readily to the affairs, of whatsoever nature, which were submitted to him. He studied them with a degree of penetration as rapid as it was precise; always the first at his duty, he was the last to quit it, for his intelligence never wearied with work.

His colleagues speak to this day of the wonderful talent of exposition which distinguished him.

Like all practical men, he was perfectly cognizant of the facts of an affair, and studied them in detail, so as to master all their bearings; but, contrary to the custom of most practical men, he knew how to animate and vivify these inert elements by inoculating them into general ideas, and by subordinating them to enlarged and combined points of view. Thence he acquired that perspicuity and vivacious method of reasoning which charmed his hearers, surprised at having to admire ideas where they thought only to have to discuss figures. His exposition became accessible to all, because it rose above the special question without forgetting it. The necessity of the conclusion was evident from the beginning, and the arguments flowed on so as to render it irresistible: a fresh proof that philosophical habits are not useless to the mind, even in the discussions of railroad companies.

But it was more particularly in the measures adopted for the improvement and welfare of the workmen that M. Cochin has left the marks of his salutary influence. He made this cause his own, and sustained it with a degree of pertinacity as mild and gentle as it was inflexible. Some generous spirits belonging to the company had set him an example, which he turned to account by developing the works they had created, and by founding others which had become necessary.

Among the new foundations, which were numerous, must first be mentioned the evening classes

established in the workshops for the workmen and the apprentices, in which special conferences instructed them in the scientific knowledge of their craft. Shortly after the benefit of this instruction was extended to the daughters of the workmen, so that the latter found a school close to the paternal dwelling. Thus the child's instruction and the father's labour were no longer a pretext for relaxing the family ties, which can never be too closely united. When the girls finish their elementary instruction, they are received in workrooms, where they live under the direction of Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and learn at the same time to become skilful workwomen and Christian mothers of families.

These same Sisters—worthy descendants of the saint who loved so dearly the humble and the lowly—were also placed at the head of another establishment. The prejudicial effects of the public eating-houses, to which the workmen of large towns are obliged to resort, are well known; for the most part they find there dangerous excitement for their minds as well as deleterious food for their bodies. M. Polonceau, one of the engineers of the company, set to work and established a refectory, of which M. Cochin undertook the superintendence, and in a short time it acquired the development which it still retains. The workmen find there every article of food they require, prepared with care and sold at such low prices that an ordinary

meal may be had from sixty to seventy-five centimes. The interior arrangements are a model of order and foresight. The Sisters circulate, with an air of smiling attentiveness, amidst the long rows of guests who sit down at their tables; and throughout this motley crowd of persons of such various characters and ways of thinking their habit has never met with aught but reverence and respect. A clothing warehouse completes the refectory, and furnishes apparel of all sorts on the same conditions of excellent quality and low prices.

Assisted by M. Bartholony, president of the council of administration, M. Cochin employed his influence in order to obtain from the company permission for the operatives to abstain from work on Sundays. This innovation met at first with great opposition. Many persons still maintain that the only method of moralising the workmen is to keep them incessantly employed. They do not reflect that under the blouse there breathes a human being who feels, thinks and loves! M. Cochin attached great importance to that day of rest, which affords the workmen the opportunity of enjoying the pleasures of the intellect, the joys of the family, and the consolation of religion; but, ever more anxious to do good than to have it known, he sought to strengthen his efforts with the approbation and support of some influential names; and with that view he addressed the following letter to the Bishop of Orleans:—

"My Lord,—I send you, although late, the note you requested with reference to the observance of Sunday on the Orleans Railway. I have taken care to ground it on practical information which may tend greatly to ensure success. But that will depend much on the number of signatures: a condition easily obtained considering we pass through sixteen dioceses.

"Pray transform this note into a letter, and get it signed by your colleagues, or at any rate by those whose cathedral towns are traversed by the railroad (Bourges, Bordeaux, Tours, Moulins, Nevers, Blois, Angers, Nantes, Poitiers, Angouleme), then be pleased to address it directly to M. Bartholony. It were better not to lose time, as in a month my collegues will have left Paris. Pray do not name me—not that I am unwilling to initiate a question of such solemn interest, but because coming from you the step is perfectly natural, and will carry with it greater weight."

The episcopal letter, of which we cannot refrain from quoting the following extract, was written without loss of time:—

"Ah! gentlemen, you send us your engines that we may bless them; but send us your officials, your artisans, your workmen and their families, they surely require that blessing which God sent down upon the holy day of rest."

In 1865 a society of mutual assistance was

founded among the workmen and officials, for the purpose of securing them a decent pension on retirement at the age of fifty-five. This institution, thanks to its excellent administration, has now attained a degree of prosperity, which must be attributed to the rules and regulations laid down originally by its founder. At the end of seven years (December 31st, 1872) it contained 5,027 members. The pensioners received 260 francs a year, and their widows and young children 130 francs. The foundation, notwithstanding its recent date, already possessed a capital of 1,220,800 francs. M. Cochin, with the greatest punctuality, presided at the meetings of members, where his kindly feelings towards them never failed to inspire him with a few words of encouragement and advice. They were fully aware that they possessed in him a sincere friend, and they repaid his sympathy with unbounded devotion.

The working classes are frequently accused of ingratitude, and many masters seek to justify their own deficiencies towards them under cover of that plea. But ingratitude is not to be met with among the lower classes alone; there is no class whatever free from it. Everywhere and always, men, the complacent victims of their own illusions, lay great stress on what they give, and appreciate but slightly what they receive; too often gratitude is a tribute which they require, and which they do not repay. It is to be regretted, certainly, but

scarcely to be wondered at, that bodies who receive collective benefits should be guilty of the same forgetfulness which visits individuals of higher capacities and cultivation. At any rate the workmen of the Orleans Railway proved themselves guiltless of an accusation of that nature; they manifested their gratitude to M. Cochin by all sorts of trifling presents—the product of their ingenuity—as well as by their sincere devotion to him. In 1871 it was the workmen of the Orleans Railway that informed him of the intention of the Commune to arrest him as a hostage. They followed with intense solicitude the various stages of his last illness, and when any ephemeral improvement appeared to second their delusive hopes, they immediately despatched delegates, chosen among themselves, to Versailles, charged with their congratulations and the expressions of the pleasure it afforded them. The tears shed by many of them at his funeral serve as a token of their attachment to him. Faithful even after his death they drew up an address with 4,000 signatures, which they sent to the family of the benefactor whose loss they mourned, as a testimonial of their gratitude.

The pleasure which M. Cochin experienced in rendering service to those who appealed to him was proverbial. The numbers he obliged in this way is inconceivable. As soon as he discovered some misfortune to relieve, some family to assist,

or an individual to save, he set to work unremittingly, and what he could not immediately accomplish by the sympathy he inspired, he ended in obtaining by his perseverance. The list of the employés of the Orleans Railway Company alone bears testimony to this truth. Nor was M. Cochin satisfied with rendering a mere fugitive service; he never forgot those whom he had once obliged. He followed them through life, interested himself in their projects, and backed them with eagerness. Good thus accomplished was sure to bear its fruits.

Such various cares, so many affairs carried on at once, would seem too great a burden for a single individual. On more than one occasion M. Cochin bent beneath its weight; but indisposition never kept him long away from work: no sooner had he recovered than he returned to it with unabated ardour, and the same unremitting good humour. Nobody was gayer than he amid the various preoccupations which surrounded him. Even in the midst of dry industrial business, he found sufficient freedom of mind to sketch some amusing picture. The following is his account of the inauguration of a railroad in a remote corner of Brittany, addressed to his mother-in-law, Madame Benoist d'Azy :—

"If, my good mother, on Sunday last, about three in the afternoon, your thoughts kindly turned towards your son-in-law, I give you a thousand to one to guess what he was about at that moment; but as you never could succeed, with all your sagacity,

in penetrating this mystery of my destiny, I am willing to spare your impatience, and to reveal it to you without any further preface.

"Know then that on Sunday, at three o'clock, on the great square of Napoleonville (formerly Pontivy), I was reviewing the 17th regiment of Lancers, having on my arm her Imperial Highness Princess Baciocchi! Fancy, what an honour to have attained for a man of forty-one years of age! On Saturday evening I arrived at Vannes, and there learnt that Princess Baciocchi, daughter of the Princess Eliza, and own niece of Napoleon I., whom she greatly resembles, established at Korn er Houet in Brittany, where she mixes up many good works with some singular ways of her own, had decided upon coming to the fête, transformed suddenly into a grand solemnity. Now, there were present with the Bishop some half dozen prefects and sub-prefects, two or three dozen councillors and mayors, escorted by colonels and engineers. But the railway was the Amphytrion, and as I was its sole representative, I was obliged bravely to take the lead and uphold my dignity.

"This was easy enough, as long as we only had to travel in a comfortable saloon through the pretty but monotonous landscapes which expand between Auray and Pontivy, along the circuitous banks of the Blavet, and through the lands which bloom in winter, as it were to make people forget their sterility in summer. We passed constantly through groups

of Bretons, male and female, in their broad-brimmed hats and white cornettes, who, as they caught sight of the approaching train which they had been told carried their Bishop, fell on their knees and made the sign of the cross, or climbed the nearest trees and screamed with wonder and delight at such a novel spectacle.

"Everything passed off equally well and picturesquely during the benediction of the engines, one of the most imposing ceremonies of modern times. Adorned with flags they approach the steps of the altar, like two enormous greyhounds repressing their ardour while they crouch at their master's feet; the priest blesses the work of man, industry bends the knee before religion, and material progress clasps the hand of moral progress; princess, administrator, and prefects are completely effaced, and dwindle into mediocrity in the presence of these varied scenes of nature, of country, and religion.

"I could not restain my emotion, in spite of the cold, and was preparing to accompany the Princess, who evidently had one, to the station, when she said: 'I should like to take your arm and traverse the town on foot.' And there I was walking over the fresh-laid gravel, followed by the functionaries and a host of boys, stumbling, at least twice, over my companion's train, until we reached an immense square, round which were ranged thousands of Bretons. Here I took up a position in front of

a regiment of Lancers, who marched past and saluted Her Highness, as she leant on the arm of the most embarrassed and least proud of her 'cortége.'

"I omit the remainder of the day's festivities—the dances 'au binion,' the official visits, the banquet of two hundred 'couverts,' at which I was again seated on the right of the Princess. There I learnt, while listening to the official speeches, to what length the mendacious eulogies of men can be carried. One informed us that the coup d'État of December 2nd was a sublime decree of Providence, somewhat after the fashion of an eighth day's creation, and that since the campaign in Italy, words had altered, that *battle* was now pronounced victory, and *victory*, generosity. Alas, another had already in the morning said nearly the same! A third, stammering out his written speech, acquainted us that he was 'the son of a father who had signed the decree which had given the name of Napoleonville to the town of Pontivy.' I consoled myself by proposing a toast in honour of 'La vieille Bretagne,' which called down immense applause. Finally, while reconducting the Lady of Korn er Houet (translate 'Corner of the Wood'), a fat jovial inspector, well known to M. Benoist, giving vent to his lungs and bile as he left the stuffy hall in which we had been cramped up for three mortal hours, exclaimed, as he hurried by, but without seeing us, "En voila de la blague!" (*Anglice*—"There's humbug for you!"). You may imagine my embarrassment.

All I could do or say was to remark how free spoken those Bretons were, and then hurry on, catching my feet in her Highness's train, until at length my Princess entered her carriage and I relapsed into obscurity."

M. Cochin was not satisfied with devoting his attention to the employment, the dwellings, the food, and the savings of the operatives, but he wished also to occupy himself with their recreations; according to the words of St. Augustin: "Delectatio ordinet animam,"—"Let recreation have its share in the ordinance of the soul."

Lately the clubs of Catholic workmen have assumed a considerable development. Foundations have multiplied, meetings have been organized, publications have stimulated the public zeal and serve to collect its subscriptions; but the birth of these admirable institutions, their growth, and the manner in which they traversed the period of trial which accompanies every institution at its outset, remain unknown.

They owe their origin to a man no less elevated than modest—to M. Meignan.

Fortune had not smiled upon his youthful days; but his early sufferings, far from souring his disposition, had inspired him with the generous design of sparing others from their sad experience. In difficult times he had received services, and he resolved to acquit himself of his debt by multiplying and generalising the benefits of those at whose

hands he had received them. He devoted himself to the patronage of young apprentices. To watch over youth, to surround it with good examples and good advice, is doubtless an important and useful work; but is not the youth in becoming an artizan beset with dangers? Is not to abandon him precisely at the moment when he stands most in need of support, to forfeit the fruit of all former efforts? Convinced of this fearful truth, M. Meignan turned his thoughts towards the foundation of a centre of union for the workmen, imparted his project to M. Cochin, and, without loss of time, they commenced their combined operations. In a short time the first locality they occupied became insufficient; they were forced to seek another domicile. A dwelling situated on the Boulevard Montparnasse seemed to offer the desirable conditions, but the price required to purchase it amounted to about 200,000 francs. Where was such a sum to be found? The attempt, however, did not alarm M. Cochin, who would have preferred running the risk of being importunate rather than lose an opportunity of being useful. He wrote to Prince Albert de Broglie in the following terms:—

"M. Meignan has devoted himself for twenty years to the apprentices and workmen; you would be gratified to make the acquaintance of this modest and admirable man, and I have no doubt join in the subscription he has set on foot."

To the Marquis de Juigné and the Count de Levis

Mirepoix, he made use of the following argument: "You belong to the club of the opulent, help now to open a club for the poor."

Subscribers like these soon become powerful auxiliaries; they enlisted in their turn other supporters, and collected resources from all quarters. In a few days the institution was founded, and prospered, confident in itself and in the future.

"The Club of the Boulevard Montparnasse," writes M. Cochin, in a pamphlet destined to call others of the same kind into life,* "was created principally with the view of rescuing the Parisian workmen, as well as young men arriving from the provinces, from the dangers of the capital and the idleness of the days they are not allowed to work. Every evening the house is open to those who have inscribed their names; it affords them relaxation, games, means of instruction, and what is worth all the rest—the pleasures of Christian friendship.

"On Sundays and holidays more particularly the institution has its utility and its attractions. On those days it is not only in the evening that the club opens its doors, but it does so at an early hour, and then an animated, varied, and pleasing sight follows. The glazed gallery, where the billiard-tables are placed, looking on the garden, is the great centre of activity, where the joyous sound of voices and of laughter contrast pleasantly with the less exuberant demeanour of the players at dominoes and boston;

* "Le Cercle des Ouvriers de Paris." Goupy, Rue Garanciere 3. 1865.

this department forms a sort of transition between the more noisy billiard-room and the library, which serves at the same time as a reading-room. Beyond the library you enter the hall, in which are held the conferences and meetings of the administration; here all noise ceases, though gaiety still holds its sway. On the upper floor there are rooms where are lodged the young men from the provinces; there they find on their arrival in the capital a temporary asylum, and in the director of the establishment a friend whose care it is to procure them occupation. In the garden are to be found the necessary appliances for gymnastics; beyond, another large hall in which the members assemble to receive any distinguished visitor, or to listen to some orator of merit: its walls are hung with frames containing engraved plans methodically classified, in which may be represented the history of the progress of the industrial arts.

"The members elect a president from among themselves. On their marriage they cease, however, to belong to the association—the Club having then accomplished its object. It has prepared them to take upon themselves the part of respectable fathers of a family, and it would be deviating from its mission were it to permit them to continue after the expiration of the term prescribed by the regulations."

When the Archbishop of Paris came to visit the establishment, M. Cochin, in the name of the founders, explained in a few words the object of the

institution, and the means it employed to attain it. Pointing to the various means of amusement which were at the disposal of the workmen, he added: "But these, Monseigneur, are not the only sources of enjoyment which are offered them; they have another pleasure, which in general is supposed to be the privilege of those alone whose pockets can afford it; but God would not have reserved a pleasure so intense and pure for a chosen few. He has granted it to all. This establishment is the secret providence of poor families in the neighbourhood. Every Sunday, by turns, a few of the young workmen spread themselves silently over the Boulevard d'Enfer and the Boulevard Montparnasse, and return from their secret excursion with the delightful impression which is felt by those who have been able, no matter in what small measure, to diminish the burden of misery with which in this world, humanity is afflicted."

Thus an establishment, itself founded by charity, became a school of charity. It familiarized its inmates with a salutary "régime" for the soul, for in relieving misery as much benefit derives to those who give as to those who receive.

When terminating his discourse to the Archbishop, M. Cochin expressed the hope, now accomplished, of seeing the work multiply not only in Paris but also in the provinces. At the conferences which took place at various times in presence of the workmen, he was one of the most frequent speakers;

indeed he was the orator to whom his young auditors were best pleased to listen. He possessed the secret of moving the hearts with which he was so well acquainted, making them feel the favourable side of their position, while he pointed out to them the means of ameliorating it, and seeking to create in them a good opinion of themselves, in order to inspire them with an elevating notion of their duties. The workmen were easily led to understand the delicacy of a doctrine of this nature, and they sought to express their sentiments in that respect in an address which they presented to him :

"We feel an affection for you, because you raise us in our own eyes. If our hands are rough, our hearts are not, and it does us good to hear our condition and our destinies spoken of as you speak of them."

In 1862 M. Cochin was unanimously elected to form one of the council of administration of the manufactory of looking-glasses of St. Gobain. Once installed, he set to work with his usual ardour, appealing for assistance both to books and men of experience. Thanks to his correspondence we are enabled to follow his steps in this new occupation.

In the first place, by direct investigation, he sought the knowledge of the various manual processes employed in the manufacture : in chemistry he studied the principles which form its basis ; in history the past experiments of the company ; in

political economy, the groundwork of its future development; in charity, the means of creating fresh works.

The company possessed at Chauny a fabric of chemical products, and at St. Gobain a manufactory of looking-glasses. M. Cochin went immediately to visit both, and describes them thus to Madame Cochin. He begins by Chauny:—

"Here I am, in the midst of boats, carts, waggons, wheels, and boilers. Here they smooth, polish, and silver the plate-glass; there they manufacture sulphuric acid in leaden chambers which cost 40,000 francs, and they concentrate it in pans of platinum which cost 70,000. They compose and decompose the soda, the sulphates, the sulphites, the chlorates, and the carbonates; all the senses are assailed at once, yet man contrives to triumph over all: he lives amidst these odours, through all the noises, in spite of all the smoke; in order to go faster, he makes iron, fire, earth, and water his slaves. You issue from this pandemonium giddy with clamour and admiration. There are Sisters too in the midst of these chimneys, looking after souls. These expressed by signs their pleasure at seeing us; their Superioress is a woman of infinite intelligence, and the good they do is wonderful.

"A railway which belongs to us, led us through a forest, also ours, to St. Gobain; there another curious aspect meets the eye—an industrial flower on a feudal stem. After passing through the in-

closure which surrounds the castle of the Sires de Courcy, you reach a gate similar to that of La Roche-Guyon, where a gigantic Swiss in white stockings, red breeches, broad belt embroidered with the arms of France, cocked-hat between his thumb and forefinger, and bright steel-pointed halberd, salutes you with due respect; then you turn to the left and come upon a square château of the time of Louis XIV., commanding an extensive view over the company's forests and the town of La Fère. Here dwell the administrators: each in his own chamber marked with each of their names, a vast chimney ornamented with 'fleurs de lys'—luxurious linen, and decent furniture; besides two saloons, a dining-room, where, as the clock strikes six, an excellent dinner is served, accompanied with the best of wines; cook, stable, coachman, carriages, all complete.

"In the evening, illuminations on the subterranean lakes dug in the vast quarries; music by the workmen in honour of the new administrator. The following morning, mass in the chapel of the manufactory, with my colleagues and myself in the stalls in which M. Geoffrin, the friend of Voltaire, and the Duc de Montmorency once knelt; a chapel dedicated to St. Gobain, an Irish monk of royal lineage, who sought these forests for the purpose of evangelizing its inhabitants, and who little dreamt of the snares which, in his name, the pier-glasses would one day present to the pretty maidens

of later times, and still less of the prodigies which industry would accomplish on the spot chosen for his solitary dwelling—for prodigies indeed they are.

"The process of founding a large mirror-plate is certainly one of the most surprising results of human skill and courage. When you come here, for our families are expected to accompany us, you will see it all. Meanwhile I must give you some idea of the fantastic scene. First then ten men are seen carrying, as it were in triumph, through the vast hall, a huge red-hot pot full of the luminous, unctuous, ductile matter, snatched from the furnace; this burning lava is then in an instant decanted on a large bronze table, over which it is spread by means of a roller guided carefully by ten other men, while two more are employed in clearing it of the least atom of dust or extraneous substance; ten others then seize it while still red-hot and thrust it into an immense oven, where it expands, amalgamates, flattens, and gradually cools; a globule of air, a grain of dust, a second too long in the oven, and the plate is a failure, broken up and lost. You would think the workmen all the while were playing with all the fire, glass, and ponderous weights they have to deal with: nothing is more striking and more amusing to observe. I spare the description of the mixture of the substances, of the pottery, of the ovens heated by gas, of the glass cutting and grinding, softening off and polishing for optical purposes, and the many other

gradations of this splendid fabrication. The director showed me everything, and gave me full explanations of each process. I shall return here often and with the children, for it would amuse them infinitely."

Not long ago we beheld M. Cochin highly amused with the demonstrations and pomp of official eloquence in Brittany; now we may see him charmed with the view of modest provincial life, rapidly sketching off a picture which might be borrowed from *The Village*, one of the "chefs-d'œuvres" of the modern stage:—

"At half past eleven at night I was at Chauny, at the house you know, seated at my old cousin's fireside. Were it not for the health of his son, I see nothing altered in the air of gaiety with which we were received ten years ago. With his seventy-eight years on his shoulders, his grey moustache, and upright figure, M. de Vasseus is still the same, in his red-brick house, his garden, his trees, the brook, the bridge, the kiosk, which form the out-door objects of his pride; while the recollections, and the portrait of his grandfather (formerly commandant of the School of Cavalry), my father's bust, and that of his Emperor, constitute his indoor happiness.

"The following morning I shook hands with old M. Lavigne, our quondam host, eighty-nine years old, now a widower; neat and brisk, sipping his basin of broth, attired in a damask dressing-

gown, with his well-adjusted wig and well-shaped legs. At eight o'clock I found our cousin Pauline already kneeling at mass, at which, for the last three-quarters of a century, she has never failed every morning to assist, wrapped in her well-wadded mantle; eighty-two years of age, her elegant figure still discernible, and her toilette at that early hour irreproachably precise and trim; in her own house, dignified and grave, with the cook, the cat, the flowers, the furniture, down to the little broom by the side of the hearth, each in its place, as if they had not stirred from it for the last fifty years. Every day the sister visits her brother; every evening the brother visits his sister.

"Our friend Lavigne, and a worthy old saintly lady of seventy-nine, sit down regularly to a game of boston, at two sous the game. The daily journal furnishes the conversation, and as they turn over the embers, a look upon the portraits of their ancestors, and some reminiscence of bygone days, serve to enliven it; after which they separate, retire to rest, and wake the next morning gently and patiently to begin again; like pears ripening in the sun on the same spot, gradually growing yellower and more wrinkled, as they live on through another winter, shrivelling more and more, but not losing their flavour. These two or three old types of old times represent aristocracy, and repose in the midst of a small town of bipeds as busy as ants: all of them tradesmen, workmen, or factors, who seem to be

linked by some invisible strap, which gives them perpetual motion, to the beam of one of our great engines that fill our large factories with their tyrannical noise and mathematical activity."

From this peaceable interior M. Cochin returned to his active occupations, and to study. Chemistry, and not a fortuitous combination of substances, has the secret of the transformations which constitute glass, and alone furnishes the key to them. M. Cochin commenced the study of this science as a duty in the first instance, and taste led him to continue it. "It is a language," he said, "to be learnt," and he soon learned to speak it with facility. He excelled in explaining, scarcely without employing technical terms, the operations of chemistry, and exposed in the language of a man of the world the results of his scientific acquirements.

In the month of October, 1865, the Company of St. Gobain celebrated the second centenary of its foundation. The administrator took that occasion to remember that he was a writer, and composed its history.*

His work is curious, amusing, and full of research and documents. M. Cochin took a delight in old manuscripts and books; he speaks of them in accents which betray his passion:—

"My consolation of the last few days," he writes to Madame Cochin, "has been to work in the

* "La Manufacture des Glaces de St. Gobain, de 1665 à 1865." Chez Douniol, Rue de Tournon, 29.

libraries; opening an old volume has for me all the charm of opening a window in the morning on a new landscape. I should very much like to buy some, but that is a ruinous propensity. I was nearly being tempted by a Delamarre and a Turgot, two splendid folios whose leather sent forth an agreeable odour, with pale corn-coloured margins, when in came a bill which brought me back to my senses."

The history of glass manufacturing has been frequently written. But general descriptions of that nature are apt to be confused and vague. To be clear and precise they must be applied to one particular establishment. This is the advantage of M. Cochin's work; he enables us to distinguish with precision what was lost in the multiplied views of the picture at large.

Venice was for many years in possession of the secret of the fabrications of glass plates, and monopolised it with jealous care; neither imprisonment nor poison were spared to preserve such a prolific source of riches. In his ardent patriotism Colbert sought to wrest it from Venice and bestow it on France. He charged the French ambassador at Venice, Francois de Bonzi, Bishop of Bezièrs, to procure him workmen. The ambassador protested his zeal, but intimated that it was at the risk of being thrown into the sea. Nevertheless he succeeded, and on the 7th of August, 1664, three workmen arrived in Paris; a fourth, who was passing

through Rouen, was stopped and forced to join the others. Colbert then sought to form a company, but the task was not easy; he found himself surrounded with mistrust or apathy, and in order to overcome these difficulties, he did not hesitate to employ all the resources of his power: "I shall send you," he wrote to one of his agents, "a dozen *lettres de cachet*," with the names in blank, which you may distribute to those gentlemen on whom you may think they will produce some effect in forwarding our design."

Colbert then issued a decree declaring that noblemen might enter the new manufacture without losing caste. Custom had already on that point preceded his decrees; gentlemen glass-makers were celebrated, and Bernard de Palissy, who had been a glass-maker before he was a potter, had said: "The trade is a noble one, and the men who work at it (*qui y besognent*) are noble." Colbert formed the first company of plate-glass manufacturers out of a certain number of his functionaries and agents, to whom he granted privileges which in those days appeared exorbitant—such as a monopoly for plate-glasses for a term of twenty years; a right to expropriate forcibly all the materials necessary for their fabrication; it was exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals, and empowered to carry its suits before the Royal Council. The workmen belonging to it were liberated from the poll-tax

and other dues, while the establishment itself was exempt from excise dues, tributes, imports, &c. These extraordinary favours were not sufficient to satisfy the Venetians, who made their escape, in hopes of getting back to Venice. But they had reckoned without Colbert, who ordered them to be followed, and on the 20th of October, 1665, he received the following despatch from Lyons: "In conformity with the letter which you did me the honour to address me, I have arrested the three plate-glass workmen who were on their way to Moran (Murano, the island where Venice manufactured her plate-glasses), and I have sent them to Pierre-Seize, whence they shall not stir but by an order from you."

Meanwhile, Richard Lucas, Lord of Néhon, a man of remarkable intelligence, who had founded a glass manufactory at Tour-la-Ville, in Normandy, came to the rescue, and saved the establishment in danger of perishing at its birth. He also had secured some Venetians to prepare his plates; but while these were at work with closed doors, in hopes of remaining sole witnesses of their clandestine operations, some Parisian workmen had climbed the building in which the Venetians were employed, and through some apertures in the roof, were able to detect and carry off the mysteries of their craft. From that moment foreigners were dispensed with, and Robert Lucas enabled Colbert's company to benefit by the discovered secret.

Colbert manifested the same jealous care in the protection of the company that he had shown in its foundation. The produce of all foreign manufactures was strictly prohibited. Some French merchants having sought to continue their supplies from the Venetian market, were denounced by the ambassador, and the frontiers closed against them. The company was not long before it was sufficiently organised to be able to furnish with its produce the great gallery of Versailles, known ever since by the name of the "Gallery of Mirrors." The processes, however, of its fabrication still continued imperfect—blowing was the only one employed; "coulage," or casting, was invented by Lucas de Néhon, the son of Richard, and was practised by a company, which, after having purchased St. Gobain from the royal domain, established premises there, not only for the manufacture, but also for lodgings for the gentlemen (*gentilshommes*), the overseers, and the workmen. It obtained the privilege of placing the arms of France over the gate of the establishment, and of bearing the title of "Royal Manufacture of Large Glasses (*Grandes Glaces*)," with a porter in the royal livery. This is the personage described by M. Cochin in the preceding letter. This stately individual, alone in France, lives to see his costume and honours unchanged.

The society underwent various stages of prosperity and distress; more than once it ceased to exist, but soon recovered again, until in 1702

it acquired its definitive form. In 1708 the architect, de Cotte, director of the royal buildings, lowered the mantelpieces and surmounted them with pier-glasses, an innovation which seemed to ensure its constant prosperity. But such was not the case; particularly under the ministration of M. Geoffrin, the husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin. During that period, on a winter's morning, M. Combaut, a partner in the concern, went to pay a visit to Madame Geoffrin, and with sighs and lamentations gave her to understand "that all was lost." "Well, sir," said the intelligent dame, opening wide the sashes, "if all is lost, the best we can do is to leap out of this window." As M. Combaut hesitated to follow this invitation, she resumed: "Well, then, send away the charlatans, and employ the most efficient of your agents, M. Deslandes." Soon after, this reform was complied with, and the company prospered, so as shortly to become renowned for its liberality and affluence. It received Turgot after his downfall, and furnished Lavoisier gratuitously with the concave glasses necessary for his experiments.

"Persons of high rank," says M. Cochin, "sat at its council board alongside the 'bourgeois' of Paris and the bankers of Geneva; the first Christian baron (Montmorency) elbowed the merchant and the encyclopædist. This curious mixture of 'Messieurs les Administrateurs' travelled with four horses wherever they went, and ordnance was

shot off on their arrival. Generous in their donations to the workmen, the attachment of the workmen to them was great in proportion. A paternal and aristocratic spirit presided over all their transactions; Genevese exactitude regulated their accounts, while Parisian shrewdness and honesty were conspicuous in all their dealings. This happy mixture of tradition and novelty served to consecrate the general esteem which the Company of St. Gobain had obtained. The Revolution now burst forth; manufactories as well as thrones sunk under its uncontrollable frenzy. The cashier of the company, M. Guérin, was guillotined. Another administrator, M. Couvet, intervened with the Norman Conventionalist, Robert Lindet, who in his turn addressed himself to Robespierre, and Robespierre, more conservative at St. Gobain than in the hall of the Convention, appointed two noblemen from among the administrators to direct the manufactory. M. de Nauvois, Racine's grandson, continued during fifty-three years to exercise a most happy influence over the operatives, among whom the Marquis de Sainte-Fare, during the Terror, was often to be seen at work in his "blouse" and wooden shoes. The distribution of the profits was only suspended from 1794 to 1797. St. Gobain remains, therefore, a striking example of what may be accomplished by means of an intelligent association of interests combined with a judicious and friendly approximation of the different ranks of society.

With the present century a new position was created for the company: monopoly, privileges, special powers over the workmen, all disappear; the company fell under the jurisdiction of the common law, and instead of perishing acquired a fresh impulse. But now competition arose and threatened its existence. The company met this fresh difficulty with renewed energy. The forests surrounding St. Gobain were purchased for the ready combustible which they afforded. The company established manufactures abroad, and the Treaty of Commerce found it already armed for the struggle.

M. Cochin, in appreciating the cause of this rare longevity, expresses himself thus:—

"An equal responsibility of all the members; respect of all family rights; authority committed to the persons interested in the affair, under the direction of an active council entering into all the details; the constant pursuit of the perfection of the manufacture; the determination to avoid as plagues all loans and lawsuits; the art of taking advantage of useful patronage; the habit of never forgetting God and the poor; a combination of commercial policy with sincere Christian spirit,—such were the elements of this society, the most ancient of any of those industrial associations which can boast of having lived through two centuries and several revolutions, with the talent of satisfying the persons interested in it, together with its agents and its clients."

The present council has remained faithful to these traditions, nor is it such men as MM. de Broglie, de Mortemart, de Vogué, Gérard, Meurienne, who would ever be found departing from them. The schools and the chapels have multiplied; new lodgings have been built, to which gardens have been added; endeavours are making to render the working man proprietor, in order to ensure him one of his dearest aspirations, that of a fixed home for his declining years. Whenever the price of bread, illness, or the diminution of labour threaten him, the company intervenes. By dint of vast sacrifices, it seeks to maintain among all its members that "esprit de corps" which forms the main force of all associations; for with it all care and solicitude remain with the superiors, confidence is awakened among the inferiors, and affection prevails everywhere.

M. Cochin was in the habit of speaking of his "*muncipal family* at Paris." He might equally well have called the population of the glass-workers "his family of St. Gobain." An instance of this is to be seen in the following lines addressed to the Prince de Broglie:—

"You know that the cholera has reached Chauny; the cases are not numerous, but wherever the scourge strikes it is fatal, and every visit to the families attacked discloses a depth of misery, of which we have not a sufficient notion. I had wished to come and see you at Broglie on

Saturday; but if the cholera has not ceased at Chauny, it would be expedient that one of us should show himself there, and I am ready with all my heart to go."

The company had, then, good reasons for celebrating in 1865 its second centenary. Its object in so doing was to honour the names of Colbert and Lucas de Néhon. The Prince de Broglie, who presided on the occasion, terminated his discourse with the following just and elevated appreciation of ancient and modern France:—

"Of the two names which we are about to inscribe on the pediment of our chapel, the one belongs to a great minister, whose fame was renowned throughout France; the other is that of an humble industrial, whose name had almost perished even at St. Gobain. Let us render to both an equal homage. Honour be to the great minister who, invested for a time with the plenitude, then unlimited, of the royal power, took advantage of it to endow France with industries, of which rival nations had boasted, but of which their protracted civil dissensions had deprived them! In following out this noble enterprise, Colbert may have erred in some of the means employed, but he was not deceived in the object which he had in view, and I appeal to the spectacle now before our eyes to show that he has not failed in the result. To judge fairly the means, we must consider them at the date and hour of their

application. From that point of view, many things which surprise us are explained and justified. Those privileges, for example, with which our company was invested, and which have called forth our smiles, what were they in point of fact? Simply a mode of placing labour on an equality with everything that was grand and exalted in the society of that day. When the nobility alone monopolized the civic power, to ennoble labour was a means of emancipating it; when society was founded on privilege, Colbert forced open its narrow and disdainful ranks, in order to install within its precincts a new-comer—labour. If this intruder has since then known how to create for itself a place sufficiently large to dispossess in a great degree nearly all its neighbours, that is no reason why it should forget its gratitude towards him who was the first to lend labour a helping hand."

M. Cochin could not remain indifferent to language of this sort; but while he applauded with all the ardour and delight which the success of a friend never failed to excite within him, he did not for a moment lose sight of the preoccupations which were ever uppermost in his mind, even in matters of industry. "Do not be afraid," he writes to the Prince de Broglie, "to press the generous Christian fibre—it lives, believe me, in the heart recesses of our working-men, and we must not forget that our Lord held language the most delicate to the multitude (*ad turbas*). We have ordered the dis-

tribution of your discourse in all the workshops of St. Gobain and Chauny. When we inaugurate the chapel, pray speak again. These crowds of men require doubtless to be lodged and cared for, but they need still more to be moved and tamed, and when the truth falls from the lips of those from whom they are wont to receive their orders, they cherish and respect it. You have all that is requisite for such a mission, whatever you may say. I will assist and follow you as well as I can. Oh! could we but humbly moralise and add to the happiness of these men whose lives are passed in adding to our incomes, what a reserved share (*part reservée*) would that be in the profits which the world thinks so little of!"

CHAPTER VIII.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT, who was ever one of the most diligent among us, and who continued so till his death, wrote on one occasion to M. Cochin to reproach him for neglecting the *Correspondant*. M. Cochin, who was persuaded (to use his own expression) that it was easy by dint of good faith and good humour to overcome any such reproach, answered him, first by enumerating all he had accomplished during the week, and ended with these words: "Your reproaches remind me of a certain German legend. A poor serving-man of the name of Hans was at the point of death, and his master sought to console him by promising him rest in Paradise. 'Ah!' replied he, 'I am sure I shall not even find rest there: somebody will be waking me up, and crying out—Hans, go and put the angels to bed! Hans, go and extinguish the moon! Hans, go and turn on the rain!' I am growing into poor Hans."

M. Cochin might justly render similar testimony of himself at any time, but more especially in 1867, during the third Universal Exhibition,

which occupied nearly the entire space of the Champ de Mars. On this occasion he resumed and extended his work of the preceding exhibitions by superintending not only everything relating to the use of the people, but also with the methods, and the "materiel" of primary instruction, of the processes and products of industry requisite for masters and workmen, with the plans, the models and the furniture of their dwellings. He wrote to Montalembert: "You desire to know what I am doing. Well, I am employed in forming within the Palace of Industry a special exhibition of cheap articles in the shape of food, clothing and furniture; in entering for that purpose in communication with the juries of the several nations, and the masters of modern industry; in working out the Christian ideal of a happier life for the meanest, through the questions of free trade, of trade marks, of prices, wages, and other thorny difficulties. I beg Madame de Montalembert in particular not to quiz me for this apprenticeship of a Catholic upholsterer. I would willingly become cook of the famous 'poule au pot' so often promised, and for this sacred object, I deem it necessary not to refuse or neglect anything, and to dare everything."

While engaged in these absorbing labours at the exhibition, his eye one day fell, in an almost deserted gallery, on a canoe, some bows and arrows, some lamps made of moss, some sealskins —the rude products of a civilisation in its infancy.

This was sufficient to touch the heart of M. Cochin; it spoke of some miserable population, and forthwith he asked himself whether such humble expositors did not constitute a living accusation against a more advanced civilisation, and if it were not possible to do something in behalf of this disinherited portion of the human race. He set to work to study not only the wretched industry, but the history itself, of the Esquimaux. The result of this study was an extensive report or essay destined to excite in their behalf the interest of science, of commerce, and of religion.*

"While the Universal Exhibition resounds with the names of the principal nations of the earth, I would fain search among its less frequented halls, not for the foremost, but for the least favoured, of the earth's inhabitants.

"The Esquimaux is free, his climate places him beyond the reach of persecution; but the land which serves him as a fortress and a refuge, is colourless and sterile. It does not deserve the name of earth: that sacred name of man's nurse, the docile companion of his labours and his destiny, belongs not to an ungrateful soil, naked and cut up into a thousand strange islets, connected by movable bridges and clothed in snow or ice. The sun is no longer the sun for them; nor light, nor warmth descend from its sickly beams. On one particular evening it is seen to vanish, not to

* *Le Correspondant*, August 25th, 1867.

set. The following day, and the day after, month after month, it rises no more; from December to February night reigns over the scattered inhabitants of these desolate tracts, where the pale light flickers in fantastic shapes, the temperature ranges between deadly extremes, sound yields strange echoes, electricity shoots forth ghastly flashes, and the sea roars with terrific storms, during which mountains of ice fall in detached masses from their base, crumbling, like the ruins of an earthquake, or closing on each other like the walls of an eternal prison.

"As to these distant tribes, what can be said of them? Is it not a fantastic tale soon told? The Exhibition, it will be said, brings us nothing new concerning the Esquimaux. We already knew that they live by fishing and the chase; that they are miserable; that the Creator in his mercy has given them that shapeless living mass, the seal, whose flesh serves them for food, its skin to cover them, and its pursuit to occupy them; that cold and hunger, ugliness and dirt is all their lot. Well, I have my hands full of documents to prove that these men are, nevertheless, men; that having received little from the hands of their Creator, they turn this little to account with incredible patience and energy; that instead of sinking under the cruelty of the elements, they resist and overcome nature; that they are capable of some virtues, of a certain degree of civilisation, and that the attempts

of Europeans to implant the Gospel among them have not been made in vain."

After this M. Cochin enters into a masterly analysis of the labours of various foreign explorators, such as Parry, Franklin, Maclure; not forgetting the French naval officer, Bellot, of whose journal he says :—

"I would have all young men read the journal of Bellot's voyage. One follows him with intense emotion on board the *Phœnix*, commanded by the old Puritan, Kennedy, and in company with a knot of worthy men, who make a vow not to drink wine, who pray together, read Shakspeare, and are forced to admire the little Frenchman always in good humour, speaking of the genial sound of his father's forge, heedless of fatigue, docile and obedient to orders, careless of danger, faithful to God and to his flag." This journal is a model of style, for it combines movement, precision and colour, the inimitable qualities of the author who experienced what he relates. He is above all a model of that tranquil persevering heroism which is fully illustrated by the following words :—"I have not been nursed in cotton. . . I have confidence in God, and what human strength can effect I will accomplish."

"Of all the navigators whose recitals I have read," says M. Cochin, "Bellot is the one who has the most accurately described the Esquimaux.

"In the art of building and of conducting his

sledge, or guiding his slender bark, or *kaïak*, the Esquimaux has not his equal. The Arab is not more skilful in the management of his steed. The prize for rowing should be given to the Esquimaux. During six long months he braves the cold, the sea, the storm and avalanche, night and distance, painfully to acquire the nourishment which is to sustain, during an entire year, the wretched existence of his family. This arduous toil accomplished, seeing night approach, the Esquimaux builds a wooden hut, when wood is to be found; of stone, when stones alone are forthcoming; of ice, when only ice is available. Models of these wooden, stone, and ice-formed cabins figure in the Exhibition. A Catholic missionary* inhabited one of them, after having witnessed its construction in a couple of hours out of huge blocks of ice, and cut into shape with large knives or dirks, and piled one over the other, then injected with water which, freezing as it falls, closed up the joints as solidly as the strongest cement, leaving a hole to creep through. Within, seal skins are spread upon the ground for beds, and a little moss steeped in whale oil, and placed upon a stone, serves for a lamp; a last slab of ice is drawn over the aperture, leaving room for a little air to penetrate. Come night, storm, rain and hail, the tenement resists, and under its icy shelter the warmth of the bodies of its inmates sustains life. A singular image of life

* Letter from P. Petetot, *missionaire oblat*, 1866.

itself, or rather of man's courageous resignation to the rigours of his destiny, he turns an obstacle into an advantage, fashions it to his own wants, and, while he buries himself beneath the snow, he forces the snow to protect him against winter; subdued but not vanquished, for he resists and does not succumb."

As he proceeds with his observations, M. Cochin meets with the Moravian brothers, whose special task it has been to devote themselves to the civilisation of the Esquimaux; he renders homage to their founder, Count Zinzendorf, and sets forth their devotion and perseverance. M. Cochin separates himself from the Dissenters when he meets them by the firmness of his reason, never by his heart. Without ever abandoning his principles or concealing his convictions, he observes towards individuals the respect which honours every cause, and the benevolence which is often more active and always more effectual than irritation. He quotes and adopts in spirit Livingstone's maxim, "Among Christians sectarian passions disappear when they find themselves working together in the midst of paganism."

At the same time his sympathy for the Moravian brothers does not allow him to forget the Catholic missionaries. He shows us Father Grollier singing the psalm, "Benedicite gela et frigus, Domine," at the mouth of the River Mackenzie, and Father Petitot, the joyous Marseillais, extorting by perse-

verance the admiration of the cruel, thievish Esquimaux, who designated him as "the man who prays, knows no evil, and lives alone."

M. Cochin, as may be supposed, has not confined himself to a mere sterile curiosity, and he terminates his essay with a forcible appeal to Europe and Christianity in favour of those whom he protects the more warmly, because he feels that he is alone in that protection.

"The future of these dwarfish fishermen of the Pole appears to me as melancholy as their past. The famous North-west Passage has been discovered; science has achieved that victory, but there is no opening for commerce in that direction; merchandise will never take that road, and science has probably ceased to explore it. Fishermen will venture further northwards for the purpose of exercising their craft in the waters and on the shores of the Esquimaux, not to study to civilise, or to enrich them. The missionaries already complain of the Americans stationed in the bays of Labrador. On the land side years will pass away before the Americans and Canadians, as they increase in numbers, will come in contact with them, or before the Indians, as they become civilised, will carry them anything but the example of war and rapine. The southern territory of the Hudson's Bay Company will be populated, a railway and telegraph run through the lower districts of the vast regions which lately have received a regular government;

but evidently civilisation offers no road, holds no path open to the steps of the Esquimaux, and inflexible Nature promises them none of the gifts which she has withheld from them hitherto, such as fecundity of soil, solar warmth, the company of animals, the song of birds, and the charm of flowers. They are condemned for ever to cold, darkness, and infancy. The sole glimmering of light which may chance to reach their minds is in the hands of the missionaries, and if ever they rise beyond their present intellectual condition, it will be to those devoted men they will be indebted. That boon at least Christian Europe holds in store for them."

The passion of charity which led M. Cochin to attend unremittingly to the interests of the poor and suffering, did not absorb his love of science and progress; these visits to the almost deserted galleries of the Exhibition did not prevent his constant attendance to the more favoured ones, and when the day arrived for the distribution of prizes, he assisted at that solemnity with a feeling of personal satisfaction, and retained a profound impression of the scene. The chief sovereigns of Europe took this opportunity of paying their respects to the Emperor, while representatives of every quarter of the globe congregated to receive at his hands either a medal or some token of distinction and merit. The East with its brilliant costumes, the West with its ingenious wealth, vied with each

other, and France occupied a post of honour amidst these pacific efforts of human industry. Nevertheless a calm observer might observe that at the bottom of all this splendour and gaiety, security was missing. M. Cochin, who might be dazzled, but was never blinded, by outward appearances, was deeply struck by this sullen feature of the scene. M. de Montalembert, a prey to a cruel malady, had been retained in the country, and M. Cochin, who never forgot his friends when he could furnish them at a distance with food for their thoughts, or consolation for their hearts, sent him the following picture at La Roche en Breny of this memorable distribution of prizes :—

"Paris is become a vast fair, at which the Emperor exhibits a Czar, a Sultan, a Bismarck, an aquarium, an Egyptian temple, a herd of camels, a savage, &c.; and old Rossini has imagined, by way of an accompaniment to these unusual sights, a cantata, executed by a thousand musicians, an organ, two pieces of cannon, and twelve church bells. Oh, Mozart! Oh, magic flute!

"With the exception of a few disagreeable sensations the fête, as far as met the eye, was organized with all Le Play's talent for order, and all the taste of the Parisian architectural decorators and florists; the review of this army of peace was beautiful to behold. Louis XIV., surrounded by as many sovereigns and more sublimely inspired, had not before him a population half so numerous of men

possessing a certain amount of science and fortune.

"The Sultan is not handsome, and on this score is only surpassed by the little Taicoun. What becomes of Rousseau's argument of the primitive races—the tribes of the remote East? Why, the best looking among them resemble a pack of sick monkeys. On the other hand nothing handsomer than your Hungarian: Count Zichy was superb with his furred mantle and golden spurs. Guess who was the most warmly applauded? Father Secchi, the Jesuit, come to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour. I dined afterwards with several of the distinguished 'savants': Wheatstone, the inventor of the stereoscope; Staas, the Belgian chemist; a Portuguese, and sundry Americans. I conversed with the historian Bancroft. Not one of these grey haired spectacled 'savants' have any idea of the part which the penny-a-liners attribute to science—a new religion, a new divinity, a new philosophy—to science, queen of the future, to science, the emancipator of humanity. Genuine men of science are humble, they bend the knee before the Almighty God whose trace they discover and acknowledge in every corner of the globe.

"But this astounding spectacle was closed by the echo of real cannon—the announcement of Maximilian's death, of which little doubt now remains. If this crime prove true, yesterday's fête is like Belshazzar's feast, with a hand tracing

characters of blood upon the wall. The year 1867 will be the year of fêtes, but it ushers in the signs which predict the year of battles."

Everything which could honour or improve Paris went home to M. Cochin's heart. With him it was not mere taste which bound him to the city of his birth, but affection, dictating his studies and inspiring his acts. A glance at his library sufficed to mark the share which Paris occupied in his intellectual pursuits: volumes of every size and date, some attesting their antiquity by the quaintness of their worm-eaten bindings, others in all the freshness of their recent publication, and all attesting, by the ample annotations and figures in the margin, hours of attentive and laborious reading. The working classes alone filled more than one half of the volumes dedicated to Paris. His friends never appealed to him in vain on any subject connected with the capital. On one occasion General Lamoricière, excusing himself for some long digression, ends his letter thus: "And yet it is of Paris I wished to talk with you, for Paris is one of the things you know better than anybody. Among our friends you are almost the only one who possesses the secrets of this vast 'Court of Miracles.'"

Like all sentiments of so profound a nature, his love for Paris resisted every trial to which for her sake he was exposed. After each of them he emerged more active, more powerful, than

before, and the blows which were intended to disable him, seemed, on the contrary, only to inspire him with fresh energy. Paris, in the eyes of M. Cochin, was not only a centre of business, an agreeable residence, a rendezvous of all that was interesting: the roots struck in the soil by his family fixed him to the spot, and his dreams of predilection knew no other theatre. In one of his writings he says: "How few are the Parisians who are accustomed from their infancy to regard and love the towers of Notre Dame as they would the steeple of their village!"* On another occasion he writes: "I have wandered to-day more than I could have wished through the streets of Paris, which to me seems a living creature, with a meaning, a history, a tongue. Is it not singular to feel in one's heart a sort of tenderness for a heap of stones?" He had the courage to profess this sentiment even in the provinces; and at a time when the unpopularity of Paris among the provincials was at its height, he ventured in a lecture delivered by him to the inhabitants of the town of Nantes to paint its imposing grandeur:—

"You have but to place yourself on a summer's evening on the Pont de la Concorde, and you may embrace at a single glance all the scenes and all the actors of the vast drama. To the left monarchy, represented by the Tuileries, whose ample circuit

* "La Ville de Paris et le Corps Legislatif." Chez Douniol, editeur. 29, Rue de Tournon.

bears sufficient witness to the importance of the part which it has played in our history; on the other bank of the river, liberty, more or less well represented by the Palace of the Legislative Body, round which the various ministerial offices are severally grouped. Further on, the Louvre, the seat of the arts, and opposite, the Institute, the seat of the sciences and letters. In front of you and on every side, the town, the populous quarters of labour, hemmed around by the different railway stations, those vast sluices whence flows the outward tide of the new population. In the centre, the peaceful River Seine, with its two arms encircling the antique cradle of the 'City,' like a ship freighted with the two chief blessings of humanity: justice in the palace of St. Louis (le Palais de Justice), and religion in Notre Dame."* But M. Cochin's enthusiasm never got the better of his calmness and perspicacity as an observer and an historian. He added: "I say nothing new when I answer that the three enemies which have undermined modern society and prepared its downfall, are the spirit of despotism, of radicalism, and immorality, and I confess that these three plagues have their principal seat in Paris. I am not therefore surprised that Paris should at one moment be accused of endangering the peace, at another the liberty, and at another the faith and morals of

* "Paris et la France; Conférence au Cercle des Beaux Arts de Nantes." May 27, 1870.

French society. Now let me ask you, in good faith, is this a question of a localised or of a general malady? Do you consider yourselves free from it? Despotism is in the laws, radicalism springs from defects in the organization of industry, and immorality circulates throughout the public mind. Paris suffers quite as much, if not more, from the poison which it exhales. It is the seat of the evil, but not the evil itself.

"Consequently it is not Paris that France should hate and attack; she should hate and attack the evils which Paris suffers in common with herself. We shall not put an end to our misfortunes by the violence, reactions, and repressions of the provinces against Paris; but by a threefold movement, which I will define in three words: a national movement towards liberty and decentralization; a moral movement towards religion and instruction; a social movement towards the amelioration of the lot of those who labour and who suffer."

It was not Parisian society, with its clever refinement, nor the people whose quick intelligence he so fully appreciated, sharing their witty sayings and pleasantry, that alone endeared him to Paris; but that intense sympathy for what was good in all its undertakings which renders it the most productive and generous of cities whenever a noble cause calls forth its devotion or its charity. Evil, no doubt, finds numerous accomplices within its walls; but at the same time nowhere does a worthy

thought more easily find an echo, adherents, and resources. M. Cochin was more aware of this than most people, and each of his incessantly repeated experiments in that direction served to increase his affection for his native city.

The prodigious architectural development of Paris during the Second Empire excited in the same degree his admiration and his alarm; yet although he no longer took part in the municipal deliberations, he could not resist defending them as zealously as if he had shared its responsibility. He admitted, it is true, many of the criticisms with which that empire was assailed, but recommended calmness and fairness in the judgments it provoked.

"Paris is not," he said, "the work of a sovereign, but of history and of nature. If you interrogate the geologists, Elie de Beaumont will answer you that the site of Paris was predestined, and its action is the consequence of its position. If you interrogate the history of France, what do you find? The territorial unity of the nation has caused the importance of the capital; political unity has created the part it has played in the country; unity of language, of taste, of the national spirit, has founded the influence it exercises in the world. The founders of France are the founders of Paris: Clovis, St. Louis, Philip Augustus, Louis XIV., Napoleon. Each of these great sovereigns has not merely engraved the date of his reign and the impress of his genius on its monuments, but

each has brought in his train a particular group of population, which has been grafted on other groups, like the superposed strata of the soil: one brought the population of trades, of convents, and of schools; the other the population of the palaces, the hotels, and the museums; while almost all have fostered the population of the *bureaux* and the barracks. There is not a province which, on the other hand, has not sent in every age a colony of its inhabitants to Paris; while the taste, the arts, in a word, the *esprit* of Paris colonised the provinces; so that Paris is become the most national town of France, as it were an epitome of the entire nation, or, as it was said of Athens, the Greece of Greece.

"If the growth of Paris has been more rapid in the present century, it is to be attributed to special causes. Industry, formerly an unknown power, has assumed an immense development. It has accumulated manufactures on a spot where it encountered at the same time science in full activity, capital always ready, and a market always open. Industry occupies at Paris a million of human beings. Another cause, less apparent, but equally efficient, is the opening of channels of communication. The following principle may be laid down as an absolute rule: the surface occupied by the capital of a country increases in proportion to the surface occupied in that country by the channels of communication. History is there to demonstrate

this fact. From the time of Philip Augustus to that of Henry IV., a space of 409 years (1180—1589), the circumference of Paris was scarcely doubled; at the commencement of that period it was as goodly a work to build a bridge as it was to build a church! Is it to be wondered that in our time the development of road, river, and railway communication should have produced a proportionate development of the metropolis? A river made Paris, roads have doubled it, and railways have increased it threefold.

"The causes which favoured the growth of Paris have likewise produced its transformation. It became necessary to give air, space, and light to the multitudes who now inhabit or frequent it. Streets grown too narrow had to be enlarged, schools to be founded, churches to be built, and sundry wants to be speedily provided for. It is not the enterprise which should evoke criticism, but the mode in which it has been conducted. A partisan or not of the Empire, it is impossible not to acknowledge the services which it has rendered, and to refuse a just tribute of praise and admiration to the intelligence, activity, and energy expended on this gigantic work. There is no denying that the Prefect and the Municipal Commission have largely provided for the comfort, the salubrity, the embellishment, and the facility of communication of this immense city, whose encircling net of railroads, in less than a quarter of a century, has doubled its

extent, like a lake into which a hundred fresh springs had suddenly poured their waters."*

M. Cochin could not but examine conscientiously the means by which these surprising results had been accomplished, and he did not hesitate to point out the justness of the principal complaints they had raised; but he did so in the interest of Paris itself, not for the purpose of arresting a beneficial transformation.

"Property complains," he said, "because expropriations have been made surpassing the space required for the projected buildings; because vast extents of ground have been concentrated in the hands of the administration; and discontent has reached its summit, because the town has substituted, in its stead, companies of speculators.

"On the other hand the law cries out against you: the city contracts are withdrawn from the usual forms to which all contracts are subject. Finally, the finances, through the organ of the Court of Accounts, complain of manœuvres which result in procuring for the city resources beyond the limits prescribed by law. The future is engaged, the present is compromised, and you no longer inspire confidence.

"Everything cannot repose on a single individual, and depend on him alone. The mayoralty of Paris is a dictatorship without responsibility or control; but your power is the cause of your weak-

* "La Ville de Paris et le Corps Legislatif."

ness; your operations are suspected because they are not discussed, they are feared because they are not regulated. No one hinders you, but at the same time no one supports you, and the population, vexed by your measures, which it seldom understands, inveighs against you."

When the Government had confided the guardianship of Paris to the Legislative Body, M. Cochin did not cease protesting against this measure, representing the danger which threatened the Commune of Paris since the Revolution of 1848. He signalised its causes, pointed out its remedies, and, with the usual keenness of his historical researches, he made a comparative study of the principal capitals of Europe.* In this study he shows how every capital has undergone the same law of aggrandizement, that all have had to meet new wants with fresh creations; but that since the Revolution other European governments have, more than France, taken precautions to guard against the merging of municipal into political power, and to keep the sedentary population carefully distinct from the shifting population.

Moreover, this study thoroughly exposes the evil which undermines every stage of our political organization—the absence of tradition. Other

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 1st, 1870. "Le Régime municipale des Capitales, Paris, Londres, Berlin, Vienne, Bruxelles, Genève, et New York."

countries are as well disposed as ourselves to lend themselves to all necessary modifications and improvements; but they take care to ingraft them on their ancient institutions, securing thus a permanent and firm basis capable of sustaining the new edifice. In France they abuse the gift of improvisation; sufficient time is never given for any seed to fructify in its incessantly disturbed soil. No respect for similar institutions protects them from popular instability and love of change. They are modified at the will of an individual or to suit the purpose of the moment, or are set aside in deference to some fresh caprice. With us the force, without which all systems and institutions are powerless, is wanting—that is, fixity of political principles.

After having constantly defended Paris with his speech and with his pen it remained for M. Cochin to defend it also in a more cruel trial, and to devote himself thereto with his entire family. We shall soon see whether this supreme duty found him in fault.

A Parisian origin and a common love of Paris attracted M. Berryer and M. Cochin, besides the communion of feeling on many points and the intimate friendship which existed between the illustrious orator and Count Benoist d'Azy. M. Cochin's correspondence affords numerous traces of his admiration for M. Berryer, but it may be eloquently summed up in the two following letters, wherein

are depicted some of the most touching scenes that ever flowed from his prolific pen. The first is addressed to M. de Montalembert:—

"ANGERVILLE, *August 22nd*, 1868.

"I write to you from under the roof of M. Berryer. You will therefore not be surprised if I tell you that my sole regret in life is not to have continued my profession as a lawyer. What a career is that of the law in an age when there are so many noble causes to plead, so many vanquished to defend! . . . .

"Here is a letter from Prince Louis Napoleon to M. Berryer: 'I can only thank you when I am in power, but then you will not accept my thanks.' There, in the place of honour, the portraits of Charles X. and his grandson; conquered kings, but still kings in the eyes of the faithful advocate. Farther on, the unique edition of Bossuet's works, presented to him by the printers, and the 'Demosthenes,' which he received from the chief of the Catholics.*

"Next to the study the oratory, with the inscription: *Credidi propter quod locutus sum!* where the

* M. Berryer, having refused the fees for pleading for M. de Montalembert in the political suit brought against him by the Imperial Government, the Count sent him a silver statuette of Demosthenes with the following inscripion: *Quid si tonantem audivisses?* After M. Berryer's death, this statuette was purchased by General Changarnier, of whose modest *salon* it now forms the sole ornament.

old man inclines his venerable front in prayer; and around a dwelling thus peopled, a fine park interspersed with secular oaks, with rocks, with flowers, and intersected by a running stream, all speaking nature's language to the eloquent orator; lastly, the orator himself, with his still sonorous voice, reciting to my boy, at sunset, Bossuet's sublime passage, 'Speak, speak, captive conscience.'*

"These are the charming recollections, to which I must add a drive with him to Malsherbes, the château of the Lamoignons, to visit the portraits of this illustrious family, and the living members of their surviving descendants. How much the pleasure of this delightful day would have been enhanced by your presence! Your name, at least, was on everybody's lips," &c., &c.

* "And now, poor captive conscience, whose voice has been so long stifled, speak, speak before your God; now is the time or never to break the silence imposed on you. You are not in the midst of balls, of assemblies, and the amusements of the world; you are in the tribunal of penance; it is Jesus Christ himself who breaks your chains and gives you back your voice; you can speak before his altars. Recount to this unchaste one her dissoluteness; to this traitor his unfaithful words and broken promises; to this public robber his plunderings; to this hypocrite who deceives the world, the shifts of his hidden ambition; to this old and hardened sinner, who swallows iniquity as easily as water, the lengthened series of his crimes; make this brazen forehead blush, show him suddenly and at a single glance the commandments, the rebellions, the admonitions, the scorns, the graces, the negligences; the outrages redoubled amidst the benefits; the blindness augmented by the lights; finally, all the beauty of virtue, all the equity of the precept with all the infamy of its transgressions, of its infidelities and its crimes."—Œuvres complètes de BOSSUET. *Sermon sur l'Intégrité de la Pénitence*, prêchée à la Cour le jeudi de la Passion, t. v. p. 834.

The second letter was addressed to myself:—

"*Wednesday*, ——, 1868.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just taken leave of Berryer. I will, I do, hope that he may still survive. Yesterday he received the sacraments, after having confessed to Father Pontlevoy. He passed several hours of the night in setting his papers in order and writing to M. le Comte de Chambord. This morning he determined on starting for Angerville, where his most important papers still remain, with the chapel containing his father's tomb and that of his wife. He set off at three o'clock, and is now on his way by rail. What a departure! An omnibus with two or three of his intimate friends and his secretaries led the way; followed by his daughter-in-law and grandson, with two or three faithful domestics in a second carriage; then in the little carriage, which has so often conveyed him to the courts and the chambers, the scenes of his glory, the old man seated himself under the protection (he who had so long been the protector of the weak) of a young sister of charity. I cannot help believing that we shall see him again; but if he dies, after such a long and enviable life, I shall never forget that vision of faith in a youthful face, watching over glory, and outliving worldly affections, opinions and affairs.

"M. Marie Charles Lacombe, Count Pozzo and myself had met by chance in the courtyard; for

this departure had been suddenly decided on. There we stood hat in hand as our illustrious friend in passing saluted us with a smile, calling us each by our name, and shaking us cordially by the hand, as if he were merely starting on a journey of pleasure, to breathe a little fresh air, and enjoy the summer sun. The carriage drove off, and we remained for a few moments in silence with tears in our eyes, ere we resumed life's path, but with faith strengthened and refreshed by the scene we had just beheld."

M. Berryer was able to reach Angerville; but while he entered beneath his ancient roof his strength betrayed him; he burst into tears before his father's portrait and fainted away. On coming to himself he was led to his room on the first floor, and placed at his desire in a chair near the window, where he might have a view of the park. A few hours after he expired, after a last interview with Father Pontlevoy and the Bishop of Orleans, on November the 29th, 1868, in his seventy-ninth year.

The ceremony of his funeral presented a spectacle not often to be met with. Among the many gifts, which it would be superfluous to enumerate here, M. Berryer possessed two qualities, every day becoming rarer: he rendered justice to his adversaries, and never forgot his friends. Adversaries and friends flocked to render homage to his

tomb. We have deplored his death as premature in spite of his protracted age; we ought to have envied it, for it spared him the anguish of beholding the scenes which we have since been condemned to witness, to deplore, and to blush at.

CHAPTER IX.

M. Cochin as an Orator—The Syllabus—The Elections of 1869.

M. COCHIN had inherited the oratorical qualities of his ancestors: from Henry Cochin, the lawyer, the facility and dignity of speech; and the art of applying eloquence to charity, which distinguished the venerable curate of St. Jacques. From early youth he possessed that clearness of mind which leaves no obscurity in the idea, nor hesitation in its expression; that self-possession which gives thought its full force, while it economizes its resources; that security, that docility of memory which places movement, and the chain of meditation at the service of language; finally, that innate gift of a mind which at a single glance lights on its conceptions and the form which suits them.

Those who possess these primary endowments are too often apt to suffer themselves from the fascination which they inspire; they think themselves orators because they are able to speak with ease and elegance; and absolving themselves from study and exertion, they deliver themselves up

without further care, to the charms of easy and deceitful triumphs. Not so with M. Cochin; he was well aware that the gifts gratuitously conferred by Providence are only developed by laborious cultivation; he entertained too exalted a notion of eloquence, not to place its honours above the most arduous efforts to acquire it. "No happiness," he said, speaking of the Abbé Perreyve, "can be compared to that of instilling one's thoughts into other men's souls, and of feeling them within your grasp like potter's-clay, which you transform and beautify."

M. Cochin's oratorical vocation first awakened into life amidst the meetings of young men of his own age, during the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and in the societies of mutual assistance. The desire to convince, and the necessity of directing various assemblies, served to strengthen it rapidly. The scenes of public life, well calculated, at that time, to inspire courage and excite juvenile ardour, tended to sustain it. Through eloquence, liberty had conquered a considerable share in the public institutions and in the events of the day. The tribune and the pulpit vied with each other in splendour, and still impressed with the brilliant debates in the Chambers of Peers and of Deputies, one found the same emotions, but of a purer nature, in the accents of Father de Ravignan and Father Lacordaire. Then did these masters of oratory impassion with the love of study all those youths who felt within them any aptitude soever. That

was the time of generous aspirations, the time when the strong furbished their weapons for great struggles, and when the weak by their efforts at least prepared to follow them.

In an age when words are often acts, and acts may require the immediate defence of words, improvisation is a weapon of incomparable value. To combine accuracy with fluency; to be led by a current of ideas and yet remain their master; to blend emotion with the fruits of meditation—such are the true qualities of an orator, and suffice to explain the success of those who succeed in acquiring them.

Opportunity and time failed M. Cochin to reach the zenith of success; but no one ever heard him speak in public without recognizing in him the promise of a brilliant future. His readiness enabled him to collect himself and muster his energies at all times and in all places, whether in the seclusion of his library, or during his walks, or even at his meals. When pressed by some urgent business, or in the pursuit of some useful object, neither the hum of conversation, nor the tumult of the Parisian thoroughfares, could interrupt the interior working of his mind. He isolated himself with the greatest facility from every disturbing preoccupation, and when he had once conceived his subject, drawn up his plan, and fixed his outline, he took up his pen, set down rapidly a few abbreviations, unintelligible to all others but himself, traced the lineaments of some

image or of some oratorical climax, and, without further preparation, launched into speech, warmed by the applause which never failed him; the informal skeleton acquired substance, received the breath of life, and the victory was gained.

All M. Cochin's speeches bear this stamp: the modesty of the subject and the compositon of his audience did not afford him scope for the full measure of his talent; but an inimitable accent of natural simplicity, reaching the intellect and touching the heart, runs through them all. You not only hear the words and are delighted with them as he pronounces them, but you distinctly feel the impression which he produces; of which impression M. Cochin immediately takes advantage, moulds it into his argument, and transforms it into a potent auxiliary in the attainment of the object he has in view.

A few instances will serve to justify this appreciation.

M. Cochin's first real oratorical *début* may be placed in 1848. He was then twenty-five years of age. Clubs were forming in every quarter of Paris. The most violent schemes, the most insane social illusions, cropped up one after the other. M. Cochin, firm and resolute, selected for his *coup d'essai* the most inflammable centre of all Paris; he joined a club in the Faubourg St. Marceau, and by dint of the firmness of his mind, and the moderation of his judgment, of his tact, popular

humour and wit, he succeeded in winning over to the cause of order the greater portion of his blouse-clad auditory, who testified their gratitude by giving him their unsolicited votes at the elections which ensued for the Constituent Assembly of 1848.

When the Duke d'Harcourt closed his long and noble career, a numerous concourse of friends repaired to the church of "Les Missions" to render him a last tribute of affection and respect. The service had already commenced, when M. Cochin was requested to pronounce a funeral oration over the body previous to its interment in the family vault. M. Cochin attempted in vain to decline this perilous honour: he was unable to resist the persevering appeals with which he was assailed, and a few minutes after, he began to speak in the presence of a crowd, which, while listening to his elevated language, so appropriate and so worthy of the solemn occasion and the proximity of the sanctuary, could scarcely realise or even form an idea of the merit of this remarkable improvisation. We subjoin a few of the principle passages which were collected and published by the Duke d'Harcourt's children:—

"... From what I have just said, you might suppose, gentlemen, that here, on this spot, so close to this holy edifice, my chief desire is to relate all that the Duke d'Harcourt accomplished for religion.*

* These words were pronounced in the court of the Church of the Missions Etrangeres.

But I should bemean that holy word, religion, if by it I meant only to designate what he did in favour of this or that pious institution. No! gentlemen, whenever the Duke d'Harcourt laboured in the cause of honour, of justice, of liberty and of misfortune; whenever he protected the weak, attacked oppression, or showed sympathy to the vanquished, he served religion. Now, his life was fraught especially with passions of this noble nature, and the peculiar character of his mind was to fly at the first call of any generous duty, without waiting to consider on what side was danger or on what side success. We all feel more or less these noble sentiments; but when we reflect humbly on ourselves and on our lives, we are forced to confess that the number of men capable of sacrificing their time, their money, their popularity, and their repose to such sentiments form but a small battalion in this nether world. Well, M. d'Harcourt enrolled himself at an early age in this small battalion, and never deserted it. Born himself with all the conditions of happiness, he did not forget or overlook the victims of misfortune, of humility, and calamity. Who, during the Directory and the Empire, bestowed a thought on that noble Greek nation—the birthplace of philosophy and the cradle of the arts—placed, like the tomb of our Saviour, in the hands of the Turks? Scarcely had the breath of independence swept over the Hellenic land, than M. d'Harcourt embraced its cause, sailed to Greece

with all that great activity which animated his small frame—saw, encouraged, promised; then, returning home, he stimulated, opened his purse, harangued, as if Greece had been his native country or his own domestic hearth. Who, under the Restoration, or during the July Monarchy, thought of a few miserable slaves labouring without salaries in our distant colonies? M. d'Harcourt raised his voice in favour of these outcasts so unjustly doomed to slavery. While defending them he experienced that secret joy which is felt in helping men who are ignorant of the service rendered them. Then again, who, with the exception of a few celebrated men who now hear my words, and cannot escape my thanks, who thought of liberty of instruction? Who among the liberals cared for the religious, and who among the religious invoked liberty? It was worthy of M. d'Harcourt to espouse also this neglected cause; and who could reproach the descendant of those Harcourts who in the thirteenth century had founded the colleges of Harcourt and Lisieux, with having favoured Free Schools?

"The same love of justice had when young attached M. d'Harcourt to Poland. These aged and these young Poles who now surround me, together with so many faithful defenders of a nation from which every boon has been torn, to which nothing now remains but its voice and heart, that tyranny cannot silence, these are the truly obliged, the grateful friends, the sorrowful witnesses whose

presence and whose tears are far more eloquent than my feeble words can be.

"To this same feeling of respectful tender sympathy for the unfortunate, I attribute, gentlemen, the preference, I should say the desire, expressed by M. d'Harcourt, when called upon to choose between the embassy to London and the embassy to Rome; he refused to go to London."

Here, M. Cochin entered into an eloquent description of M. d'Harcourt's devotedness at Rome and Gaeta, and ended his discourse by paying a tribute to his generous benevolence and charity, in which no one was more initiated than himself, and therefore no one more competent to speak of it as it deserved.

M. Cochin's delivery was graceful and impressive, though at intervals almost too rapid. The current of his thoughts carried him onwards without always allowing him time to dwell on some favourite point, or develope some important argument. Fresh horizons opened out incessantly to his view, he hastened to reach them, and if at times his discourse lost thereby in force, it gained in naturalness and grace. His action was gentle and subdued, and less calculated to express passion than to indicate the movement of the intellect. The reader may perhaps detect some imperfections of form or inaccuracies of style, but the most difficult and critical of his hearers were never affected by them while listening to him.

The tender benevolence and cordial sympathy which distinguished M. Cochin's private conversations, shone forth equally in his public discourses. His eloquence never did him greater service than when it was employed not only in exposing ideas, but in expressing sentiments.

None of the members of the "Cercle Catholique" will forget M. Cochin pronouncing the Abbé Perreyve's panegyric, nor the sympathetic applause which, in application to himself, echoed the following words as they fell from his lips: "Above all, gentlemen, he had a heart. Physicians employ a beautiful expression to define the heart considered as a material organ: *Primum vivens, ultimum moriens.* Let us carry this scientific definition into the moral order. Yes, the heart is that which lives the first and dies the last. He had a heart, and his writings will live vivified by the communicative flame of a deep and genuine sensibility, combined with an indisputable conviction."

The same applause followed upon the utterance of another thought admitting of the same application to himself in that discourse:—

"The Abbé Perreyve loved honour no less than justice. Honour is not virtue, but the shield, the avenger, the sentinel, the delicate, susceptible, and proud monitor of all virtue. What does the poor girl who in her lonesome garret lights her dreary lamp at nightfall and works on till morning, in order to ward off the temptations with

which want besets her path? Why, she defends her honour. What does the youth whose solitude whispers in his ear some evil thought, and who, not to succumb, hastens to the nearest church and clasps the ivory crucifix? He defends his honour. What does the friend who vindicates his absent friend? What does the soldier on the point of death? The honest man who has but a word to pronounce in order to secure a fortune, and who remains silent, offering up to the invisible witness of his conscience this unknown sacrifice? What does the magistrate who, still young in years, renounces his profession rather than betray his oath? Why, they all defend their honour. This feeling of delicacy is not definable, it is felt, and the Abbé Perreyve felt it. He professed the very chivalry of delicacy, a rare and little-practised quality, but nevertheless respected."*

It may be seen that M. Cochin's tendencies, as well as his oratorical qualities, always led him to soar aloft; we cannot wonder, therefore, at the enthusiastic predilection with which he always spoke of Longfellow, the American poet, who entitled one of his happiest inspirations "Excelsior." The same train of mind betrays itself again in the noble portraits which he traced of Lincoln and of Grant. Lincoln, whose vigorous and straightforward intelligence raised him from the forests, where he laboured

* "Discours prononcé au Cercle Catholique de Paris," publié dans le *Correspondant* du 25 juillet, 1865.

with his father as a hewer of wood, to the Presidency of the United States, where he paid with his life for the enfranchisement of four millions of souls; Grant, born with a mind framed to comprehend Lincoln's views and share his acts. A poet, a statesman, and a warrior served M. Cochin for a change of subject, without changing his ground; because he could still make speech fulfil the mission which he loved to exercise, and sought above all in eloquence.

The same feeling endeared to him the "Récit d'une Sœur," and led him to assist by his writings in the *Correspondant*, and by his speeches at the Cercle Catholique, that captivating work.

It was this yearning after everything good and beautiful which led him to risk an attempt in Belgium which was no less successful than bold. In a poetical and metaphysical discourse which he delivered there, entitled, "The Invisible World," he acquired among our neighbours a popularity seldom conceded to a stranger.

"The invisible world," he said, "encompasses and overwhelms us. Alone it explains what we behold with our mortal eyes. Like a ship which plunges its keel into the troubled waves, raises its masts aloft, and deploys its sails in a purer element, man in the midday sun and in the free air, lives on earth with his body and in the invisible world with his soul. It is in that world that resides art, the ideal, poetry, justice, truth,

certitude, God himself, who is its centre and its pivot.

M. Cochin's masterpiece of oratory, the work to which he devoted his whole heart, was fated to be the most painful that he ever pronounced—the eulogy of Montalembert, his predecessor, friend, and model. It was from Montalembert that he had learnt to frequent and cultivate the fields of the moral world in preference to all other studies.

M. de Montalembert's youth had been as pure and privileged as the rest of his life, and M. Cochin commences by painting its outset in striking colours.

"In 1832," he says, "we find Montalembert at Munich, then at Marbourg, in contemplation before the tomb of St. Elizabeth. The name of Elizabeth recalled to his heart the mournful recollection of a fair young sister whom he had lost not long before. He visited minutely the cathedral of Marbourg, and his powerful imagination urged him to undertake one of those learned and poetical excursions into the regions of history in which in after years he loved to roam. On quitting the church, he went to a bookseller's shop and inquired if any life of this St. Elizabeth, whose memory seemed to have almost perished, were to be found. The bookseller ascended his loft and brought back a dusty pamphlet. 'Here,' said the man, 'is a notice of her, if it can interest you; it is never asked for. I have one copy left; you may read it.' Young

Montalembert took the little publication with him, when he started by diligence to continue his journey, and perused it with all that ardour for reading which his friends have witnessed. It was written by a Protestant, very briefly and baldly. But the charm of that lovely romance of youthful self-devotion instantly began to assert its power over the young traveller in the lumbering German *Schnellposte;* he was moved to speedy enthusiasm, and his emotion was brought to a climax when he remembered that the day on which he made acquaintance with this saint's life, was the very day dedicated to her in the calendar of the Church. Instantly, with characteristic impetuosity, he resolved, according to his own words, 'to sacrifice to her his labour and his hopes.' He sprang out of the diligence when it came to its first halt, and carrying with him the little brochure which had thus filled his life all at once with a new hope and a new motive, he took his place in the return coach which was going back to Marbourg. On his arrival he rushed to the booksellers: 'Is the author of this little work still living?' he inquired; 'and if so, where does he reside?' To his first question he received an affirmative answer, and on the author's residence being described to him, he immediately sought him out. He was an old retired judge, living in a neighbouring village. No less surprised than delighted at having found so enthusiastic a reader, the good old Lutheran superin-

tendent, for such was the author of the little book, received him with open arms. For hours they conversed together on the supernatural virtues of the fair saint, and from that moment the young traveller thought of nothing else; he placed himself, as he relates, under her protection, and invoked her prayers in behalf of his sister and himself. A few days after he arrived at Frankfort, filled with pious affection. Here he received letters from his friends at Paris, imploring him to return; but he only thought of St. Elizabeth, and he continued on in the old city, inspired and protected by the profound emotion which was to give birth to one of the masterpieces of the French language and of Christian literature."

In his legitimate ambition of political life, M. Cochin seemed to have adopted as his guide, "La Bruyere's maxim: "Let us strive to render ourselves worthy of office; the rest is not our affair, but the affair of others." He had invariably sought to render himself worthy of public life, not by any calculated deference towards the opinions of the powerful, but by conscientious and serious labours; he had studied social problems at a time when they had become questions of life or death; for society at large he was initiated by experience in industrial questions; he had devoted himself to works of charity at a moment when riches were reproached with egotism and poverty with injustice; the administration of Paris was familiar to him; he

had sounded its mysteries and striven to throw light on its obscurity; he had studied the question of free labour and of slavery, and the Institute, struck by the merit of his work, had opened its ranks to receive him; the applause of the multitude acknowledged his eloquence, the sympathy of honourable men did honour to his character; some recognised the frankness of his convictions, others his generosity; all loved and admired the activity and laboriousness of his mind. He seemed to have acquired every right and claim as a fit candidate for the Parisian deputation, and France could not have seen a more worthy representative of its moral and material interests ascend the tribune of the Legislative Assembly. Consequently he presented himself once more to the Parisian voters at the general elections of the 24th of May, 1869.

The struggle about to commence was of supreme importance; the country was involved in one of those critical situations in which the slightest displacement of forces and the least movement of opinion can exercise a decisive influence. Absolute power had lost its self-confidence. The disasters of Mexico, and the Italian errors, by creating dangers in Germany, had opened the eyes of those who did not systematically close them to conviction; alarm succeeded to optimism, the present appeared compromised, and men began to interrogate the future. M. Thiers and M. Berryer, by dint of good sense and good advice, had led back

the sentiments of the public towards the acquirement of the liberties which were wanting; a general feeling prevailed, that the absence of control emboldened the arbitrary power which existed; that the sincerity of representative government could alone remedy the faults of personal government; and finally that political liberty ought to be not only the apex, or "crowning," but the base of a durable edifice.

The ultra-democratic party was observing this movement with an anxious eye, and organizing itself in the shade so as to be prepared to execute one of those sudden blows for which the honour and fortune of France have always so dearly paid. Equally hostile to religious faith and social order, the demagogues were actively employed in undermining the one and the other; while they never ceased urging with the utmost pertinacity the separation of Church and State, in order by means of this old and infallible strategy to destroy both with greater facility. They attracted the attention of the crowd by their paradoxes, and quietly prepared the materials of the conflagration which they were about to kindle. The executive, better informed than others of the situation, encouraged it in many respects, under the idea that the Government found more advantages therein than dangers; it speculated on the alarms of society, and flattered itself that it would be able to have the last word in any conflict which might arise.

Under similar circumstances, honest men could entertain no illusion as to the urgency of their interventions in the struggle, and M. Cochin could not expect a more favourable opportunity for entering public life. He consequently offered himself as a candidate in the Sixth Arrondissement of Paris.

The Government, warned by its former failures, had ceased to present official candidates in this arrondissement, and left the electors to pronounce between M. Gueroult, a writer in the *Opinion Nationale* and friend of Prince Napoleon Jerome; M. Jules Ferry, at that time unknown, as he now once more appears to have become, and M. Cochin.

M. Gueroult required no other political profession of faith than his journal. M. Ferry was under the necessity of finding some symbol which might strike and rally the masses; he parodied a saying of M. Thiers, and declared himself to be the promoter of the necessary *destructions*. The magistrature, standing armies, and the ecclesiastical budget were to be the first victims of his blows. M. Cochin presented himself on principles and acts diametrically opposed to those of his competitors, and it was to be supposed that all the supporters of Christianity and regular social order would labour assiduously to obtain the return of a champion of his stamp. But it was not so.

The religious movement had to all appearance followed a direction in opposition to the political

movement; the one tended to widen, the other to straighten its sphere of action.

The act announced by the Sovereign Pontiff to M. Cochin during his sojourn at Rome had been promulgated on the 8th of December, 1864; it was composed of an encyclical letter commencing with the following words, "Quanta cura," and of a catalogue containing and condemning the principal errors of the age we live in.*

The demagogical journals immediately pretended to see in the Syllabus a condemnation of all public liberties and of modern society in general. Numerous Catholics accepted and gave credit to this deplorable error, some owing to the fantastic and excessive commentaries which abounded, others from a feeling of apprehension equally groundless.

The council of the *Correspondant*, troubled at first by the cry of alarm which thrilled through the whole religious world, soon recovered its composure, and with increased ardour continued its habitual struggle against a twofold exaggeration.

The last sentence of the Syllabus, the one which appeared to condense and sum up all the others, became the special point of attack. It condemned the following assertion :—

"The Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile

* SYLLABUS.

Complectens præcipuos nostræ ætatis errores qui notantur in allocutionibus consistorialibus, in encyclicis aliisque apostolicis litteris, sanctissimi Domini nostri Pii Papæ IX.

himself and come to terms with progress, liberalism and modern civilisation." *

In the condemnation of this formula it was pretended to discover a proclamation of radical incompatibility between Church and State—an imperious declaration of war against modern society. M. Jules Favre carried this accusation to the tribune of the Corps Legislatif, and it was re-echoed from the Senate.

Now that time has passed over these animosities and anxieties, the excess of both is recognised, and it is generally agreed and understood that what Pius IX. announced with solemn authority on December 8th, 1864, was nothing more than what we all frequently and simply repeat without exciting either anger or recrimination. As a proof of this fact, it suffices to apply the above-mentioned formula of the Syllabus to another subject. Who has ever been angered or disquieted, for instance, by being told that mathematics cannot conform to or compound with anyone? "Arithmetic tells us that two and two make four; if any person were to affirm that two and two make twelve, were that person the Emperor of all the Russias or the President of the United States, arithmetic would say the same, and if mathematics had a pope, he would not only condemn any one who chose to maintain that two

* Romanus Pontifex potest ac debet cum progressu, cum liberalissimo et cum recenti sese reconciliare et componere.

and two make twelve, he would pass the same condemnation on any one who in a spirit of conciliation undertook to prove for the time being that two and two make eight. In fulfilling this duty the mathematical pope would noways pretend either to reduce to vassalage the Russian Emperor or deprive of his office Washington's successor. To those who accused him of encroachment or usurpation he would imperturbably reply, "Either accept my rule or do without it, at the risk of your calculations and speculations. Standing on axioms which are immutable, I await you on your return from your experiments, with the weight of your deceptions on your head." This is language which would be applauded by every man of sense, and by none more warmly than by the Institute or Polytechnic School. Perhaps it will be said that this may be true as regards the mathematical sciences, but that it cannot be applied to the truths of the moral order. My reply would be: You are mistaken, there exist moral laws as manifest, as rigorous, as universally accepted by the human conscience, as the mathematical laws. Many of us for the last fifteen years have maintained that the policy of the King of Sardinia in Italy has not been honourable. Who would take upon himself to assert that probity and morality ought to enter into a compromise with the King of Sardinia? No doubt but that the partisans of the Italian annexions will contend that what we call a fault is

not one, but no one will attempt to maintain that the laws of probity ought to yield to any man who breaks them, and the pope of the moral law would be dishonoured if he spoke less openly or less firmly than the pope of the mathematical law.

Nevertheless, how is it that, on the appearance of the Syllabus, a thrill of emotion passed through the whole of Christendom? An impression so general and intense cannot be factitious, and is not felt without a motive. Assuredly in this instance the motive is easy to discern, and Rome doubtless did not fail to observe with a clear-sighted vigilance which will redound to the advantage of the future, the divers movements awakened in every quarter of the civilised world. The Catholic press was right in attributing many of the outcries and murmurs which were heard to precipitation and ignorance; but as precipitation and ignorance are in human nature, they must be taken into consideration in the previsions whereof the entire human race is the object; moreover it is necessary to take into account various intrinsic differences which exist between the times gone by and those we live in. Formerly documents emanating from the Papal Chair came directly into the hands of the clergy; they were only transmitted to the multitude through the ecclesiastical hierarchy itself, at the appointed hour and with their legitimate explanations. At the present day these conditions have been greatly modified. The rapidity

of communication, journalism, the press more or less free, thrust suddenly and indistinctly in the hands of all the world what formerly only reached them slowly, progressively, and with competent elucidations. Formerly all important matters of litigation were discussed by the authorities and ended with treaties denominated concordats; nowadays all things are placed within the discussion of all men. Questions are no longer discussed in assemblies of clerics or in the councils of statesmen: they are decided upon at full speed, in the discussion of a budget, in the deliberation of a municipal council, in the improvisation of a journalist, and are hawked about in taverns previous to being decided abruptly in the fever of a street revolution. Catholics cannot therefore be too cautious to avoid all that may uselessly excite the passions, open the road to misconceptions, or create motives or pretexts for systematic hostility. The Church itself is obliged to speak simultaneously and with one voice to all degrees of intelligence, to believers and unbelievers, to the broadest convictions as well as to the narrowest, since henceforth these elbow each other, intermingle, and finally create the events.

A twofold difficulty results from this situation: if the Holy See measures itself too closely with the sallies and passions of the day, it runs the risk of losing a portion of its authority; if, on the other hand, preoccupied by the state of the public mind, it applies to contemporary errors the special form

and style adopted and used by it in other days, it is in danger of awakening the identical misconceptions which it deplores and tends to avert.

The French episcopate, in particular, was fully aware of this delicate situation, and the Bishop of Orleans, ever one of the first to throw himself into the breach in defence of the Church, published a work on the Syllabus which was rewarded by the public congratulations of the Sovereign Pontiff.* The following extract from this remarkable tract amply explains the arduous argumentation which had become necessary:—

"It is an elementary rule of interpretation that the condemnation of a proposition which has been pronounced false, erroneous, and even heretical, does not necessarily imply the affirmation of its *contrary*, which might frequently be another error, but only its *contradictory*.

"The *contradictory* proposition is that proposition which simply excludes the one condemned. The *contrary* proposition is the proposition which goes beyond this simple exclusion."

It may be supposed that documents such as these, requiring refined intelligence and an exact knowledge of philosophical and theological terminology, ought, for their full comprehension, not to be commented on in the religious journals, save with extreme caution and reserve. Unfortunately this was not the case.

* Brief of Pope Pius IX., dated Rome, February 4th, 1865.

Speculators in absurdity and practitioners of insult rushed into a frenzy of wild and arbitrary interpretations. They did not hesitate to profess that the Holy See condemned and anathematized everything to which it did not itself think fit to submit. Modern institutions were placed without distinction or definition on the same footing as the heresies which had been authentically and theologically determined. Without stating which was the irreproachable age, the age which was privileged in their eyes to serve as the type by which all others were to be immediately regulated; without taking the trouble to explain where modern society begins or where it ends, or to define the limits of liberalism,—these words were erased from the vocabulary of orthodoxy with a degree of thoughtlessness and presumption which produced, as it could not fail to do, a sensation which the Syllabus in itself would not have excited had it only been left to the interpretation of judicious, grave, and religious minds.

The tumult had not yet subsided, and the difficulty of obtaining a hearing for serious and reasonable language continued amidst the cross-fire of imprecations and invectives which filled the air, when the hour arrived for the elections of 1869. At that moment the qualification of *clerical* was in the eyes of the official as well as of the demagogical press, and of the electors who obeyed their direction, equally perilous. M. Cochin was well

aware of this. He was one of those men whom the excesses of religious polemics pained and alarmed. His devotion to the Church and his personal dignity would have blushed with shame at any reproach or murmur uttered under similar circumstances and in the presence of such a public.

The *Français* of May 2nd, 1869, published his profession of faith, in which he stated the sentiments which later he intended to carry to the tribune: "My political opinions," he said, "are frankly liberal, not revolutionary. We have seen successively the party of violence and personal government at work. This experiment has brought to life a new and important national party, recruited from among men of various opinions who entertain the ambition of restoring freedom to France, without revolution. My religious convictions, which are a crime in the eyes of some people, and in which I glory, are a guarantee of my words."

Passion and bad faith are not disarmed by plain, outspoken language, and both these awaited him at every meeting in hopes of exhausting his patience, disturbing his composure, or tempting his ambition. "The Syllabus, the Syllabus! explain yourself as regards the Syllabus!" Such was the watchword, the cry vociferated with fury, feigned or real, which arose whenever he ascended the tribune of an electoral meeting.

Nothing, however, could shake his resolution: "I am ready to explain myself," he replied, "on

all the political questions which you may think fit to address me; as to the domain of my conscience, you have no right over it, it is not for me to submit it to you. I am Catholic, and will remain so in the Legislative Chamber, if I am elected." And then, overcoming by degrees the most malevolent interruptions, he endeavoured at times to elicit the applause of his adversaries themselves.

M. Monod, whose name is justly esteemed among the French Protestants, having misunderstood and incorrectly reported one of these electoral scenes in a Paris journal, M. Cochin would not rest satisfied with a verbal explanation, but published in the *Français* a disclaimer, in which he again repeated his profession of faith as follows:— "The *Opinion Nationale* has found it convenient to make use of the Syllabus interpreted after its own fashion as its principal weapon—its needle-gun—against my canvass. I have not ceased asserting that that document has neither the sense nor the bearing which these singular theologians of the St. Simon-Enfantin school are pleased to bestow on it; that in no country whatever did it prevent Catholics from being good citizens, but that no human being should wring a word from my lips which might be construed into a want of respect towards the supreme head of the Church." *

After the accusation of being a Catholic came that of not being independent, and this last reproach

* *Français*, May 16th, 1869.

was the source of a perfect triumph for M. Cochin. "You are nothing more than an official candidate in disguise," vociferated a voice at one of the evening electoral meetings. "You were the agent of the coup d'État against the members of the Assembly who had met for the purpose of protesting." M. Cochin rose to reply, but at the same moment an old man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, anticipated his intention, reached the tribune before him, and made the following short declaration:—"I was vice-president of the Assembly on the occasion and on the day you mention; I and M. Berryer drew up the protest of the representatives of the country, and the man who was the first to invite us to the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, the man who opened its doors to us, and never left us during the trials of that inauspicious day, was M. Cochin. None of you here present can deny the truth of what I state."

These words produced an intense sensation throughout the meeting: it had recognised in the speaker Count Benoist d'Azy, M. Cochin's father-in-law. At the same time M. Vitet, equally vice-president of the Assembly on the 2nd December, MM. de Broglie, d'Haussonville, de Resseguier, with several other deputies, stood up to testify their adhesion to M. Benoist d'Azy's declaration. Of this calumny at least nothing more was heard.

In the full outburst of the grossest passions,

abuse never could draw an angry word or a bitter retort from M. Cochin's lips; he remained master of his words, because he never lost his self-possession. Having made up his mind to appear in public for the purpose of making himself known, he surrendered himself freely to his interrogators without being deterred either by the intention or by the terms of the interrogation.

Mildness is also a force, whatever those may say who do not carry within themselves the sublime conditions of that kind of courage. Nobody ever more thoroughly experienced this fact than M. Cochin.

The monarchical and conservative journals, the *Gazette de France*, the *Français*, and the *Journal des Débats*, supported M. Cochin during the first period of the elections, while the *Univers* assumed towards the Catholic candidate a contemptuous and spiteful attitude. Without openly recommending abstention to the electors, its language tended to influence its clients in that direction, and many of them abstained from voting where interests of the highest religious and social order were at stake.

M. Cochin found himself on more than one occasion under the necessity of addressing letters to the official and demagogical journals, to redress the calumnies of which he was the object. The *Univers* published these rectifications without supporting them with a single word of comment. The persecuted candidate, however, found ample compensation for this unfair hostility in the indefatig-

able devotion of his friends, and in the zeal manifested in his favour by the most distinguished and intelligent portion of the Parisian youth. The juvenile students, who had scarcely attained the age established by law for inscribing their names on the list of electors, resolved spontaneously to organize themselves under the presidency of one of their body, M. Etienne Recamier, the son of the celebrated physician of that name. They formed twenty sub-committees. One of the members, M. Castonnet-Desforges, a young lawyer, in a statement we have been permitted to peruse, relates as follows:—"We waited on M. Cochin, who received us with that friendly air of benevolence which never quitted him. 'I thank you beforehand,' he said, 'for the efforts you are pleased to make in my behalf. You think I represent your opinions. Are you certain of that? Have you no question which you desire to put to me? Do not, I beg of you, be restrained by any feeling of timidity on that head. I should be sorry you were led to support my election from mere enthusiasm or sudden sympathy. If my principles and views are not in accordance with those of any one of you, let him freely and frankly choose another candidate. As for your youth, it is a title you may well be proud of, for public spirit (I say it with sorrow) is falling off in our country, and young men are right to initiate themselves by times in the struggles of political life.'"

This language filled his hearers with enthusiasm, and not a single individual among them ceased as long as the contest lasted to vie with the rest in proofs of their cordial zeal and sympathy.

On the other hand M. Cochin strained every nerve to correspond to the devotion and affection of his friends, and when he had fulfilled to the utmost the duty of answering all the questions addressed to him, and refuting all the falsehoods heaped upon him, he awaited the result of the poll without for an instant losing his serenity. At the hour when the electors were on their way to the urn he retired calmly into his study. Somewhat anxious at his absence in such a moment, Madame Cochin joined him, unable to repress the signs of anxiety which her countenance betrayed. "Do not be uneasy," remarked M. Cochin; "now that I have nothing left to do, I was glad to hold a little converse with myself," and he placed in her hands a paper dated May 24th, on which he had rapidly traced the following lines:—

Our Father who art in heaven :

You govern all things and are a father.

Hallowed be thy name :

I desire nothing but the glory, the sanctification, the splendour of your name in your works.

Thy Kingdom come :

To labour for your kingdom here below, to tend towards your kingdom beyond the dust of the grave, is my sole ambition.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven :

I adore, I accept, I magnify beforehand your will written in heaven, forthcoming on earth ; your will towards all, your will towards myself.

Give us this day our daily bread :

Let the bread of this day be a trial or a grace, I accept, I await, I bless it, ready to receive it as my nourishment.

Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that tresspass against us :

I am not without sin, but I harbour no hatred, accepting all outrages as the just chastisement of my faults, happy to have wherewithal to render you something in return for what you have given me.

Lead us not into temptation :

Nor revolt, nor pride, nor weakness, nor melancholy, nor ostentation, nor discouragement; but ardour in the battle, and peace in the defeat! O Lord, if it please you, help me, if I am tempted! If I succumb, help me!

But deliver us from evil :

O my God, my judge, my support, my father who art in heaven, where are decided my humble destiny, the great destinies of my country, the eternal future of the family of men! so be it.

Shortly after, M. Cochin re-entered the drawing-room where the examiners of the ballot of the several sections began to assemble. Among those who watched M. Cochin's countenance as he wrote down, with the same equanimity the favourable and

unfavourable results, shaking hands with all, and thanking those who still entertained hopes of his success, no one could have suspected that his legitimate and long cherished ambition was at that very moment at stake. When the computation of the various lists was completed M. Cochin calmly read out himself the result. He had obtained 12,470 votes —M. Ferrey 12,946, M. Gueroult 4,851. A fresh ballot was appointed for the fortnight following: Well! *au revoir!* In a fortnight!" said M. Cochin. His friends, who were not ignorant of the ardent desire he entertained to enter public life, could not refrain from expressing to each other their surprise at his imperturbable impassibility. The perusal of the preceding page will now have revealed to them the source from which it sprung.

M. Gueroult retired from the ballot, and his votes were, unequally, as might have been expected, divided between M. Ferrey and M. Cochin. The former obtained 15,930, the latter 13,944. The number of electors who abstained from voting represented more than the 200,000 suffrages, which would have amply ensured M. Cochin's success. As soon as it became evident that the Catholic candidate had no chance of being returned, the *Univers* condescended to express some regret, and to let drop a few words of praise, addressed more particularly to the private character of the man. This encomium, limited as it was, was still further tempered by the following lines: "M. Cochin

possesses even the defects of his time: he is liberal; he is philanthropic and utilitarian; he shocks none of the disputed opinions of the day, he has no absolute ideas—in short, by his moderation in all things, it would be difficult to conceive a man who, within the limits of honesty and reason, could contrive to be to the same extent as himself everybody's man."

However, nothing more readily acted on M. Cochin's generosity than an unfair or ungenerous proceeding towards himself; moreover he was the one among us whose judgment of the principal writers of the *Univers* was marked with the least severity. On the day after his failure he addressed the following note to M. Veuillot:—

"PLESSIS-CHENET (SEINE-ET-OISE).
June 16th, 1869.

"DEAR SIR,—I quitted Paris the day after the electoral contest for the purpose of taking a little rest and avoiding the compliments of my friends. This prevented my calling upon you to thank you. You supported, characterized and regretted my candidateship in a manner to deserve my gratitude. I am not silly enough to believe that you only regarded my person and not the interests of a higher order whose flag, for the time, I held during the struggle. But as I do not view those interests quite in the same light as yourself, this divergence obliges me to appreciate more fully the personal

sympathy of your concurrence, and I beg you will accept my very sincere thanks with the assurance of my devoted consideration.

"A. COCHIN."

This note, of which the *Univers* took advantage, is not the only proof of M. Cochin's habitual generosity; similar evidence is to be found in various letters of anterior date addressed to him by the chief editor of the *Univers*, one requesting a favour for a soldier of the Pontifical army, another introducing a man of letters for a situation, strange to say, among the editors of the *Correspondant*.

Whatever may be thought of this act of courtesy on the part of M. Cochin, we shall soon see the reward with which it was met.

Valuable proofs of sympathy followed him in his favourite residence of La Roche, near Corbeil, whither he had retired to seek the repose which had been so long denied him. M. Thiers, who reckoned at that time in the foremost rank of the champions and representatives of the Conservative party, wrote to him as follows:—"You know with what pleasure and confidence I should have seen you enter the Legislative Assembly, and how sincerely I regret this fresh delay imposed on your entrance into public life; but with your talents, and the fluctuations of affairs at the present day, far from despairing, you have every reason to hope. Be

confident then in your future, for a man is always worth what he is worth. Farewell, my dear young friend, men of my age alone have cause to regret lost time."

M. de Montalembert wrote from La Roche-en-Brenil, on the 8th of June 1869:—

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Not having seen you since your disaster, I must at least tell you with my trembling hand, that no one deplores it more than I do. It is not only for yourself, although I feel from the bottom of my heart what it is to be driven back into relative inaction and obscurity, but it is for the country, and above all for religion, that your absence from the Assembly is an irreparable loss. The *movebo candelabrum tuum* dawns in the horizon."

CHAPTER X.

The Liberal Empire—The Council of the Vatican—The Plébiscite.

THE elections of 1869 were attended in the Departments with much the same results as in Paris; many official candidates were rejected, and the elected were returned only by feeble majorities. The Emperor, who always lent an attentive, if not a docile, ear to the murmurs of public opinion, became convinced of the necessity of parliamentary concessions. This resolution was hailed by many as a definitive surrender on his part to the legitimate control of representative government. Others were persuaded that a régime of that nature was as unpalatable as ever to Napoleonic habits, and that this apparent parliamentarism was only a mask assumed in order to arrive at some meditated war, which might divert public opinion into another channel. But whatever may have been the various individual impressions and opinions of the moment, there remained but one duty on the part of those engaged in political affairs. They could not conscientiously compel the Empire to reassume abso-

lute power, or impose despotism on the Government, and affix their seal to tendencies fraught with still greater dangers to foreign policy than those which already threatened home policy. Were the Emperor sincere in his advances towards a representative system, it was not for the Liberals to make him repent of his sincerity; if on the other hand, he were manœuvring in view of some occult scheme of his own, the blame should fall on him alone, and public opinion should not be exposed to err in the judgments it might be called upon to pronounce.

M. Emile Olivier was the negotiator selected by Napoleon III. on this occasion. The moderate Opposition members summoned to take part in the administration, were three men who stood well in the public esteem. M. Buffet, le Comte Daru, and the Marquis de Talhouët. The party, who without having actually gone into opposition, had nevertheless resisted in a certain degree the pretensions of the Imperial Government, was represented by MM. Louvet and Segris. M. Cochin thus describes their programme: — "Peace, liberty, honesty, economy." *

The shouts of applause which followed Count Daru's declaration in the Senate, will not be forgotten by those who heard it: "Our acts will not belie our words. We are honest men, and will perform all that we have promised." †

* *Le Français*, 4 janvier, 1870. † Séance du 8 janvier, 1870.

He not only saw his political associates but several of his personal friends join the Ministry of January 2nd, 1870. There was consequently no reason on his part for not accepting office under the new Government, nor would he have in any way broken with his past, or found himself in opposition to any of his former engagements or opinions. But he was not one of those whose fidelity requires to be secured by office or dignities, and when the curtain rose on this new scene, M. Cochin still retained his place among the spectators. The political incidents which at this period followed each other with such wonderful rapidity, do not therefore form a part of the history of M. Cochin's life; but we have reached an event—the Council of the Vatican—which by date is connected with the liberal Empire.

The *Correspondant*, and in the *Correspondant* M. Cochin, has often been, and still is, accused of having been opposed to the convocation of the Council, and hostile to its deliberations, if not rebellious to its decrees. Nothing is further from the truth.

The *Correspondant* would have been unfaithful to its traditions, had it not viewed with satisfaction the return of those grand debates wherein some of the problems which interest Christianity would form the object of consideration, and had it not hailed with heartfelt joy and fervent hope the convocation of an assembly uniting within its bosom,

under Divine inspiration, the purest lights of every quarter of the civilised world. When the polemics inseparable from deliberations of so important a nature, had commenced with the ardour which cannot fail to accompany them, but which in this instance was nevertheless far inferior to that displayed in more ancient times, the *Correspondant* opened its columns to no extra-conciliary publication. It spoke on one occasion, and in its own name, previous to the opening of the Council, and on that occasion only; and it is that article which still serves as a pretext for the odious accusations brought against it. We cannot therefore pass it over in silence, inasmuch as M. Cochin took an undisguised part in its composition.

Before presenting a short analysis of its contents, we must be permitted to offer some explanation on a point essential to a sound appreciation of the facts which follow.

It is said now-a-days that the feeling of respect is on the wane. And it is truly said; more truly perhaps than many of those suppose who complain that it is so. Respect is disappearing before the spirit of revolt, the universal repugnance to any restraint; and through contempt for those superiorities, which formerly were held sacred from early youth, such as merit, age, position. But another transformation, not less visible, not less to be regretted, is taking place in the opposite direction. Many honest men, impelled by a spirit

of reaction against demagogic pride and injustice, overlook gravity in obedience, dignity in respect, and allow themselves to fall into exaggerations totally unknown to our forefathers. In the eyes of those who are carried away by this spirit of reaction, whosoever points out a shoal or gives warning of a danger, becomes on the instant a mortal enemy; no epithet can be found sufficiently energetic to call down suspicion and abuse on his devoted head. This phenomenon occurred simultaneously in the monarchical and in the religious spheres; and in both it produced the same results. The court of Louis XIV. still shines forth as the model of a noble enthusiasm, because it was sincere; but now-a-days it would pass for an insufferable "fronde." It applauded those lines lately justified—

"Detestables flatteurs . . .

and Corneille was not the less well received, because he made Don Gormas exclaim—

"Pour grands que sont les rois, ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils peuvent se tromper comme les autres hommes."

Strange to say, a similar language at the present day would be considered as the height of disrespect. Now we see faithful servants of the Monarchy, who might be supposed enlightened by long experience, throw themselves at the feet of a prince, in order to avert an act tending to compromise the Monarchy; but if the prince

refuses to listen to their counsel, they rise and suddenly become inveterately opposed to the ideas which a few minutes before they had upheld: they now turn round on those who still maintain them and load them with abuse. At the present day such conduct is called the triumph of respect: in former days it would have been styled the extreme of disloyalty towards duty and conscience, towards truth and royalty.

History has rung with the proud mottoes of the ancient aristocracy—"*Sinon, non,—cela ne se peut, cela ne sera.*" Now-a-days, the man who, faithful to this ancient tradition, ventures with independence to defend the interests of his cause, as his heart, his intelligence, his disinterestedness, and the pages of history dictate, must accept beforehand the most odious imputations; independent loyalty is marked out as the danger most to be feared, and branded as the most culpable of treasons: now-a-days, obedience and revolt appear to have equally lost all sense of shame.

The religious press shows itself, in the hands of some of its writers, no less violent or less unjust. It may be doubted whether, now-a-days, St. Bernard could utter with impunity his complaints against the abuses of his time, or whether certain journals would allow St. Paul or St. Matthew still to say that, "Every high priest taken from among men, is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacri-

fices for sins; who can have compassion on them that are ignorant and that err; because he himself is encompassed with infirmities." * "Therefore every scribe instructed in the kingdom of heaven, is like to a man that is a householder, who, bringeth forth out of his treasure new things and old." †

Now-a-days, according to our transcendent publicists, every man belonging to their school is free from all human infirmities; everything ancient is irreproachable; novelties always useless or reprehensible. In their daily discussions, personal remarks supply the place of arguments, and flattery and aggression are equally unlimited. In order to sustain this novel theory in religious history, they invent a past as chimerical as the future which they predict! Woe to the writer who attempts to paint bygone centuries in their true colours, or to the politician who ventures to treat with men as they are and not as they ought to be; any contradiction on that score becomes a scandal calling down anathema on their heads.

Amongst the favourite themes of recent date, appears the denial of the rights and almost of the existence of civil society. Within what limits such ideas can be defended without falling into errors condemned by the Church, is a question not to be examined here. Let it suffice to observe that ever since political society and civil society have been

* St. Paul, Hebrews v. 1, 2. † Matthew xiii. 52.

constituted, their voices have always obtained access in the Councils, where mixed questions and the boundary lines between the temporal and spiritual powers are the object of discussion. The doors of these august assemblies were never closed against the representatives of the monarchies or republics of the day, nor a place of honour refused to their ambassadors—often laymen. The important part taken by the latter at the Council of Trent; the assiduous attention with which they followed its deliberations; the freedom with which they presented the observations of their governments; and finally the solemn act of their signature, accepting the decrees in the name of the princes their masters, are notorious facts of which it is impossible to deny the antiquity or dispute the universality.

Pius IX. did not consider it expedient to summon the immediate representatives of political and civil society to the Council; but he did not intend thereby to deny the existence of that society, or to declare that it was not linked by any interest or title soever with the deliberations of the Council, or that it was no longer expedient to secure the execution of the conciliar decrees in the Christian states. The complete separation of Church and State is among the propositions formally condemned by the Syllabus and by the Encyclical letter *quanta cura*. Would it not be putting an arm in the hands of the partisans of that opinion,

were the Pope to exclude irrevocably the ambassadors of the Catholic Powers from the Councils? It is therefore of importance to observe that Pius IX., who did not consider it expedient to summon them on account of the critical state of Europe in 1870, was careful nevertheless not to prescribe or determine anything on that subject with regard to the future. To go beyond the Sovereign Pontiff himself is no impediment to our censors, but would it not be going against the dictates of common logic? Would it not appear contradictory on the part of the Church, desirous as she is for Catholics to find a place in the various civil departments of the State, such as the municipalities, the general councils, and the legislative chambers, in order that they may be able to defend Catholic principles and protect Catholic institutions, were she to discourage their efforts in the press to point out what may favour or paralyse their action? Would it not create for them an anomalous position and fill their path with insurmountable obstacles? The *Correspondant* never transgressed these limits on the occasion of the opening of the Council, as may be seen by the following extracts transcribed from the article written chiefly by M. Cochin, and published in its number of October 10th, 1869, commencing with these words:—

"In less than two months the date fixed by Pius IX. for the opening of the Council will have expired, and it is now certain that this mighty

event, so long regarded as a chimera, will become a reality. The nearer the moment approaches, the more public attention withdraws itself from all other objects, and when the doors of the Vatican are opened to the successors of the Apostles, every human voice, even the most hostile and clamorous, will instinctively drop into silence in order that the solemn voice of the Church may be heard in the furthermost corners of the earth.

". . . . There is not a century nor a nation of which she is not the contemporary and the fellow-citizen. While her summit soars heavenward, she breathes the air which vivifies the earth, and her base is washed by the waves of myriads of human generations. 'A charm borrowed from the treasure-house of time,' says Lacordaire, 'adorns her eternity.' Thence the admirable and constant reaction of the Church on society, and of society on the Church."

Such is the hostility with which the *Correspondant* encountered the convocation of the Council! Then, analysing the perilous circumstances under which the august assembly was about to meet, the *Correspondant* continues :—

". . . . Since the Roman Senate set up to auction the ground on which Hannibal encamped, we do not recollect so bold a challenge offered by right to might, and by virtue to fortune. What magnanimity in the face of danger! But what intelligence also, in its simplicity, in the midst of the surround-

ing obstacles! How the aged Pontiff, whom modern civilisation so often accuses of holding it in contempt, and of undervaluing it, has, quicker than all others, perceived the resources which that civilisation presented him for delivering his Church from her shackles, and for recovering the plenitude of her faculties! Two impediments in particular had served to interrupt the periodicity of the Councils, and seemed to oppose for ever their recurrence: the jealous legal prohibitions, and the extent which the discoveries of the sixteenth century had given to Christianity. In Europe no communication was allowed between Rome and her bishops without the royal *placet;* beyond the confines of Europe, the Christian world had become too vast to admit of a convocation summoned for a given day to be received or obeyed in time. Policy and geography thus appeared to deride the pious dream of Pius IX. But Pius IX. foresaw that two irresistible and modern forces would help him to triumph over this resistance; that public opinion would overcome policy, and that steam would set geography at naught."

The *Correspondant* strove to dispel the fears expressed by those who were prematurely alarmed at the approaching 8th of December, 1869; after which, entering upon the question itself of Infallibility, it continued:—

"In a question strictly theological, it is easy to understand the reserve imposed upon a lay review

like this, whose aim has ever been to render homage to the faith and not to discuss or define it. Nor is that reserve now adopted by us for the first time; the *Correspondant* has never failed to observe it. A stranger to the scholastic quarrels raging around us on that point [Papal Infallibility]—the most arduous, perhaps, of all the points of doctrine—and leaving to its various writers the freedom which the Church herself leaves to their consciences, the *Correspondant* has only sought to keep clear of everything which, in the ranks of any party, seemed to present a character or a tone of passion or of abuse. Neither the jealous prejudice which ancient Gallicanism harboured against the Court of Rome, nor the less iniquitous violence to which some modern doctors have yielded against some of the highest ecclesiastical authorities of France have ever found a place within its columns. We shall not depart from this resolution on the eve of a Council, in order to dictate lessons, in one sense or the other, to those to whom we ourselves look for the light. . . . It is enough for us to remember our catechism to know that if the notes of infallibility may appear doubtful on points when the Pope and the bishops are separated, all doubt disappears and infallibility is certain when they are united. . . . Now it is clear that we are about to find ourselves in presence of the concourse of this double authority freely established. Nothing can issue from the Council but

through its free and full consent; why then, men of little faith, should we be alarmed?

"The Council has a right to ask us not to be more exacting than itself with regard to its rights, and the use it may make of them."

Some religious journals had taken on themselves to predict that Papal Infallibility would be proclaimed by acclamation—a mere conjecture of some adventurous publicists. The *Correspondant* ventured to answer with another conjecture, justified by the event. It afterwards took occasion to observe that it was precisely the absence of Councils which, during the last three centuries, might have led to despotism in the government of the Church, if its Divine constitution had been, like human laws, accessible to the assaults of time and the inroads of abuse.

On reading over the pages after an interval of four years, it is impossible not to be amazed at the accusations which they called forth against us.

But here comes another grievance. The *Correspondant* had ventured to express a wish in accordance with its own sentiments; it had said:—

"So many aspirations are daily presented to the Council in a shape which resemble commands, that we think we may with all due reserve use the same right, and express also aloud our wishes and our hopes. We could wish that this association of the episcopate with the papacy, of which we are about to witness the consoling spectacle after a

lapse of so many years, might, in the future government of the Church, be no longer a mere solemn exception, but a custom destined to survive the rare convocation of Councils, and to continue *ad interim*. The Council itself might, with the Papal sanction, fix upon a form that would invest the entire episcopate with a share in the habitual administration of the Church, to which now the Italian clergy is alone called, owing to its being too exclusively recruited from among the Roman congregations."

As may be seen, this notion was submitted with modesty, and it may be added with the firm conviction, that this utterance of the *Correspondant* responded simply to the Sovereign Pontiff's personal desire. On several occasions Pius IX. had invited the bishops of various nations to fix their residence near his person. M. de Villecourt, formerly Bishop of La Rochelle, had been created a cardinal with that intention; M. Baillés, formerly Bishop of Luçon, had represented the same idea as regarded France; and Cardinals Weld and Reisach as regarded England and Germany; while the Catholic world had applaudingly observed the care taken by Pius IX. to compose his household not only of Italian, but of English, German, and Belgian prelates.

Far then from dreaming of applying to the Church some vague form of constitutional government, the *Correspondant* sought only to establish a fact already in course of execution, and to urge its

gradual development in proportion as the impeding difficulties were cleared away. Passion and self-interest might rise in opposition to such a consummation, but good faith and equity could not incriminate it.

Then, after a sketch, unfortunately too true, of the actual state of European society, the *Correspondant* went on to draw the following conclusions: "One of the conditions of human societies, and in our age more than in any other, is that in them the past soon becomes irreparable, and attempts to restore it are imperfect and impotent, if not altogether impossible. Whatever happens in the future we shall not again see Austria as she existed before Solferino and Sadowa; still less shall we see the Austria of Maria Theresa, the Spain of Phillip II., or even the Spain of Charles III. Whatever happens, the Church in Catholic countries must endeavour to retrieve a portion of the privileged power which she has lost and never will recover, by a more active participation in the exercise of their general liberties."

The *Correspondant*, and more particularly M. Cochin, had been often reproached with entertaining a blind enthusiasm in favour of what is termed modern society. The authors of the article of October 10th were desirous of exonerating themselves once for all on that head. After having laid bare the wrongs inflicted by absolute government in France and Europe, they added:—

"What conclusion do we wish to draw from this rapid sketch, and from the uniform aspects it presents? That the system of liberty and common law, which henceforth rules all communities as well as churches, is the most perfect and the purest which mankind can imagine? That it is the ideal found, or Paradise regained? That none of the privileges of foregone societies could boast of its justice or its benefits? That right now appears for the first time on earth, and that all the laws of Christian nations previous to the nineteenth century were based on sheer iniquity? We have no such pretension. Never have we uttered a word authorising the imputation to us of any such ridiculous exaggerations. If modern society entertains the silly pride of thinking itself the accomplished model of all possible societies, it is an illusion we have never fostered or flattered, and which is cruelly chastised by the restlessness and the numerous deep-rooted evils to which it is a prey."

There yet remained another duty unfulfilled, that of presenting beforehand to the Sovereign Pontiff and the Council the expressions of our filial docility. The following passage, which terminates the article, will show whether the *Correspondant* spoke less openly and clearly on that subject than on any other:—

"Among the benefits which Christian society may expect to derive from the Council, will be the consideration of the wants of the Church herself, of

the progress of ecclesiastical education, of the new means of spreading the faith among the heathen, and of preserving it among Catholics; avoiding no pains or dangers to carry out its object, with the aid of the new-born appliances of a world transformed. What a boundless career! What a sublime mission! With God's assistance the Council of the Vatican will mark a grand epoch in the history of this country and of others, and will conquer the admiration of unbelievers, as it has already secured the respectful, joyful, and unanimous adhesion of Catholic believers of every school, of every tongue, of every land." *

We have reached the period of M. Cochin's career when, owing to his intimacy with several of the members of the new Imperial Cabinet, more particularly with the Count Daru, he for the first time came in for his share of the reproaches with which that Government was assailed.

Passing over the ephemeral topics and discussions of the day, we shall refer to the great subject which M. Cochin at that important moment had more particularly at heart: the relations of the Minister for Foreign Affairs with Rome. Not that it is our wish to renew or to pronounce on disputes which have sunk to rest; but we are prompted both by duty and desire to vindicate intentions

* The readers of the *Correspondant* are aware with what earnestness that review renewed the above profession of faith on the conclusion of the second session of the Council.—*Correspondant*, July 25th, 1870.

and acts equally calumniated, by declaring that observations tendered in a spirit of perfect respect and sympathy never assumed a character of intimidation or menace.

The Sixteenth Article of the Concordat ensured to the First Consul the privileges which the ancient kings of France had enjoyed. The nephew of Napoleon was not unmindful of this prerogative, and in the first instance was not averse to sending an Ambassador Extraordinary to the Council; a thought which Rome had not discouraged. According to a despatch from the Count de Sartiges, Cardinal Antonelli had said in 1869: "The Pope has no intention of keeping Catholic sovereigns aloof." But before long the Pope's dispositions, as well as those of the Emperor, from various motives, underwent a change, and the idea of an official representation of France at the august assembly was abandoned. The French Government consented to remain a simple spectator of the deliberations, such as they were announced in the first Roman programme. Shortly after, a new *Schema*, entitled "De Ecclesia," perfectly unknown to the French Government, appeared in the *Augsburg Gazette*, under circumstances of so mysterious a nature that it was deemed necessary to seek for explanations respecting its authenticity. Its authenticity was confirmed. This new *Schema*, which was to be discussed after the *Schema* of the Infallibility, if the Council had not been interrupted, was

not strictly confined to the domain of pure dogma; it touched on several mixed questions of a most important nature. In answer to his observations Count Daru was informed that the decrees proposed by the new *Schema* were only intended to embody abstract principles which in practice would not involve any consequences of a novel or disquieting nature for any Christian state.

To this assurance Count Daru replied as follows:—

"The Sovereign Pontiff is aware that, full of respect for the liberty of the Church, and acknowledging the incompetency of the civil powers in religious questions, we have no pretension to interfere in any form soever in the synodal deliberations on matters appertaining to the spiritual order.

"The Emperor has from the outset given ample testimony of the unobtrusive policy which it was his intention to pursue by not exercising his right of representation at the Council, a right which from time immemorial has belonged to the crown of France, and which hitherto has never been denied to any Catholic sovereign.

"In the meantime questions relating to the political and civil order have been agitated within the conciliar assembly; the relations between the Church and the State have been the object of a series of propositions which are shortly to be discussed. Consequently the Government of his Majesty considers it its duty and its right

to present some observations on that special subject, and to point out the anxiety and trouble which the adoption of maxims liable to infringe the rights of the nation would cause in the public mind.

"In the exercise of this right, in the accomplishment of this duty, it exercises no influence or urgency which can in any degree whatsoever impede the deliberations of the august assembly. Its intervention is purely moral, and it has restricted it to matters which appertain indisputably to the public authorities. In pleading the respect of the rights and liberties of civil society, it avoids with care all infringement or disrespect of religious society. It comes forward because it considers that the limit of both domains has been transgressed, and it will on its part take care not to commit the same transgression."

Further on, M. Daru continues thus: "We are told, it is true, that the Church proclaims abstract truths only, but does not require their application; that if these doctrines are not in accordance with the existing laws, the discordance bears only on principles; while, in fact, the Church puts up with every form of government and with all legislations.

"We cannot be satisfied with a statement of this nature. Is it possible to admit that the inhabitants of the forty thousand parishes of France will be taught that they are at liberty to perform what they are not at liberty to believe—that they may

think one way and act another? Such a distinction would inflict torture on all delicate consciences. We entertain a too profound respect for the Church, and a too exalted opinion of her power, to admit such an argument."

Cardinal Antonelli answered this despatch by a note, dated Rome, March 13th, 1870, addressed to Monsignore Chigi, Apostolical Nuncio at Paris, in the following terms:—

"I cannot refrain from testifying to your Excellency the satisfaction with which the Holy Father received the declaration conveyed in the beginning of Count Daru's despatch and afterwards renewed, with reference to the firm resolution of the French Government to respect and, under all circumstances, to observe the full liberty of the Council, in the discussion of the constitutions which are at present and may hereafter come under the notice of the venerable assembly. Such a declaration does the greatest honour to the Government of a Catholic nation, and the Holy See considers it as the natural consequence of the protection which France has bestowed upon it during the last twenty years. That protection has on several occasions called forth public demonstrations of gratitude on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff, who at all times, and particularly at the present juncture, cannot but acknowledge and appreciate its importance."

Entering then on the points in question, the Cardinal answered:—

"The Church never has exercised, and does not intend to exercise, a direct and absolute power over the political rights of the State. She has received from God the sublime mission of directing men, either individually or united in society, towards a supernatural end; she is consequently invested with the power and the duty of judging the morality and the justice of all acts, interior or exterior, in their relations with the natural and Divine laws. As, therefore, no act, whether proceeding from a supreme authority or emanating from the liberty of the individual, can be exempt from that character of morality and justice, it follows that the judgment of the Church, although bearing directly on the morality of those acts, extends directly over all things with which that morality comes in contact.

"But this is not mixing directly in political affairs, which according to the order established by God, and the teaching of the Church herself, appertain to the domain of the temporal power, wholly independent of any other authority."

The Cardinal further added:—

"The competence of these two authorities is perfectly distinct, and is determined by the respective end which each has in view. In virtue of her authority, the Church does not meddle directly or absolutely in the constitutive principles of governments, in the forms of the divers civil systems, in the political rights of the citizens, in

their duties towards the State, and in the other matters described in the Minister's note."

We have just seen in what explicit terms the Count Daru, in his capacity of Minister for Foreign Affairs, expressed the sentiments of inviolable respect which directed his conduct, and in what terms Cardinal Antonelli, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, manifested his gratitude. We might abstain from entering further into this question, but our duty impels us to show how thoroughly the intimate thought was in accordance with the official language, and this we are enabled to do by disclosing the last letter written by M. Daru to a friend whose sick couch he was in the habit of attending at that time, with the assiduity inspired by long habits of mutual affection and confidence. This letter was lying on M. de Montalembert's table at the hour of his death, an undeniable witness of the thoughts and cares which occupied the mind of this valiant champion of the Church as long as a spark of life remained within him. In order to resume the conversation of the preceding day with M. de Montalembert, M. Daru writes :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I might have not meddled in what is passing at Rome, and left the Papacy and the Council to themselves. Advice in that direction did not fail me. Moreover it was the easiest and the least compromising part to assume.

I had only to shut my eyes and wait; but I chose otherwise.

"The separation between the Church and the State is a thing of so grave a nature, and entails such serious consequences, that a reasonable government would be unpardonable in my eyes, were it not to strain every nerve to avert the danger, when there still remained time to do so.

"I have followed attentively the steps of the Council, and I have acted in the interests of the civil society which I represent, and of the religious society to which I am attached, by submitting to the Holy See my observations and my fears; without uttering a single word of menace or intimidation; without infringing in the slightest degree on the independence of the Church, and without departing in a single instance from the strictest forms of sincere respect and reverence.

"I acknowledge in the Council the right to adopt freely whatever decision it may think fit. Nor shall I interfere more hereafter than I have hitherto, in order to restrain the use it may think fit to make of that right."

M. Daru's letter ended with a brief recapitulation of the arguments already mentioned in the dispatch above mentioned.

The relations which existed between the Ministry of the 2nd January and M. Cochin terminated with the retirement of his two friends.

The sacrifice of absolute power; the return to constitutional guarantees; respect for the liberty of the Council; efforts to put an end in future to the popular quackery disguised under the name of *plebiscita;* a thorough insight into the designs concealed under those pretended appeals to the people; the presentiment of an approaching war; the firm determination to arrest the Emperor in a career destined to lead to the disaster of Sedan; personal and courageous disinterestedness: such undoubtedly was the policy of some of the Ministers and their friends. M. Cochin was one of those who foresaw clearly the dangers which threatened to overwhelm the Empire and France; but it was in his nature to cast himself on the side of prevention and succour, never on that of anger and animosity. If his patriotism had led him to yield to too much condescendence, his faults would have merited condonation from the nobleness of his abnegation and the grandeur of his views. When a man's utterances of blame are unaccompanied with responsibility, it is easy for him to pass for inflexible, and to affirm that he was never deceived, when he took no share in the action; but when the fate of the nation is at stake, he becomes more timid as regards himself and more indulgent towards others; nor is it always proper, nay, at times it is a downright wrong, for a man to be guided solely by the dictates of his mind and heart. Duty often prescribes their sacrifice, and forbids

him to close with his own hands the issues that present themselves, or appear to do so, through which a country may extricate itself from the miseries she has endured for years. France might strike, and has sunk, on the rock of despotism; she was not saved, but she might have been saved by a return to representative government. To accept beforehand the chances of pessimism, to place one's country between the alternative of perishing or of throwing herself lacerated and punished at the feet of a preferred ideal, may flatter passion, or tempt pride, but it may also prepare bitter remorse for a man's conscience, and call down unremitting severity on his memory.

CHAPTER XI.

The Siege of Paris.

THE reader will have seen that M. Cochin and his friends had always entertained sinister previsions of the future even during the most brilliant days of the Empire. In 1866, immediately after the distribution of medals at the Universal Exposition, he wrote to M. de Montalembert: "I thought I saw the mystic hand of Belshazzar's Feast tracing his sentence on the wall." And in 1869, M. de Montalembert writes to M. Cochin: "The *movebo candelabrum tuum* begins to show in the horizon." The same feeling of uneasiness pervades the whole of M. Cochin's intimate correspondence. The expression of it is more or less subdued; but he is evidently struggling with his convictions, and seeks in vain to suppress them; however, the shaft had penetrated, and was sinking deeper and deeper in his mind. He who, to use his own expression, would have wished "to declare war against war;" he who at one moment had flattered himself that the reign of justice was about to set its seal on the

nineteenth century, and the peaceful discussions of truth to put an end to the sanguinary issues of war, felt these fair dreams vanishing day after day, and the reign of Napoleon III. drifting towards the same disasters, if not worse, which terminated the reign of Napoleon I. He felt that the power of the lower classes (*la demagogie*) would on the first opportunity belie his cherished visions of humanity and freedom, and in the meetings which he attended, in order to explain his notions of true liberty, and gain adherents to that noble cause, he had clearly distinguished the fermentation of the most cowardly and odious passions.

War was declared against Prussia under the pretext of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern's candidacy to the throne of Spain, although that candidacy was withdrawn. On a signal proceeding from official quarters, the troops were accompanied on their way to the railroad stations, and received at every resting-place with the "Marseillaise" hymn, as if to denote that revolution was at hand ready to take advantage of defeat or victory. But the destiny of France was at stake—her flag unfurled; from that moment M. Cochin silenced within himself all reproaches and presentiments: "I have sought to forget much and to hope for much."

In a letter to the Bishop of Orleans, he writes: "For the moment we must not think of giving lessons, but seek only to animate the national courage and pride. Alas! I fear we shall have

to bear our punishment to the end, and that Paris will receive the large share it deserves! But sighing and complaining only tends to enervate, and the time is come to act."

On receiving at La Roche, the country residence to which he had retired, the first and fatal despatch, giving an account of the affair of Reichshoffen, he turned ghastly pale, and when he attempted to read it aloud, his emotion choked his utterance, and his tears alone spoke what his voice refused to pronounce.*

The same day he wrote to his father-in-law a letter commencing with these words: "Who would have believed that we should have beheld France twice invaded by foreign armies, and this time by one army alone, without the rest of Europe?" After giving vent to his sorrow for the invasion of his country, he concludes thus: "I shall take my family to Paris without delay; my duty lies there." He did not however take the whole of it. His eldest son, who had not attained his nineteenth year, and had been reared in his father's school of abnegation and self-sacrifice, chose not to await the appeal of the law, but requested his permission to enlist at once as a volunteer. This resolution, while it afflicted his father's heart, filled it nevertheless with pride. The struggle between his paternal affection and his feeling of honour was cruel, but of short

* Article nécrologique de M. Cochin, par M. de Gaillard—*Correspondant* du 25 mars, 1872.

duration: he overcame his tenderness, and a few days later he was on his way to Vienne in Dauphiny to accompany his son to the depôt of the 8th regiment of Lancers quartered there. On his arrival he wrote to his mother-in-law:—

"*August 22nd*, 1870.

"You know me well enough to guess that this journey is for me a Calvary, and that my heart bleeds at the thought of risking my dear boy; but poor France my country is on fire, the time is come to stifle our tears, and give her everything we have to give."

M. Cochin was resolved to assist at his son's first steps and trials in military life. Everything that recalls the defence of the flag is sublime, and naturally serves to captivate generous minds; but the youth, who has only dreamed of glorious feats of arms, is sorely undeceived when, instead of an energetic struggle on a battle-field, he only meets at the outset with barrack discipline and drill. This first impression did not fail Denys Cochin, and precisely on that account his father had thought fit to accompany him. He strove even to appear gay, in order to inspire him with gaiety; he taught him to accept all without murmur or complaint. When the father had succeeded in overcoming the grief which he wished to conceal from his son, he wrote to Madame Cochin:—

"If you could but witness the proceedings in this

little town, you would be more than ever impressed with the social disorganization which prevails. Priests, citizens, soldiers, all are insulted, and I would much rather see Denys at Chalons, in presence of the enemy, than doing police duty here in the streets of Vienne." Then, as if to relieve his own troubled mind, and to instil courage in the minds of those he loved, M. Cochin continues: "Figure to yourself, in the centre, and overhanging this nest of venomous hornets, an imposing cathedral, graceful and bold heights, a majestic river, and the impassibility of silent nature, regardless of our turbulence and agitation." Again he writes to Madame Cochin:—"All you write me and all the newspapers contain proves that the country is in danger, threatened with invasion on one side and revolution on the other! I feel that there is nothing left but to stake one's whole self, our children, our lives upon the issue." Every day brought with it fresh anxiety and hesitation; unable to make up his mind to part from his beloved boy, he seemed to anticipate the hardships of the separation that was about to take place between them, and to wish to quaff, as it were at once, the last draught of his paternal affection. But as soon as the danger approached the borders of the Seine, he quitted Dauphiny, and made all arrangements to shut himself up in Paris and hold himself ready to act. The day after his arrival there he commenced work. Mean-

while his second son, sixteen years of age, Henry Cochin, would not remain idle and unemployed. His father dispatched him to M. Henry de l'Espée, who was then directing the works of the fortifications erecting at Meudon. The youth thus found himself still at an excellent school; he was able to see from experience how intelligence, activity, and energy of will can compensate for the want of means, and create resources extempore. Unfortunately the generous individual who was then devoting all his energies to a grand effort in defence of the metropolis, was destined to be numbered among the most regretable and praiseworthy victims of the time; after having exposed himself incessantly to the enemy's fire, he was assassinated at St. Etienne.

On the 27th of August the Government gave notice of the march of the Prussians on Paris, and M. Cochin, anxious to prepare and fortify the minds of his fellow-citizens on the eve of a siege, took up his pen, and in an article inserted in the *Français*, August 27th, 1870, addressed them thus:—"Paris is expecting and resolutely preparing to be besieged. General Trochu has told us the truth, and he has done well; namely, that 'the truth was the first condition of courage and calmness.' All parties have proclaimed a truce; the Chambers have declared themselves permanent, and to that body it belongs to guide our politics. We Parisians have nothing more to do with politics;

let us think of defending our families and our homes; let us assume with the habits of the soldier the soldier's spirit, sparing of words, acting without a murmur, and obeying without a reply, consoled in our sufferings by the sight of the national flag."

In order more effectually to stimulate the confidence of the Parisians, M. Cochin gave an imposing description of the strength of the fortifications of the capital; then, returning to the chief object of his mind, in an eloquent appeal he called the public attention to the inevitable increase of misery likely to ensue, and to the sufferings of the poor, placing with his usual candour and precision the picture of Paris before the eyes of Paris itself. "It is evident," he writes, "if a siege does take place, that there will be great difficulty in feeding the aged inmates of the hospitals, that the poor will suffer greater hardships than ever, and that before many days are over the streets will echo with their cries of misery. It is no less certain that the families, hitherto dependent for their daily sustenance upon the salaries of their members in ordinary times, will tend to increase the ranks of the indigent population; that the suburban population already begins to swarm within the walls of the city, where the greater number will soon be destitute of every resource; and, finally, that those families whose chief members have suddenly been summoned to the army, or to form part

of the Garde Mobile, are already exposed to great distress."

Shortly after, M. Cochin relates how charitable Paris is prepared for the misery which threatens, as military Paris is prepared to meet the advancing enemy. "The minds of all," he says, "may now be freely devoted to the great work before them—the defence of the country; the Society of Public Assistance has forwarded into the provinces the sick and poor capable of bearing the journey, and private charity competes in benevolence, zeal, and ardour. In each of the eighty districts of Paris there exists an asylum justly styled by the poor a 'Providence' (*une Providence*). In sixty of these 'Providences' there will be opened within a fortnight an alimentary kitchen (*fourneaux alimentaires*), under the direction of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and with the help of the Public Assistance, the Philanthropic Society, presided over by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, or the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which takes this opportunity of avenging the injuries it has received by renewing its charitable works. These sixty kitchens are installed in such a manner as to enable each to distribute daily at least 1,200 rations of meat, soup, vegetables, and bread, at the rate of a halfpenny (*un sol*)—in all 72,000 rations daily throughout Paris."

But shortly all communication with the exterior was about to cease. M. Cochin writes to his son:—

"DEAR DENYS,—Your mother is well. We miss you sorely, but you are all right, for you are fulfilling a voluntary duty. You may be sure that we shall not flinch at the execution of ours. Adieu, dear excellent boy; you are happy, well, full of ardour and confidence in God—that idea relieves me. May you continue firm, patient, and in good health. Henry works gaily at his fort. Pierre* only allows the canaries half rations, owing to the rigours of the siege."

"*September 3rd*, 1870.

"The intelligence received to-day is deplorable. McMahon beaten and wounded; Bazaine beaten; the Emperor a prisoner. Doubtless the Chamber to-morrow will pass a resolution appointing a Provisional Government, of which Trochu will be the principal member. I trust I shall be able to write to you again to-morrow and for some time to come. Hoping against hope, I will continue to believe that we are not so badly off as it is said. Nevertheless, should our correspondence be forcibly suspended, do your duty with coolness, do not allow your imagination to get the upper hand, and resign yourself to the worst as to the will of God. Be not over-alarmed on our account; let us set our consciences at rest by a good confession, then set-to gaily. We shall see the end of all this, and yet enjoy happy days."

* Pierre Cochin, a lad of twelve years of age.

M. Cochin was present on the 4th of September at the last sitting of the Corps Législatif; he witnessed the invasion of the Chamber by the National and Mobile Guards, and the populace; and assisted at the mournful spectacle which terminated by adding one more to the long list of our reckless and stormy revolutions. However, all questions sunk into insignificance before the all-absorbing one of the national defence, of which M. Cochin never lost sight for a single instant. On the 8th of September he was still able to send the following letter to the Bishop of Orleans:—

"Our life at Paris is of the strangest; at one moment calm and reckless, at another oppressed, particularly when waking in the morning, much the same as a man condemned to death whose sentence is fixed for a certain hour. I think we shall resist, and that the sight of the enemy will inspire more rage than fear; indeed, were we not to resist, we should be for ever dishonoured and degraded. But the army is demoralised by defeat, the *bourgeoisie* by the Republic, and the people by misery. We shall hold out, but not long, unless we are encouraged by success, or the provinces come to our aid. But who has pity on Paris, guilty and punished? Perhaps God himself has withdrawn his pity; and yet what are our conquerors? M. de Vendome, when defeated, said: 'Does Marlborough go to mass?' I say: Is Prussia worthier than France?

"One of my sorrows among so many is the absence of religion in the midst of these grave events; her voice is silent, no one invokes her, she reckons for nothing! The Americans pray before they go to battle, days of penitence are appointed; *we* shout and fill the air with swaggering and idiotic cries, marching like a set of scamps to death. *Eja ergo, Advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte!* It is justice passing on, after which pity will come, and finally repose."

Then M. Cochin addressed himself again to the public, warning, without opposing, the Government, stimulating the minds, without leading them astray:—

"If, by some misfortune, which I will not foresee,* the Government were more busy with the installation of the Republic than with the organization of the defence; if the various posts which are being distributed were not all posts of combat; if men's minds were occupied in consoling, relieving, and honouring other victims than those of Metz, Strasbourg, and Sedan; if our children marching to the war were to tremble for the safety of the towns and villages where they leave their mothers—a silent uneasiness would soon spread throughout the country that would paralyze all resistance to the enemy, and the nation would have a right to demand of the new-born Republic in what its origin and its proceedings differ from

* *Le Français*, September 8th, 1870.

the Empire. Fortunately there are politicians in the Provisional Government who feel this. Let them not be overruled or turned aside; let them make soldiers and not prefects, cartridges and not decrees. Then all good citizens will silence their fears; they will repress their recriminations, their recollections, and their repugnances; they will postpone the necessary reserves which must be made in the name of the nation, against any institution which it has not freely sanctioned; they will refuse nothing to the organizers of victory. The defence of the country must pass before the Republic; the enemy must find a nation and not a party behind the ramparts."

On the 12th of September he found means of addressing a few lines to his son, who was lamenting the prolongation of his presence at the depôt of his regiment:—

"Do not imagine your time lost, or this *souvenir* and these efforts useless in your existence. It is a month well passed. The enemy you have to overcome is impatience; strive to vanquish that one, if fate affords you no other. Life is made up of unfulfilled desires. 'Thy will be done as long as Thou wilt,'—repeat those words morning and evening. Keep your heart quiet, and fill it with God's image and that of your parents."

Meanwhile M. Cochin was not satisfied with speaking and writing; he never failed to back up his words by his own example. While Madame

Cochin devoted herself to the ambulances, her husband enrolled himself with his entire household in the National Guard.

As soon as the fortifications were terminated M. Cochin's second son took his place by his father's side. His brother-in-law, Augustin Benoist d'Azy, formerly an officer in the navy, quitted the Château d'Azy for the purpose of defending one of the forts under the orders of his ancient commandant, Admiral Pothuan, and several intrepid sailors, his former comrades. Madame Benoist d'Azy, daughter of Count Rességuier, chose to share the dangers of her husband, and M. de Rességuier arrived from the south to join his daughter and son-in-law.

These friends and relatives all collected round M. Cochin, and underwent the trials of the siege in the same spirit of union, of courage, and of patriotism.

"If," wrote M. Cochin to his father-in-law, Count Benoist d'Azy, "the second company of the 17th battalion, which is appointed to guard the rampart of Vannes on the Seine, should distinguish itself, which I do not expect, it is by that number that you will recognise us. Your daughter is at the ambulance, Denys with his regiment, all the family at its duty. The National Guard is well inspired, at least the old one. The promise of a franc and a half per day has attracted many new recruits, who are thus preparing national workshops of

which the terrorist committees now springing up will form the skeletons. The main point is to see to what is most pressing, and, at any rate, render the defence honourable."

The train which carried this letter was the last which left Paris; and now of all the hardships of the siege begins the most painful—their separation from the rest of France; the silence of the affections; the ignorance of all passing interests, and, among these, the greatest of all, the state of the country and the fortunes of the war. Now also begins that heroic resistance which in the minds of all at the time could not last beyond six weeks, and which General Trochu—a fact now too much forgotten—prolonged for more than four months.

In the midst of the duties which fell to the lot of all, as well as those which he had voluntarily assumed, M. Cochin followed with attention the movement of public opinion. He published several letters in *Le Français;* some with the view of encouraging energy and resolution, others in order to combat illusions or dangerous declamations. Almost all these letters were written in the guard-house; his comrades unanimously bear witness to his inexhaustible gaiety, and, at the same time, his cool tranquillity while at work amidst the surrounding noise and movement, accompanied with fumes of tobacco, in which he never himself indulged. On many occasions he contributed to shorten the long evenings by reading aloud, or by one of those

interesting recitals in which he excelled. An audience spontaneously formed itself around him as soon as he appeared, and every one while listening felt his courage and his patience increase. His pen was never so fertile as during this agitated period, and never was it so well inspired.

Though unknown, his acts of charity continued undiminished; by means of the press he suscitated committees of ladies occupied in procuring work for the poor, by purchasing woollen and cotton stuffs, which they gave to women who had no means of obtaining a livelihood to make into clothing for the children of the infant schools, and for the aged and infirm. With the assistance of some generous souls, such as MM. de Fitzjames, de Biencourt, de Biron, d'Haussonville, Sallentin, Bellaigue, Durouchoux, he contributed mainly to the establishment of economical kitchens (*fourneaux économiques*), of popular refectories and canteens, where food was sold from two sous upwards to twenty. At first they had to struggle with the radical muncipalities; but after the elections which followed the attempt of the 31st of October the Administration came to their aid, and the resources increased with the wants.

His charity accomplished miracles; while the good he effected served to mitigate the anguish of his own heart amidst the scenes of distress which he was condemned to witness, at the same time it had to endure the torture arising from the

ignorance of events without, in which the fate of those he held so dear was involved. Every balloon dispatched carried with it a letter from him to his absent son, in which the expression of his sufferings was subdued, and his counsel continued firm and manly to the last:—

"PARIS, *September* 30.

"Rest assured that we are in good health, and that our courage does not fail us. Henry, François,* and I mount guard, and attend drill; your mother is occupied with the poor and with Pierre. We long to hear the sound of the enemy's cannon; it would put an end to the discord which prevails. We suppose that the provinces are arming, and that with their assistance we shall be able to deliver our country. Where are you? Do not complain of the fate which separates us; private sufferings vanish before public evils. Let us only think of France, suffer, act, and strive for her; let patience and energy of mind be our guides, defying events, and bowing down before the will of God."

Early in October, Count de Flavigny, President of the Society of Aid for the Wounded, informed M. Cochin that he had been unanimously elected member of the council of that association. Several of his friends, apprehensive of the increase of fatigue which this new charge was likely to cause

* Henry Cochin, François de Broglie.

him, attempted to deter him from accepting it. He would not, however, listen to their suggestions, and determined to devote himself heart and soul to what he considered the public good. Heedless of the future, in the presence of the actual sufferings of the moment, he immediately launched into the duties of his office.

In the various ambulances of the Champs Elysées, of the Grand Hotel, and of the station of the Northern Railway,—wherever he passed, he never failed to leave lively recollections of his presence, and the proofs of his extraordinary talent of organization.

But even these numerous occupations were not sufficient to allay the activity of his charitable mind. On the days of battle outside the walls he was to be seen seeking out and carrying off the wounded close under the enemy's fire. Father Etheline was killed by his side, while imparting absolution to the dying.

Here we have to relate a new trait in his character. Scarcely was he enrolled in the Society of Aid for the Wounded, than he sought to inform the public of the object of the association, and to explain the deficiences it was intended to fill up. He found time to go to the National Library, and in the intervals of the guard-house, the field of battle, and the hospital, to write a pamphlet as remarkable for the calm lucidity of its style and the studious perseverance of his researches, as though

it had been composed in his quiet study of the Rue de Grenelle. There as elsewhere he shows how the most essential things are not those which in general occupy the first thoughts of the public. Nothing appears so imperiously called for as the care of the wounded; yet nothing has been so long and so completely neglected. The hardness and indifference of man towards his fellow man would be incomprehensible, were it not explained by the mysterious views of Providence which condemn our short career to a continual trial.

Military surgery scarcely dates from the sixteenth century; previous to that period, the physicians which accompanied the army were specially attached to the person of the generals or the princes; the hospitals were stationary, and the common surgical operations formed part of the barber's art. Ambrose Paré was the first who rose himself and caused military surgery to rise above this humble condition. Born at Laval in 1516, he was sent to Paris at the age of sixteen, in order to learn the art of shaving, of manufacturing lancets, and of dressing ulcers. At nineteen he attached himself to a division of the army, and in a short time, guided by his intelligence, his spirit of observation, his energy, and his prudence, he accomplished an entire revolution in all the customs he found in practice. Simple wounds were till then cauterized with boiling oil, and amputated members with a red-hot iron. Ambrose Paré opposed all such

barbarous proceedings. He saved Marshal de Brissac, by obliging him, in order to extract a bullet, to assume the identical position in which he found himself when he received his wound. The Duke of Guise had received a thrust in the face from a pike, of which the head stuck in the wound. Ambrose Paré plucked it out by placing his foot against the Prince's cheek, as a lever, after having asked his permission; thus the Duke escaped with the scar, which afterwards gave him his surname of "Le Balafré." It was on this occasion that Paré pronounced the memorable words which have been since so often quoted:—"I dressed his wound, and God healed him." Before he died, he had the consolation of seeing his example followed, and of leaving behind him a corps of well-instructed and zealous surgeons.

M. Cochin pursues his study through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and when he reaches the commencement of the wars of the Empire, he hails with emotion a man who resuscitates the traditions of Ambrose Paré, the Baron Larrey, who, at Jaffa slept in the midst of the plague patients, in order to inspire confidence to the soldiers, whom the idea of contagion had filled with terror, and who at the outbreak of the cholera in France, though stricken with years, did not hesitate to visit the infected provinces for the purpose of studying the mysterious malady. This pamphlet is a valuable record of M. Cochin's

charitable erudition, of his ingenious views, and of the humane tenderness of his feelings.

He had scarcely terminated this interesting sketch when a fresh misfortune burst upon Paris. On the evening of the 31st of October the battalions of the left bank of the Seine were suddenly summoned to the Hotel de Ville, where the Government of the National Defence was detained prisoner, while the radical battalions of Belleville, threatening even the lives of General Trochu and his colleagues, proclaimed an Insurrectional Government, or Committee of Public Safety. M. Cochin was absent from home when the order came to join his battalion; but his son, with his young friend François de Broglie, hastened to the appointed spot. There they found themselves surrounded, together with the Government which they came to defend, while the most sinister rumours circulated on every side. As soon as M. Cochin and M. de Rességuier were informed of what had taken place they rushed to the Hotel de Ville, where they were soon joined by other brave and well-disposed citizens, who obeyed the same impulse. The insurgents, now surrounded in their turn, gave way and capitulated. Henry Cochin formed one of the party who arrested Blanqui, at the very moment when the veteran conspirator believed that the plot which had been the dream of his life was on the point of succeeding. The insurrection failed, but irreparable misfortune sur-

vived the attempt. The armistice then under negociation was broken; the last hope of an honourable peace vanished, and Paris found itself struggling with an enemy which reckoned not only on the strength of its military force, but on the connivance of inexcusable accomplices.

M. Cochin's energy and activity were so well known to the latter, that his name among them had become the synonym of conservative; and on the day following the scene at the Hotel de Ville, placards were to be seen posted over the walls of the city, on which were inscribed in large letters, the words: "Death to the Cochinists."

During the remainder of the siege these threats were repeated whenever public tranquility was disturbed, and they were to be heard even during the commune.

But is not this personification of order in a name the most unequivocal homage which can be rendered it?

What is France doing? When will she elect a regular assembly which will take the direction of the war and the negotiations of peace from the hands of the self-appointed dictators of the 4th of September? Such were the anxious but unanswered questions which the Parisians were ever asking themselves. M. Cochin became the organ of this anxiety in the *Français*, while MM. Vitet and d'Haussonville were writing their admirable political letters in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

M. Cochin recurred on several occasions to this question.*

The exceptional severity of the winter added to the sufferings with which Paris was afflicted. Intense cold, continual falls of snow, tended to increase the distress of a population deprived of the means of obtaining fuel. Paris called loudly for a battle which might decide its fate. On the 2nd of December that battle was fought. A sudden rise of the river Marne had retarded the operations of defence, and given the enemy time to collect all its forces. The impetuosity of our troops could not resist the insurmountable obstacles opposed to it; but in spite of the blood which was spilt on that day, and its resultless issue, it nevertheless remains a glorious reminiscence in the annals of our arms. M. Cochin, who amidst the tumult of the siege, was neglectful neither of study nor of charity, was also not unmindful of prayer. On a former occasion we witnessed the emotion which the Feast of the Nativity awakened in his heart; grief lent its aid in 1870 to strengthen that emotion. The *Français* publised a letter from him entitled: "Christmas at Paris and Versailles":—

"PARIS, *December 26th*, 1870.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—At Paris and in the suburbs 100,000 Frenchmen have passed the night,

* See *Français*, November 28th, 1870, and following numbers.

like Blessed Mary and St. Joseph, in deserted stables, or on the hard ground like the shepherds. In the provinces our soldiers, our friends, our children are much in the same plight. Many of those who have a roof over their heads and a peaceful home, rose in the middle of the cold night to pray for us in the churches, and give us a rendezvous with God, the only rendezvous where we are certain of meeting them again. At dawn of day we find our city invested; we think of our provinces ravaged; we suffer with cold, and feed wretchedly; we awaken to the sound of the constantly beating drum and the solemn roar of cannon; the sight is fearful, and the trial hard. Nevertheless, we are calm, decided; we feel that France, like each one of us, is conquered, but not humiliated.

"If the little triumphs which take place in our little planet are, in the eyes of the Universal Father of all, aught more than useless trifles, the resignation of France under trial, her tenacity against defeat, the invincible hope and the strenuous efforts of her sons, must merit and appeal at last in our favour.

"But without flattering ourselves any more with a return of fortune, without thinking we have reached the climax of merited chastisement, we feel God nearer to us. All of us, citizens, soldiers still more, and wounded more still, all of us are at peace at the bottom of our hearts, and that interior

peace causes the admirable aspect of Paris in presence of the enemy.

"Nothing creates tranquillity of soul like the fulfilment of duty. Christmas night beholds us all 'men of good will.'"

The horizon of the 1st of January, 1871, dawned darker than ever on Paris: no succour from without, no tidings of the dear ones absent. M. Cochin nevertheless again inaugurates the new year with a letter to his son:—

"PARIS, *January 1st*, 1871.

"My arms are stretched towards you and my heart yearns after you. This is a cruel day without you. I repress my tears, for we must submit and be firm. God wills it so, and the country requires it. I am determined to think you are safe, and that your courage has not failed you. Our whole existence is changed by the cataclysm which we are condemned to witness. We must boldly face the bloody path before us and march on undaunted. If God spares you, you will return matured, as it were, with ten years' experience, armed for life's battle. My energy is as strong as ever; we will labour to redeem our fortune—which will be sadly impaired—our family, but above all, our country, painfully chastised, but, thanks to the conduct of all, not cast down. Here, in spite of a hundred and ten days' siege, if provisions do not fail, we shall hold out long and firmly. Do not

imagine that we are condemned to fast. We expect the Duchess of Galliera and M. de Saint-Aignan this evening to share our fillet of horse-flesh, with your uncle Augustin, Rességuier, and the Broglies. The bread is brown, but eatable, and we should not fare thus if beforehand we were not assured that the poor people are still receiving ample distributions, and as yet are not exposed to much privation. The bombardment has commenced, but without causing any great alarm. The army, the militia (*mobile*), the national guard, though they have suffered much from the cold and the enemy's fire, are quite ready to take the field again. Henry and myself were present at the ambulances during the affair of the Bourget, and helped to bring in numerous wounded. Your mother has thirty under her charge day and night. Pierre attends his school, and François (de Broglie) the École Polytechnique. In the evening we have a few friends at home. I write, converse, and do all in my power to keep up hope and courage in this little circle. If we had you here, or knew where you were, oh! then we should not complain. Let us trample under foot this horrible year 1870, and pray God to bring us soon together again! Dear, dear boy! take care of your health, and for your noble mind, need I say do not let that be depressed, but think of us who love you with all our hearts."

A few shells had reached the streets in the immediate vicinity of the Rue de Grenelle, in which was situated the hotel of Count Benoist d'Azy, inhabited by the Cochin family. It was there that were held the friendly meetings to which M. Vitet added his share of encouragement, and where every one cast in the common stock the hopes he entertained, while he concealed the fears which oppressed him. There too every one reciprocally learnt from his neighbour where and how he might render himself most useful, and extend his sphere of action. The Duchess of Galliera was justly mentioned in the foregoing letter, for she had established in her own magnificent hotel one of the most active ambulances of Paris, and although, as an alien, she might naturally have availed herself of the security of her palatial residence at Genoa, she had not hesitated to remain in France, and expose herself to all the dangers of her adopted country.

Paris had not expended its courage, but its provisions were almost exhausted. A decree issued by the Government had reduced the ration of bread to 300 grammes. The awful moment approached, foreseen with terror, when any further struggle would be impossible. Before yielding it was resolved that an energetic blow should be struck; and on January 20th the last act of this sombre tragedy was accomplished on the heights of Montretout. M. Cochin has left an animated narrative

of this battle; the principal traits of which we give, without seeking to lay stress, in favour of the narrator, on what pierces through his own reserve:—

A CORNER OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

During the fight which took place yesterday, the service of the field-hospitals had been divided into three distinct groups. General Bellamare, in the centre, was followed by the military ambulances; General Ducrot, on the right, by those of the press; and the ambulances of the International Society accompanied General Vinoy's corps, which operated on the left towards Montretout and St. Cloud; while the Governor of Paris, who had taken up a position on the Mont Valerien, directed the entire movement. The third group, which quitted the Place de la Concorde at seven o'clock, had orders to proceed on to Puteaux by the Avenue de Neuilly. We passed numerous regiments of all arms, artillery, infantry of the line, national guards, mobilised guards; and we were struck by the visible ardour and spirit of troops whom so many disasters and so many fatigues might have discouraged. . . . .

All feel that they are attempting a supreme effort, that the last hour of the resistance of Paris is at hand, and they march on with animation in their looks, their hearts burning with emotion, and silence on their lips.

We only took time for a little refreshment at Puteaux; but never shall I forget that scene! Round the same table the same duty had assembled Doctor Chenn, the historian of the Crimean War; Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose persevering genius has attached the French name to a work whose utility is shared by the entire world; Doctor Gordon, Inspector General of the Medical Department of the English army, and an intrepid explorator of India, Africa, and Japan; the Intendant General Schmitz; the chief physician of the mobilised guards, Doctor Champollion; M. de Belly, Inspector General of Mines, and numerous other gallant officers of the army, who came to offer their gratuitous services to the wounded. A large ambulance was promptly established with two hundred beds in the halls of the school of the village of Puteaux, and placed under the charge of Doctor Blanchon. Orders were immediately dispatched to our train of carriages, by M. M. Elleseu, and every one started for the destination assigned to him: some towards La Fouilleuse, others to La Briqueterie, beyond Suresnes, on the other side of Mont Valerien, behind the line of skirmishers.

As I followed on foot the track of the railroad in the proximity of St. Cloud, I beheld Paris from the heights whence it appears so magnificent, encircled by the graceful meandering of the Seine, crowned by the Bois de Boulogne, commanded by the Meudon Hills, and interspersed with the glorious

monuments which awakened so many recollections in the minds of the thousands and thousands of intelligent beings assembled on this celebrated spot, apparently so privileged and proud of its privileges until the present day of misfortune which has fallen on us. Within a few paces from us the cannon and the musketry were deciding the fate of the great city, and from the spot on which we stood the soldiers had only to look round in order to behold the glorious reward proposed to them in payment of their blood.

We fell in with but few fugitives, whom we forced to return; some of these mere cowardly runaways, others wretched puny peasants, overcome with fatigue, lying on the roadside, like tired sheep incapable of moving on.

From midday until five o'clock, what an heroic spectacle! But of this the description appertains to those engaged in the fight. We followed them closely with eager eyes. The regular troops fight brilliantly; the national guards march up in admirable order to their positions. The artillery open out and commence firing; the shells fall within a short distance of us; we see the fire and hear its roar—a formidable roar—along an immense line: Montretout (that lovely spot where I recollect hearing from M. Thiers, in the midst of a friendly meeting, the news of the battle of Sadowa, and his predictions even then of its tragical consequences for France), on the heights of Garches, and above all

in the wood of Buzenval, where we perceive a desperate struggle raging. In the rear of this heroic spectacle, the distressing, but still more heroic scenes: the arrival of the wounded, and the first dressing of their wounds; their transport through horrible byways, through which, as remarked one of the brave sufferers, while receiving the last succours of religion, "il y avait long temps que le Bon Dieu n'avait passé." But enough of what I witnessed; this side of the picture is too painful, and we must march on and begin again without bewailing. Before nightfall hundreds of wounded, whose wounds were first dressed on the field of battle, arrived at Puteaux, whence after fresh examination and dressing they were removed to Paris. Some, alas! remained on the way, and for my poor part, I received the dying messages of many: sacred deposits, which I keep for their families; among others, the letters, an "Imitation of Christ," and the portraits placed on the heart of Adrien Peloux, senior advocate of Valence, and captain of the mobile guard of the Drôme. I name him among many others, in order to bear witness in his person to the citizen soldier and to the province shedding its blood in defence of Paris.

I must also name my noble, loyal and gallant friend, the Marquis de Coriolis: a volunteer of sixty years of age, an indefatigable, patient, lively and modest servant of the nation, killed at the Malmaison by a ball in his heart and another in his

head, and who fell, I am sure, with a smile on his lips for God and his country.

At the hour I write I know nothing of the day's result. The work in hand is hard to accomplish. We must carry by assault in a few days, a fortress established for the last four months, and defended by soldiers who have not been able to take Paris. It is a siege carried on by the besieged without aid from without. Success would be a miracle. We must attempt it, however, believe it possible, go on, begin again and again, and the most to be expected is that the living will retain the sentiments which I witnessed yesterday on the part of the wounded,—in one and all of them, without a single exception. Not a murmur, not a complaint. They fall proud and full of faith in the salvation of the country, purchased by their blood. They know that Paris has already avenged the humiliation of France; they think that if Paris succumbs France will avenge Paris." *

The result is known of this fatal day, almost immediately followed by the preliminary negotiations for an armistice, the prelude of the capitulation.

M. Cochin did not quit Paris till after the exhaustion of the last efforts and the last illusions. The supreme sacrifice once accomplished, he sought but one consolation—to find and behold again his son, if still alive. For this purpose he undertook,

* *Le Français* of January 21st, 1871.

with all the ardour of despair, steps which were only crowned with success after three weeks of mortal anxiety. His son had valiantly followed up the whole of the campaign of the Army of the East. He had been distinguished by General Bourbaki, who had made him his standard bearer. His regiment had been disarmed on entering Switzerland, and he had found an hospitable asylum under the roof of M. Ernest Naville, a friend of his family.

Peace was signed. France was about to staunch her wounds and repair her losses. M. Cochin and his belongings found themselves once more united in safety. The moment seemed to have arrived when consolation might again be hoped for; death chose that moment to lay its hand upon its victim. M. Cochin's appearance alarmed and grieved his friends. His pallid and altered mien, his grizzled hair, his sorrowful though still smiling countenance, his whole demeanour, betrayed the weight upon his heart caused by the misfortunes of his country. The humiliation of France oppressed him. Everybody felt how overpowering the blow had been to his frail nature, but no one could believe it had been mortal.

CHAPTER XII.

The Elections of 1871—The Prefecture of Versailles—Death of M. Cochin.

THE preliminaries of peace were accompanied by the convocation, at a short notice, of a Constituent Assembly, invested with the legal mandate of stipulating in the name of France. The general elections were fixed for the 8th of February, and Paris had to take part in them before regular communication with the rest of France had been re-established. Amidst the ebullition of her own excited passions, and utterly ignorant of the general feelings of the country, Paris drew up the list of her candidates. As a Republic she had fought and suffered, as a Republic she signed the peace she had obtained. The few political men who had remained in Paris during the siege followed in the same current. At their head were M. Dufaure and M. Vitet, who had long exercised a certain influence over M. Cochin's mind. They inscribed his name on the same list as their own, by the side of Republicans of more ancient date

than themselves, but who at that moment were all ready to pledge themselves to a conservative Republic. M. Cochin, as every one who assisted at the deliberations which were held on the occasion, can testify, strenuously resisted the insertion of several of the names placed alongside his own; but he was unwilling to sow the seeds of disunion at such a moment, and, without shutting his eyes to the dangers which he saw looming in the background, he determined to perform an act of self-devotion. As might easily have been foreseen, the electoral movement of Paris was but the prelude to one of a more revolutionary character, and in contradiction to the general movement then at work in the provinces.

Taking advantage of the prostration of some, of the excitement of others, and of the disappointment and discontent of all, the demagogues, under the eye of the Prussians, if not with their connivance, resumed the plans which they had temporarily laid aside during the siege, but had not relinquished. M. Cochin, whom no private interest could detach from Paris, watched with anxiety the symptoms of the increasing agitation. He was present at his post in the national guard, on the 17th of March, when an attempt was made to recover from the inhabitants of Belleville the guns which had remained in their possession. On that day he wrote the following lines to his father-in-law:—

"*Saturday, March 17th*, 1871.

"Early this morning the drums beat the assembly, and we are under arms. The Belleville cannon have been recaptured, and the quarter of the Buttes Chaumont is occupied by the troops: unfortunately a brigade despatched to Charonne refused to act. A general officer has been arrested. Such is the position we are in. The Government is endeavouring to suppress this seditious tumult, which remains stationary, neither attacking nor disarming. The national guard does not comprehend the danger, and will not advance. We muster a hundred and fifty men out of twelve hundred of which the battalion consists. To-morrow it will perhaps understand, and then, perhaps, they will advance; but what will occur to-night?"

What did occur is well known, and how the most alarming previsions were but too fully justified by the murder of the two generals—Lecomte and Clement Thomas.

While awaiting with his diminutive band an order to advance—an order which was never given—M. Cochin's attention was attracted by the sound of furious voices in the direction of the Quai d'Orsay. A crowd had suddenly assembled, and, surrounding an individual passing by, threatened him with death. "Death to the spy!" resounded on every side. The thirst for blood which had marked the outburst of the first Revolution seemed

to be once more seizing the Parisians; already that morning several victims had been mentioned, and the wretched individual, now hounded by the mob, would doubtless have added his name to the disgraceful list, had not M. Cochin rushed to his rescue. "What are you about?" shouted M. Cochin as he thrust himself into the midst of the maddened crowd. "You are mistaken, this man is a friend of mine." Then, taking advantage of a moment of hesitation caused by his sudden intervention, he contrived to approach the unknown, and in a low voice to urge him to give his name and address. Paralyzed with fear the wretched man was unable to reply; and the crowd recommenced their horrid yell of "Death—Death to the spy!" when M. Cochin thrusting back the hands already raised to strike, again repeated: "I tell you you are mistaken, this gentleman is an inhabitant of our quarter. Judge for yourselves. Now sir, give me your card." The card was at length produced and passed from hand to hand; in sight of which the crowd began to hesitate, then silently to drop off, and gradually dispersed. One victim at any rate had been spared.

This anecdote serves to show how M. Cochin's zeal for the public good never allowed him to neglect an opportunity of rendering a private service.

But at the very moment he intervened to save the life of another, his own was threatened.

No sooner had the Commune entertained their infernal project of retaining hostages, than M.

Cochin was pointed out as one of the first to be secured. Already on the 18th of March a warrant for his apprehension had been drawn up, which was signed on the following day. Several influential members of the Secret Council pressed eagerly for its execution. But Providence changed the peril which threatened him into a source of gratification for his generous heart.

A workman, for whom he had formerly obtained employment, but who instead of choosing to earn an honest livelihood, had preferred a life of excitement and debauchery, had made his way into the secret Revolutionary Clubs, and was consequently initiated in the deliberations then going on at the Hotel de Ville; on learning the danger which threatened his benefactor, he contrived to inform M. Cochin of the fate which awaited him, strongly pressing him to quit Paris without loss of time. M. Cochin at first turned a deaf ear to the warning, which, however, was repeated on the following day in still more pressing terms. "Fly!" said the intimation, "fly immediately! If you have no fear for yourself, think at least of your children, whom the Commune is bent upon enrolling." This last consideration overcame M. Cochin's resistance; he made up his mind to place his family in safety, and then to return alone to his post. Accordingly he repaired with his wife and children to the Corbeil Station, in hopes of thence reaching his habitation at La Roche. But here he was met by

difficulties on the part of the Prussians; admission to the train on the point of starting was refused him. One of the men employed on the railway contrived, however, to conceal him, with Madame Cochin and his children, in a luggage van. On the day following (March 20th), his house in the Rue de Grenelle was entered for the purpose of arresting him, his papers were searched and seals placed on his bureau. On his arrival at La Roche a fresh trial awaited him: his château had been pillaged, his furniture burnt, his works of art stolen, his library thrown into confusion, and his papers, torn to pieces, were strewed upon the floor. The scenes which he was condemned to witness at La Roche kept his mind in a constant state of agony. At one time soldiers, disheartened and abandoned by their officers, passed before his door on their way to join the army of Versailles; at another he beheld Prussian squadrons hovering about the suburbs. Frequently his ear caught the sound of French artillery cannonading Paris, while the enemy's trumpets recalled to his mind the miseries of the siege and the disasters of his country. Unable longer to bear the sight of these complicated woes, he wrote on the 25th of March to his brother-in-law, Augustin Benoist d'Azy:—

"I wish to write to you, and although I have not the courage to speak to you of our misfortunes, I have not the power to think of anything else. Paris is gone mad—the siege has got into its brain

—stupidly and furiously mad, beyond the reach of reason or coercion. The Assembly lacks material force to defend itself, and it must wait, as the Turks do before a fire, until it burns itself out. After having done my duty with my battalion on Saturday and Sunday, I received intelligence that I had been denounced; therefore, as there was nothing for me to expect by remaining in Paris but evil, and nothing to do there but to witness crime and folly at every turn, without being of use to any one, I came down here in order to place your sister and my children in safety. But I cannot rest; whilst I feel myself in safety it seems to me as if I were not doing my duty. I intend, therefore, to return to Paris the day after to-morrow."

M. Cochin was on the point of executing his rash intent, when a young Angevin, Edward Clavel, whom he had placed as a clerk in one of the offices of the Orleans Railway Company, left Paris during the night for La Roche, to inform him of the persecution to which he remained exposed. His house continued to be watched; the offices of the Orleans Company and those of St. Gobain; every locality, in short, where his avocations habitually called for his presence, was surrounded by spies, and there could be no doubt of the fate which awaited him should he imprudently expose himself to meet it. While disorder and crime were still predominant in the capital a certain degree of

order was apparent in the other parts of France. The army of Versailles found, with returning discipline and energy, commanders and soldiers; the Assembly presented the aspect of a united and compact majority, and M. Thiers promised, for the sake of social reorganization and the liberation of the territory, to respect the truce of parties. These circumstances seemed peculiarly favourable for employing M. Cochin's remarkable qualities as an administrator; consequently, his friends were anxious he should partake of the reparatory movement about to be attempted. They urged him strongly to seek in the votes of the provincial electors the justice which those of Paris had denied him. His first impulse was to resist the temptation of giving way to fresh illusions. But his friends persisted in their entreaties, recommending him more particularly to address himself to two of the western departments in which several double elections were likely to produce a favourable opening. It will be difficult for our readers to conceive that at such a moment, on the morrow of the siege of Paris, and the dismemberment of France, and on the eve of the Commune, M. Cochin could have found arrayed against him animosities more inveterate and unrelenting than ever, on the plea of religion. Nevertheless, so it was; it is the sad picture I am once more compelled to unveil. I grieve to do so, and apologise; but I should prove myself doubly unfaithful as a biographer were I

here to omit a page which appertains probably to the history of our time still more than to the life of M. Cochin.

On the 8th of March, 1871, the *Univers* treated its readers with "*a revelation*," which nothing had prepared or seemed to call for. On a pretext of the most puerile nature, that journal opened a campaign against the Bishop of Orleans, the friends of that worthy prelate, and the memory of M. de Montalembert; a campaign upon the formula (at that time all but forgotten) of "A Free Church in a Free State." This campaign had for its starting-point the text of an inscription engraved on a slab of marble in the private oratory of the Château de La Roche-en-Brenil, belonging to the late M. de Montalembert:—*

* "In hoc sacello Felix Aurelianensis Episcopus panem verbi tribuit et panem vitæ christianorum, amicorum, pusillo gregi qui pro Ecclesiâ liberâ in liberâ patriâ commilitare jamdudum soliti annos vitæ reliquos itidem Deo et libertati devovendi pactum instaurare.

Die Octob. XIII., A.D. MDCCCLXII.

Aderant Alfredus, Comes de Falloux, Theophilus Foisset, Augustinus Cochin, Carolus Comes de Montalembert, absens quidem corpore præsens autem spiritu, Albertus Princeps de Broglie.

TRANSLATION.

"In this humble sanctuary, Felix, Bishop of Orleans, administered the bread of doctrine and the bread of Christian life to a small assembly of Christians and friends, who, companions in arms for some time past in the struggle for a free Church in a free country, renewed their vow to devote, in like manner, the remainder of their years to God and freedom. October 13th, 1862." There were present Alfred Count de Falloux, Theophilus Foisset, Augustin Cochin, Charles Count de Montalembert, absent in person, but present in spirit, Albert, Prince de Broglie. [It should be remembered that the *Avenir*, the journal in

"Taking advantage of the occasion, we forward to Rome this specimen of Latin, more *liberal* than lapidary. It will serve to justify the facetious reputation of Gallic epigraphy, but at the same time it will show the *naïveté* of Montalembert's soul—always an enthusiast and always a disciple (*toujours enthousiaste et toujours disciple*)."—*Univers* of Wednesday, March 8th, 1871.

The next day, March 9th, the *Univers* contained a second article more especially aimed at M. Cochin:—

"BORDEAUX, *March 6th.*

"An Italian correspondent of the *International* informs that journal, with every appearance of perfect authenticity, that the French ambassador at Rome is appointed, and that it is not M. de Corcelles, but M. Augustin Cochin.

"This is the same Augustinus Cochin who assisted in the chapel of La Roche-en-Brenil, at the sermon of Monseigneur the Bishop of Orleans, *pro ecclesiâ liberâ in liberâ patriâ*, as the partisans of 'a Free Church in a Free State' say in Latin; the same M. Cochin who hoped to be appointed Prefect of the Seine by M. Ollivier; the same citizen

which M. de Montalembert, in his twentieth year, obtained his first laurels as a Catholic writer and a defender of Christian freedom, had inscribed on its banner the words: "Dieu et la Liberté"—"God and Freedom." In renewing then his promise to defend to the last these sacred principles, and in inscribing them on a marble slab in the sanctuary of his patrimonial habitation, he merely consecrated the chosen epigraph of all his writings, and his actions: "Qualis ab incæpto."—The Translator.

Cochin, a Republican for ever, who offered himself to the electors of Paris on the list of 'conciliation,' at the head of which figured the citizens Quinet, Hugo, Louis Blanc, and other good Catholics.

"On this list he occupied nearly the centre; but a 'conciliation' was effected in his behalf between the clericals and the atheists; both parties unanimously agreed to expunge his name, and he was not elected.

"After this electoral failure, which was not the first, we are not informed what stroke on the balls contrived to pocket him ambassador at Rome. However, a man sufficiently *insinuating* (*entrant*) to receive the bread of life in Montalembert's chapel, and to break political bread with M. Quinet, must end by finding a place somewhere. Liberal soap is not the best for a general wash, but it serves perfectly well to efface Catholic maculation, and it scours in this sense, namely, that it makes spots disappear imperceptibly. It lubricates the passage from a principle to a post, and serves as whitewash for mass-goers who are anxious to enter the academical and political taverns — *caupones scientiæ*, as Tertullian styled them.

"That a Catholic should be named ambassador to Rome would indeed be a miracle, were he not something else besides.

"Louis Philippe and Bonaparte sent free thinkers, free livers and semi-Protestants there.

M. Thiers sends a *liberal* Catholic, a rebel to the Syllabus. Nothing can be more in accordance with the present order of things, in which it appears essential that nothing should be in order.

"We are convinced that M. Thiers has no intention of grieving the Pope. He could not entertain such an idea, more especially in circumstances wherein the Pontiff's old age finds cause for so much affliction and anguish. We are also convinced that the Holy Father will not deign to manifest the slightest displeasure at a choice in which we see more ignorance of religious questions than ill-will towards his decrees which cannot bend the haughty little *Augustinus*.

"But the presence of this quasi-sectarian ambassador will be to Pius IX. a sad proof that France is still governed by men to whom the thunder-stroke has been no lesson, and that the time for reparatory efforts is not yet arrived.

"As regards Catholic opinion, M. Thiers will lose the fruit of the goodwill which led him to appoint an ambassador to the Pope. In the eyes of Catholics, the choice of M. Cochin will have much the same success as the choice of M. Jules Favre had in the eyes of the Conservatives. Of course private actions are not reckoned; if they alone were in question, M. Cochin would meet with universal praise. He is a man whose private papers have nothing to fear from any publicity—on the contrary.

"Besides he will not achieve anything brilliant. His name, which they will pronounce after a comical fashion, will divert the Romans: * and the manner in which he wears his hat will be an object of amusement to them. The Italians will smile at his liberal Catholic sword, in its sheath of laurel-wood chipped from the tree which grows at the Institute—fifth class. They will see in him a proper representative of the luckless French Republic. Alas! we no longer shed lightnings! And he will return decorated with a *cordon* of Pius IX., which will serve in some degree to conceal his Napoleonic cross.

"As for his obtaining a liberal Catholic bishop for the Church of France, the erasure of an article of the Syllabus, or a mitigation of the dogma of Infallibility, which he lately so warmly combated, no doubt he would glory in attaining such an end; but let him give up all such hopes!"

This revolting article did not revolt everybody. It served to sow division among a few Catholics, and was carefully locked up by many for a favourable occasion; and at the approach of the elections it issued forth again, and had no little weight on M. Cochin's determination not to attempt a fresh canvass.

Now the following is the rigorous and exact truth

* This allusion to the Italian pronunciation signifies probably that at Rome Cochin was likely to be pronounced "Coquin."

of facts, which were assuredly not intended for the public, and should never have been brought before it:—

M. Cochin never sought the appointment of ambassador at Rome, and the fact of such an idea having ever been entertained in official quarters is purely hypothetical on the part of the *Univers*.

Our meeting at La Roche-en-Brenil had been thoroughly accidental, and without any preconcerted object in view. M. de Montalembert was touched by our visit, and was desirous of preserving its remembrance; such a thought was natural to him; and what memorial could be more appropriate and in harmony with M. de Montalembert's religious sentiments and mediæval tastes? In the château of La Roche-en-Brenil, every line of its decorations was studied by him; every piece of furniture had its history; the rafters overhead were studded with inscriptions, traced in gothic letters on the ceiling of the hall, into which opened the oratory now in question. So then, after the departure of his guests, Montalembert and his venerable friend, M. Foisset, who remained behind, composed together *the* inscription which the *Univers* has converted into an important sectarian monument; but which was considered of so little importance, that none of us were informed of it at the time, and only learnt its existence from the columns of the *Univers* itself.

As to the "address pronounced by the Bishop of

Orleans" on the occasion of "the administration of the oath," divulged to the world by the *Univers*, the fact is simply this :—

One morning, previous to administering Holy Communion to M. de Montalembert and his guests, who assisted at the Bishop's daily mass, Monseigneur thought fit to pronounce a few words, inspired by the fortuitous meeting of this knot of pious friends in the château of their illustrious chief. But so little were they prepared for the Bishop's sudden improvisation, "that," says an eye-witness,* "I remember M. Cochin, who had already advanced towards the altar-step to receive the consecrated Host, remained on his knees during the short oration." This is the harangue which the *Univers* pretends contained a plan of conduct for the sectarians, and the statutes of the sect!!!

Was not then the Bishop of Orleans fully justified when, in a few words to the editor of that journal, he peremptorily declared that—"All this controversy was a tissue of abominable calumnies."†

It may be as well to add that the tiny oratory, transformed by the *Univers* into a chapel, in order to increase the importance of the monument erected and the supposed manifestation held within its precincts, consists in an altar established in the recess of one of the windows of the hall of the

* "Une page de la Vie de M. de Montalembert." Par l'Abbé Lagrange.—*Correspondant* du 25 mars, 1874.

† *L'Univers*, June 3rd, 1874.

château. No spot could have been more ill-chosen for the celebration of any solemnity whatever.

The formula of "a free Church in a free State," and its bearing, still remain to be explained.

It must be observed that this phrase was not employed for the first time by M. de Montalembert in the inscription of La Roche-en-Brenil of April, 1862. He had originally made use of it in his famous letter to Count Cavour, in April, 1860; on which occasion M. de Cavour had thought proper to avail himself of it in support of his own views, and to turn it against its author. M. de Montalembert again defended it in the remarkable discourse which he delivered at Malines; but having been warned from various quarters that his words were interpreted in a sense opposed to all the actions and writings of his life, he was the first to modify them, so as to preclude any misconception of their true meaning for the future; and shortly after he renounced them altogether. As early as March, 1862, a few weeks before the meeting at La Roche-en-Brenil, he had written to M. Cochin:—

"In order to confute *La Gueronniere* we must recur to our formula: a free Church in a free *nation*, not in a free *State*—the State being already too free."

Such was the sense in which M. de Montalembert caused the words *in a free country* to be engraved on the tablet in his oratory, instead of the

words "*in a free State*," which he had inserted in his letter to M. de Cavour, and which has been tortured into a meaning totally opposed to his principles. Moreover, the Prince de Broglie had already, in 1861, published an article in the *Correspondant* against the separation of Church and State, and in favour of the system of Concordats. In this article, entitled "Pontifical Sovereignty and Liberty," the Prince de Broglie had pointed out the snare laid by M. de Cavour, and had foresworn all shadow of participation in his views. The idea of placing the Church *in* the State, of subordinating the Church *to* the State, is a reproach which alone the extreme of wickedness or folly can possibly seek to attach to the Bishop of Orleans, to Montalembert, and to the knot of friends whose names are recorded in the marble slab placed in the oratory at La Roche-en-Brenil.

Confident that time would reveal the truth, and unwilling to occupy the public with their personal discussions, the surviving friends of M. de Montalembert allowed the commentaries of the *Univers* to die a natural death. M. Cochin contented himself with replying a few lines to the Abbé Lagrange, who had written to warn him of the wonderful credulity with which those commentaries had been accepted by the many readers of that journal:—

"PARIS, *March 16th*, 1871.

"DEAR REVEREND ABBÉ,—I lose no time in letting you know how much your letter touches and encourages me. I recognise in it your kind heart, and the evidence of a friendship to which I respond with all the strength of mine. Yes, it is indeed hard to be thus treated, and to see your most private acts misinterpreted and disfigured. But what I suffer from more than all is to see the barriers which a similar polemic (now become the oracle of the French clergy) tends to erect between the Gospel and the minds of so many of our fellow-countrymen. That is indeed deplorable, but it is useless bewailing; 'we are beyond tears,' as Shakespeare says. Let us trust in God, and onwards tend in spite of all.

"Accept my most cordial thanks and respects.

"A. COCHIN."

M. Cochin's silence and that of his friends might have been supposed sufficiently justified, and that the farce of the "sectarian in despite of himself" would have but a single representation. This supposition has proved unfounded; the same inscription and the same comments have reappeared aggravated and embittered after an interval of three years.

M. de Montalembert is dead; M. Cochin is dead; M. de Cavour and his expedients have disappeared from the political stage; there is no longer any

question of a "free Church in a free State," but of persecution, spoliation, and destruction. Nevertheless, while writing these lines, an endless controversy on this threadbare, uninteresting theme has been dragging its wearisome course along for the last three or four months, and still continues. Nothing offers a more striking example of the mischievousness of the religious discussions of the day; nothing more fully justifies the sorrow so nobly expressed by M. Cochin to the Abbé Lagrange. It may be affirmed, however, that this sorrow and this shame are doomed to pass away.

This flood of hate, of calumny and discord; this constant aggression against common sense, justice, and truth; this tyranny of a small band of malevolent spirits over so many sincere and generous minds—all these excesses, precisely because they are excesses, cannot last. When reason and straightforwardness have regained the upper hand, when they have burst the fetters with which passion and systematic ill-will have contrived to bind them, the world will wonder at the victims and the ruins they have succeeded in producing. May the trial, at least, which our generation has been condemned to endure, serve as a severe and lasting lesson to the next.

Thrust back into private life by these adverse passions, M. Cochin nevertheless, and that was his constant merit, never allowed his ardour for the public good to quail before them. All his hopes

had been deceived, but his patriotism struggled against despair, and he continued to seek fresh arms against discouragement in whatever quarter he thought he might obtain them.

M. Le Play had been his original instructor in all social questions, and social questions now cropped up in the wake of the Commune more rife and menacing than ever. He was anxious to consult a man whom he considered as a master mind on those subjects, and on the 3rd of May he addressed the following letter to him in behalf of his beloved and tortured country:—

"PLESSIS-CHENET, *May 3rd*, 1871.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Separated from public life for having too exclusively devoted myself to Paris, then banished from Paris by two warrants of arrest, I came, like yourself, to seek security, but not repose, in the country. How can one repose when France suffers? How forego for an instant an opportunity of serving it?

"We have, you and I, at the present moment but one way of rendering ourselves useful and of consoling ourselves under the impotency which has been forced upon us, namely, by studying and speaking the truth. France has been slain by falsehood at every stage and in every sense—false promises, false systems, false ideas, false compliments, false policy. She is weaned from truth, and thirsts after it.

"You published a celebrated work on 'Social Reform,' and another on the 'Organization of Labour;" a few years back the title of your books seemed a chimera, it is become a prophecy.

"I remember that M. Troplong, that most guilty of the servants of the Empire, for he was the most clear-sighted, smiled at your efforts, while asserting to you that the Napoleonic regime had put an end to all misunderstanding between the different classes of society, now and henceforth for ever reconciled. Social reform and organization of labour, as you understand them, administering severe justice to the criminal Utopia of the day, are the words which, of all others, best express the great necessities which our disasters impose upon us. Consequently, the thought has struck me to interrogate and urge you to explain publicly your views on the origin and the remedy of these immeasureable misfortunes.

"We have before us political questions and social questions. Let us, if you will, set aside the former, although at the present moment they predominate over the latter. I have the greatest faith in the patriotism of the National Assembly whose task it is to solve these important questions. It is quite equal to its task. It has been the glory of France, the proof of her inexhaustible fecundity after a decline of twenty years, followed by six months of cruel misfortunes, to have drawn in a few days from her mangled bosom an army of

honest and able men, the image, the support, and salvation of the country. A nation capable of producing such an assembly, and immediately after, by a fresh effort, to organize a loyal army, is not a nation doomed to perish.

"It is not to be supposed that the actual form of the State, composed of an electoral body that delegates eight hundred members, who in their turn appoint a president and a ministry without any determinate power, should be a definitive form.

"The Royalists do not look upon this provisional state of things as the equivalent of a monarchy; the Republicans do not regard it in the light of a regular republic; the Parliamentarians do not consider it as a fit system for a legislative body. It is, in fact, merely a constituent power destined to transform itself when it has created a definitive power, for the choice of which the country has granted it an unlimited mandate.

"By an inspiration of infinite wisdom, in spite of infinite difficulties, the Assembly and the illustrious chief of the executive have suspended the exercise of their mandate. How imprudent and culpable has not the Government of the 4th of September been in proclaiming a Republic, hampered forcibly with all the faults of the Empire and loaded with all the maledictions the Empire deserved, instead of devoting itself exclusively to the national defence! The Assembly has not imitated this egregious fault; it has preferred for the present being

only the government of national reorganization. Thanks to this wisdom, the horrible civil war of Paris, the painful discussions with the Prussians, the difficulties of an exceptional position, weigh neither on the Monarchy nor on the Republic. A truce is, as it were, opened, a period of convalescence, during which France is recovering her composure and her strength, receiving only from the Assembly examples of patriotism and laws of liberty. I cannot tell whether prudence so rare and so difficult to maintain is likely to be long-lived, and I regret that public opinion, ever impatient, does not seem to appreciate it as it deserves.

"All the members of the Assembly are well aware that the form alone of the government, the title of monarchy or of republic, is not a miraculous talisman possessing the power of curing every evil: they well know that a nation is not saved by laws alone. Social reform remains for the most part independent of political action.

"Now what is the state of society in France? Does it admit of a remedy, or is it doomed to perish? Have we not witnessed for the last twenty years, and more especially within the last year, melancholy symptoms revealing a deep-lying and incurable disease? Neglect of duty in every office, from the sovereign down to the village *garde champêtre;* contempt of paternal authority and tradition; licentiousness of the press and of the stage;

shameful and scandalous impiety; hatred between classes, between families; tacit or open animosity between the poor and the rich, between workmen and masters, between townsmen and the peasantry, the provinces and the capital. Must we behold in all these evils the cause of our misfortunes or their consequence? Is it the normal condition, the usual state of human nature, set in motion by the upheavings of an abominable catastrophe? Have not other countries, visited by the same calamities, manifested the same disorders? Or must we humbly acknowledge that France labours under a special malady, a malady peculiar to itself? If so, what is it, and what is its remedy?

"I beg of you, my dear friend, to give me your answer to these questions. I am ever, as you know, on the side of hope, and cannot help believing in the prompt and energetic recovery of our country. What would I not give to see my confidence shared by a mind so devoid of illusions as yours. In a first letter let me have your views in general on the state of France, and tell me how nations like Germany, which have undergone crises equally fatal, have contrived to recover themselves.

"Afterwards, in order not to lose ourselves in general considerations, I warn you that in a second letter I shall seek your advice on a special point, which, when I look at Paris, and it is impossible for me to divert my thoughts from her, appears to

me the gravest, the most pressing point for all serious minds: *the condition of the operatives in large towns.*

"Then I shall appeal to you for your views on decentralization. Nor will you even then be released from my interrogatories. Should we be able to interest a few thinking minds in these grave problems; to call forth serious discussions; to awaken attention, and to provoke useful criticisms, we shall have rendered some service to our country. As for myself, I am certain of my salary and profit when the treasures of your experience are opened to me.—Accept, &c.,

"A. COCHIN."

While M. Cochin was engaged in interrogating M. Le Play on the vital question of the nineteenth century, he addressed himself also to the Abbé Senac, the friend of his childhood and of his whole life, in a letter which laid bare his inmost thoughts:—

"PLESSIS-CHENET (Seine-et-Oise), *May 6th*, 1871.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Twice threatened with arrest in Paris, the constant object of my humble energies, I have deemed fit to retire here, where my son, a prisoner lately in Switzerland, joined us after the siege, the hardships of which were nothing compared to the torments of the actual state of things. We are then, thanks to God, all living, and once more assembled in our

ransacked abode. But I am undergoing the martyrdom of unusefulness. Too Catholic to succeed in Paris, too liberal to be elected in any Catholic district, I am probably doomed to linger out my life in a series of obscure labours and impotent struggles. But God's will be done! 'Non es Christianus ut floreres in hoc mundo,' says St. Augustin. Besides, the country is so completely upset that its sufferings, believe me, occupy my thoughts much more than my own. I strive to write, to study, to occupy myself, to educate my children decently, in an interior, of which nothing hitherto has ever disturbed the happiness, oftentimes mixed with sorrow, but ever fraught with resignation.

"We have not yet reached the term of our misfortunes: the nation turns its back on the helps which Christianity has in store to furnish man with moral vigour and a spirit of duty. I am sure your thoughts are turned sorrowfully towards this unhappy country, and the radiant hopes of your youth which you will not see realised."

This range of thought served to bring back M. Cochin to the favourite occupation of which he never entirely lost sight, and to which he reverted whenever it was his lot to enjoy an hour's repose:—to his projected work, entitled "Christian Hopes." More than ever he felt the efficacy of his convictions and the inexhaustible courage which they foster in the soul; more than ever also he

understood their meaning, and the power they were destined to exercise in society.

According to his notion, the "Genius of Christianity" requires constant renovation. Every century, every generation, has the power to add to or to modify it. Eternal in their principles, immutable in their dogmas, Christian ideas contain an indefinite pliability in their application. What Châteaubriand sought to effect at the commencement of the present century, by appealing to the imagination, might be accomplished at the present day, for a more mature generation, by appealing to action. All the facts which the stream of life brought before him, all the considerations with which society furnished his observant mind, were treasured up with reference to his unfinished work, but which was already replete with ingenious views of things, and salutary teachings. The public misfortunes had brought him to consider the resources of Christianity under a novel aspect. Alone it affords consolation without admitting indifference or forgetfulness; alone it alleviates suffering while it enobles and purifies grief; alone it knows how to combat egotism by substituting charity in its place.

The following are some of the jottings set down during the last months of his existence, with the intention of incorporating them in the pages of his volume of "Christian Hopes:"—

"How singularly the Democrats, who wish to

destroy Religion, would be deceived if none existed! It requires a strong dose of interior Christianity to render justice to the masses; to believe that the lowly and the destitute are our brethren, and willingly to descend while we see them mounting. Religion was the first to raise its voice against injustice, and municipal life sprung originally from an ecclesiastical form. The powerful of former times as well as the rich of the present day, begin by assuming rights for themselves; then they extend them, and as Christianity gradually awakens, conscience, civilisation advances."

"If a Christian has a heart and is logical, he loves all mankind; he is the advocate of the poor, the protector of the oppressed, the preacher of justice and equality."

"When a man has formed his conviction on the fact of the first man's fall, he does not cover his head with ashes, sigh and bewail, as if he had lost a kingdom, and become chief mourner at his own funeral. He holds fast the truth, and issues forth to act, to combat and endure. He is aware that his earthly destiny is hard, that the battle is unrequiting, but that the palm is eternal. He knows where the physician dwells, and goes to seek him, instead of writhing on his couch in darkness and in anger. He sees life as it is, a passage; death as it is, again a passage—and he passes on, erect, submissive, and of good cheer, the cross in hand."

Such are the "profane, ambitious thoughts" which occupied M. Cochin's mind during the cruel days which intervened between Bordeaux and Versailles, between the triumph and the defeat of the Commune. Such were the dreams of fortune and power in which he was indulging, when his friends, by dint of sacrifice and devotion, once more became the temporary arbiters of the destinies of France.

Marshal McMahon's army had subdued Paris; the Assembly had fixed its residence at Versailles, and M. Thiers presided over the Republic. M. Lambrecht, who was at that moment Minister of the Interior, had immediately thought of M. Cochin for the office of Mayor of the Central District (*arrondissement*) of Paris, which was equivalent to the former prefècture of the Seine, but it was not under similar circumstances that M. Cochin had contemplated that office. He felt that Paris, so unfortunate and so guilty, would long require the strong arm of repression, and that the chief authority belonged necessarily to the military power. Moreover, M. Thiers thought proper not to ratify M. Lambrecht's choice. He founded, he said, great hopes on his "young friend;" as he was pleased to call him, but he was afraid of wounding by such an appointment the susceptibilities of the radicals, whose suspicions at that moment he dreaded infinitely more than the murmurs of the conservatives. Meanwhile M. Cochin was assailed

with entreaties on every side to accept the prefecture of Versailles in exchange for the Mayoralty of Paris. The abnormal circumstances of the moment contributed to give the greatest importance to that post. The miserable condition of a department ravaged not only by foreign but by civil war; innumerable evils to remedy, injuries of various kinds to repair, the part of conciliator between parties to perform in a town about to become the central seat of government; under the auspices of an Assembly in which he reckoned friends of every rank and shade of opinion; such were the difficulties which M. Cochin could not fail to see awaited him if he accepted. But the zealous lover of his country, who had not the heart to refuse when an appeal was made to his disinterestedness and devotion, yielded to the numerous solicitations of his friends with his accustomed humility, although he himself felt, and many of his friends were inclined to think the same, that he was not in his real place. However, no sooner was he installed in his new post than he set to work with all the energy of his ardent nature. The department entrusted to his charge numbered two-and-twenty bridges destroyed, numerous villages burnt, an administration completely disorganised, countless miseries crying out for immediate relief, and no regular resources available. The intense physical activity which he displayed, visiting in person every spot where there was anything to rectify or any aid to

administer, called for the unanimous admonitions of his friends. "Suffering admits of no delay," he replied to those who ventured to recommend him to take greater care of himself. Rising with the dawn, he was the first to call the various members of his household to their daily avocations. Morning prayers were recited by the family, accompanied by some spiritual lesson, generally taken from Bossuet and explained by M. Cochin. After these first moments given to God and his family, he hastened to bestow the remainder of the day on the labours of his office.

In a short time his influence surpassed considerably the importance of his official position. The Hotel of the Prefecture became a sort of neutral territory where all parties voluntarily met and associated; so that a discussion commenced within the walls of the Assembly was more than once decided in M. Cochin's drawing-room or private cabinet.

Among the affairs which he reserved more especially for his personal investigation and control was the administration of the poor. "These," he said, "will either not complain or their complaints will be overlooked in the more urgent business of the bureaux.". He therefore took upon himself the examination of their claims with the same minute attention which he bestowed on the public business of his office. Vagrants, the sick, and prisoners collected within the Orangerie, constituted his own special department.

It is needless to speak of M. Cochin as an administrator. Our readers have already witnessed, and no one will contest, his superiority in that capacity. To relate in detail his brief career at Versailles would be a useless repetition. Unfortunately one fact of it cannot be withheld; that of his having expended his remaining strength in the execution of his office there, and paid with his life the good he sought to accomplish. "We must not," he was wont to repeat, "present ourselves empty-handed before God"—and he hastened to act accordingly. Among his papers, traced with a hurried pen, were found the two following lines: "Before two years are over I shall be dead; therefore I will not be idle."

Frequent indispositions warned him that his presentiments had not deceived him, and his friends remarked with anxiety his weary looks and increasing emaciation. In the meantime he continued to regard himself as a soldier placed in a post of danger which he could not abandon until he was relieved, and death alone was destined to relieve him.

The first serious symptoms of the malady which threatened him appeared shortly after the arrival in Paris of the Emperor of Brazil. M. Cochin sought several interviews with his Majesty, in hopes of obtaining from him more extensive concessions in favour of slave enfranchisement, which still remained the object of his most ardent solicitude.

Every journey to Paris during the cold season then prevailing was followed by a degree of fatigue which he who never complained was no longer able to conceal. His habitual cheerfulnesss and promptitude began to fail him for the first time, and his over-excited brain seemed to refuse the heavy tribute imposed upon him. The death of Père Gratry, which took place at Montreux, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, came as a fresh sorrow joined to all his other painful impressions. Deeply grieved at not having been able to be present at his friend's death, he was determined, in spite of the weather and his health, to accompany his remains to the grave. On his return to Versailles after this painful ceremony, fatigued and sick at heart, he gathered up his remaining strength in order to render homage to Father Gratry's memory in the following letter addressed to M. Ernest Naville, who, with the tenderest care, had soothed his dying moments :—

"VERSAILLES, *February 14th*, 1872.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for the comfort and affection with which you surrounded the last days of Father Gratry. I thank you also for the touching details you give me of the final struggle which he supported with such admirable calmness and Christian energy. Last Monday we carried him to his grave. Mass was said in the chapel "des Missions," a few steps from the pious edifice whence, yearly, 300 young Frenchmen de-

part on their evangelizing mission to Africa and Asia, braving death at twenty years of age, amidst calumny, torture, and privation of every kind, for the love of Jesus Christ. Such an asylum was worthy of Father Gratry's obsequies, for he also was a missionary: he had at twenty years of age devoted himself to the instruction of the scientific and literary men of the world, and of priests. Like the missionaries, who commence by studying the languages of the tribes they seek to evangelize, Father Gratry, in order to convert the scientific, had passed through the École Polytechnique; that he might speak of God to the literary he became himself a great writer—so great indeed that numerous pages of his works deserve to rank among the most approved models of the French language. From men of the world he had acquired the polished manners, the taste and refinement of the great world, and in order to converse with priests he bound himself to a religious order under the guidance of a saint—Father Pététot. This saint used to say of him, that he had the head of a man, the heart of a woman, and the disposition of a child; but this child proved a hero, for he passed through a great religious crisis without losing his faith, exercising by turns the right of self-defence and the duty of submission; teaching us to respect both tradition and authority, the two pillars of our Church.. He witnessed the misfortunes of France without losing hope, he experienced the bitterness

of calumny without losing charity, and met the painful advances of death without losing patience. He chose to finish his days in the mountains, among friends, in a land of freedom, his eyes reposing on the frontiers of his native country and the peaceful Genevan Lake beneath; while his soul soared upwards towards the grand horizon of eternity. Let pedantic philosophers call him a "dreamer" and a "reasoning poet" rather than a metaphysician; let severe doctors bestow naught upon his memory but an expression of equivocal regret. We, his friends, assembled round his tomb, whence none who knew him well were absent—priests whom he had edified, artists whom he had converted, women whom he had consoled, readers whom he had charmed. We shed tears over his grave, while our mental vision followed his spirit to the regions of divine light, whose rays, when living, he loved to contemplate and spread around him. We fervently wished the peace of God to him who had sought to establish it on earth.

"Adieu! We shall meet him again, and until then let us love and honour him as our common master. Again I thank you for your care of him and for your letter.

"&c., &c., &c.,

"A. COCHIN."

The man who talked thus of the blessings of Heaven was already ripe for their enjoyment.

The following day he complained of increasing pains in his head; it was there the malady had taken up its abode. On the 16th of February it declared itself. M. Cochin immediately felt that the blow was mortal. His friends, and even the physicians, still endeavoured to inspire him with hope; but instead of accepting these delusive attempts at consolation, he merely smiled, and replied: "How you do wish to deceive me," and from that moment he armed himself for the fatal issue. At first the sacrifice was not without a pang. He had dreamt of a noble career, of useful services to render—but the goal fled before his efforts; and now, when he might at last have thought himself on the point of reaching it, he was doomed to succumb without having given the measure of his worth, or fulfilled the destiny which seemed to await him. The regrets, however, of the politician were trifling compared with the feelings of the husband and the father. His wife and children were the chief objects of his pride and tenderness, and he was about to quit them, and at a moment when they were most in need of a guide, at a moment when life, as it appeared more flattering, became more difficult to deal with. These thoughts troubled for a moment the sick man's thoughts; but the faith of the Christian soon triumphed over every earthly consideration. As soon as he felt the victory gained, he called his family around him to witness it. "Come," he

said, "come and see me in the peace of the Lord." These words once pronounced, the aspiration, the longing after the heavenly pastures never ceased. The sufferings and trials of the painful illness he endured were not only accepted with mildness and resignation, but even with joy. Meanwhile none of the material attentions with which he was surrounded escaped his notice, and he never ceased to express his gratitude to those who tendered them. Still less was he unobservant of the interests and occupations of those whom he was about to leave behind.

His father-in-law, M. Benoist d'Azy, was on the eve of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, and whenever M. Cochin's malady left him a moment's respite from pain, the recollection of this touching ceremony, which he felt he was not destined to witness, reverted to his mind with all the solicitude for the gratification of others, which had been the constant preoccupation of his days of health. "What are they doing about this *cinquantaine?*" he frequently inquired. "Let me know all about it." And then he would himself suggest some ingenious and affectionate addition to the approaching fête.

The first time his intimate friend, the Bishop of Orleans, came to visit him on his bed of sickness, "Well, Monseigneur," he said, gently pressing the prelate's hand, "all is over. I feel that death is upon me. I die in the faith of the Catholic Church,

submissive and believing; in the faith of those dear friends of ours, who have lately gone before, and whom I shall soon join again." As the Bishop attempted to combat these forebodings—"Oh!" continued M. Cochin, "I only wish to live in order to serve God, and I wish to die to meet Him."

An apparent amelioration in M. Cochin's symptoms revived for a few days the hopes of his sorrowing friends. They could not, and would not, believe that they were destined to lose the youngest among them. So many noble enterprises, so many good works depended on his preservation, that they could not realise the possibility of his being snatched from their affections.

This ray of hope called forth a joy, of which the echo descended to the humblest classes. The societies of operatives, in which M. Cochin had so perseveringly taken an interest, sent delegates to Versailles with messages of congratulation.

It was during this deceitful respite also, which was considered by the physicians as the commencement of his convalescence, that on the morning of the 25th of February, as his son Denys was preparing to quit Versailles to join the Duke de Broglie in London, in the capacity of private secretary, M. Cochin addressed to him the following parting exhortation:—

"My dear child, you are about to undertake a journey, which at your age I should not have had

the means to undertake. I had already lost my father, and was working my way all alone. You are about to join a man of superior mind and intellect—do not lose so rare an opportunity of instruction. Above all, let me recommend to your attention the questions which have occupied the best part of my own life—more especially those relating to the workmen and the poorer classes. Let me also recommend you always to conduct yourself as you would, were you in the presence of angels or of your mother. This is the second time that you are at liberty to choose your own path. I grant you that liberty with perfect confidence, convinced that you will not abuse it.

"Let me teach you three words which I repeat to myself daily—honesty, piety, purity.

"*Honesty:* I have never swerved from it, and the millions which at various times have passed through my hands, have never caused me one moment's temptation.

"*Piety:* mine has always been sincere, although many are pleased to believe the contrary.

"*Purity!* that is God's secret. But this let me tell you, I have ever practised it faithfully.

"Bear in mind those three words; and now farewell. Receive my blessing. I rely fearlessly on the will of God. If it is His will, you will find me restored to health when you return to La Roche."

The solemnity of these words, uttered on the occasion of so short a journey as that which he was about to undertake, revealed to Denys Cochin the heartrending fact that in reality his father did not share the sanguine hopes which had re-awakened the happiness of his family. Consequently Denys gave up his journey, and remained in watchful attendance over him. Nor was his suspense of long duration. In a very few days M. Cochin's malady resumed its relentless course, and seemed only to have disappeared in order to return again with aggravated force. The more it increased in intensity, the brighter the fleeting soul which animated his sinking frame shone forth in all its purity; as the supreme moment approached it seemed to receive a ray of the Divine light.

The Superior of the hospital of Versailles had taken upon herself to watch at the pillow of one whose virtues she had in a short time learnt to appreciate. When M. Cochin became aware of her constant attendance near him, he reproached her gently, saying: "You owe yourself to your five hundred sick, and you must not abandon them for me alone." "Our founder, St. Vincent de Paul," answered the venerable nun, "commanded us also to attend the benefactors of the poor." "Oh!" replied M. Cochin; "benefactor of the poor! what a glorious title! the only one after which I ever aspired!"

His faltering lips repeated at intervals the saying of St. Theresa: "Lord, Lord, it is time for us to meet." And to the chosen few who were permitted to approach him, he never ceased to repeat how happy he felt. His parting words to each, devoid of all ostentation or weakness, were imbued with the heavenly hopes which filled his heart. On one occasion he beckoned to a faithful servant whom he perceived sobbing in a corner of the room, and shaking him affectionately by the hand, he said: "Yes, you also are one of my friends." But even at that solemn moment he could not forget the country which, after the Church, he had so ardently loved and sought to serve. The destinies of France were then in the hands of M. Thiers, and it was to M. Thiers that he addressed one of his last thoughts. He commenced dictating the following letter to the President—a letter which was never finished, and only placed in M. Thiers' hands after M. Cochin's death:—

"MY DEAR PRESIDENT AND FRIEND,—A few days ago I was nearly dying of a typhoid fever, but they say I shall recover. I should have died willingly in your service because I love my country, and should have gloried in partaking, however humbly, in the act of self-devotion which crowns your illustrious career. Nevertheless, my faithfulness induces me not to withhold the truth from you, such as it appeared to me when I thought

that death was near at hand. You may readily receive it from me, for you know that I never belonged to any party, either Republican or Monarchical, but to Jesus Christ alone; whom sooner or later your powerful mind will not fail to acknowledge as the true God, sent down from Heaven to plant the germ of intellectual order and moral regeneration in the world. This is the eternal truth; now here is the truth of the moment such as I see it. You are sufficiently powerful and sufficiently listened to by the country and throughout Europe, to have it in your power to dispose of the destinies of France, and to launch that fair bark into the current of the Republic or into that of the Monarchy for years to come, according to your will. If you accomplish the latter you will have gained a great place in the eyes of God, who will have chosen you for his instrument, and likewise in history, which will see for the first time in its annals an unarmed champion change the course of events by the mere force of his intellectual authority.

"But there is no time to lose, if you wish to avoid the disgraceful return of the Empire, or the increasing greed and appetite of our insatiable neighbours.

"No doubt it would be a proof of greater strength to found a republic, because that is a name which tends to assuage the popular passions, and because under its rule, we should present a more manly

figure than when adorned with the title of monarchy. But you cannot resuscitate the dead; the Republic has been murdered by its own offpsring; the horrors of 1793, the imbecility of 1848, and the crimes of 1870 have buried it for ever. It was first stabbed to the heart by Robespierre and Marat, then by that tribe of scribblers, of plotters, of contractors, and of fools, who have thrice attempted to wield the power of the State. . ."

Shortly after having dictated this letter, M. Cochin's malady broke out with fresh violence. After having given his solemn blessing to his family, and addressed a last farewell to the friends around him, he expressed his wish to receive the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Ever since the 6th of March an altar had been erected in his room, at which the Bishop of Orleans had several times offered up the sacrifice of the Mass, and administered Holy Communion to him and the members of his assembled family. He received Extreme Unction on Tuesday the 12th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in the presence of as many devout persons who, hearing that that mournful ceremony was about to take place, contrived to make their way into the chamber of death, or kneel around its crowded threshold. At the foot of the bed stood his confessor, Father de Nourry, while in a voice trèmulous with emotion, the venerable Bishop of Orleans pronounced

the sublime prayers for a "soul departing," in which the motion of the lips of the dying man and the expression of his countenance gave silent token of his heartfelt participation. When the ceremony was over, and M. Cochin remained once more alone with his family—"Well," he said, "I am going to join my friends, Montalembert, Lacordaire, the Abbé Perreyve, Father Gratry. Tell all those who still remain (and among those he included me by name) that I pray for them." After that he relapsed into silent adoration, until on receiving the Viaticum he again faintly pronounced a few words, among which the sister of mercy, who knelt by his pillow, was able to distinguish the following sentence of the Psalmist: "In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam, quoniam tu Domine, singulariter in spe constituisti me." As he grew weaker and weaker his words became more and more inaudible, but not so totally that the sister and his sons, attentive to every motion of his lips, were not able to distinguish: "I die victim of the vicissitudes of the Church and my country: 'melius est nobis mori in bello quam videre mala gentis nostræ et sanctorum.'" But the last words uttered by this model of Christians, of husbands, and of fathers, will remain for ever engraved in the hearts of those disconsolate ones he left behind. "How happy I am—my wife, my dear wife—my children." Thenceforth he became insensible, and on Friday, March 15th, he ex-

pired at nine o'clock in the evening, after a painful agony, having received the Pope's blessing, transmitted by telegraph a few hours previously.

The newspapers related at the time the touching solemnity of his funeral, the emotion of the crowd, the universal and profound homage of regret which manifested itself in the tears of the vast multitude of all ranks who accompanied him to the grave; a repetition of these details would therefore be superfluous, but as a specimen of the piety and benevolence which animated M. Cochin to the last, we cannot refrain from giving here a transcript of his will :—

"The following is my last will :—

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"I solemnly profess the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Faith.

"I humbly beg pardon of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and my patron saints, for all the sins of my life.

"With all my strength I render Him thanks for the blessings he has bestowed upon me.

"I ardently implore his protection for my wife, my children, my brother, and all my family, beseeching him to unite us altogether finally in his blessed abode of light and peace.

"I beg pardon of all those whom I may have

offended, more especially of the poor whom I may have neglected to serve.

"I thank all those from whom I have received benefits, as well as those from whom I have suffered injuries, for God has transformed them into benefits.

"I beg pardon of God and of man for the faults I have committed in the exercise of my various functions; for injustices of which I have been guilty in the various struggles I have undergone; for the pride and negligence I have evinced in the works of charity in which I have had the happiness of taking part.

"I thank, with all the effusion of my heart, my beloved wife, Adeline Benoist d'Azy, for the happiness I owe her. Not a single day, not a single hour have we passed together but she has deserved my profound respect and affection.

"I leave in her hands, with perfect confidence, the guardianship of our three beloved children; she will make them honest men and zealous Christians. May they listen to and respect, as long as they live, the pious and intelligent mother whom God has granted them; may they remember that their family rose slowly in the world, by dint of labour, self-sacrifice, honesty, and sincere practical religion; may they imitate and continue its example, seeking truth above all thinge; doing good, ever mindful of their salvation, not of worldly prosperity or ambition."

"*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro me.*

"AUGUSTIN COCHIN.

"*September 4th*, 1870."

"Superior qualities are never conscious of themselves: whoever thought himself humble, thereby incurring the danger of pride, without, by that same fact, being proud? Does not generosity believe that it owes all it gives?"*

No one has more completely justified this profoundly Christian thought than M. Cochin.

M. Cochin's memory will be respected and revered, no matter on what side it is regarded; but, from what point it is viewed, what predominates above all in his character, is the Christian spirit. A Christian spirit was the light of his intelligence and the rule of all his actions; it gave harmony and unity to his whole existence. His self-devotion, his zeal, his disinterestedness, the largeness of his views, have left among those who were honoured with his friendship, and knew his worth, a void which will be felt by them daily more and more. He had accomplished much, and he aimed at doing more. Many of the institutions on which he has left the stamp of his intelligence will endure, in all probability, under the fostering safeguard of his memory. Those who would, perhaps, have demurred at following

* Madame Scwetchine.

his advice will not escape the influence of his example.

In an unquiet age, painfully groping and struggling for its direction and its faith, the life of Augustin Cochin shows where truth is to be found. In an age in which Christianity has become an object of suspicion; in a period of dissension, when even those who belong to the same standard take up arms against each other—his life is a lesson how to remain reasonable in the midst of passion, steady in the midst of the fight, unshaken in faith, charitable before, during, and after the battle. It teaches how a practical Christian can remain a man of his time; how he may love religion, and yet search after science; submit his life to an indisputable authority, and yet be the advocate of legitimate liberty. It shows how the weaknesses of human nature can pass before his eyes, and only excite his commiseration, and how in the pursuit of industry it is possible to combine spiritual amelioration with material progress. To orators it will show that speech is never so certain to rise to eloquence, as when it is employed in a virtuous or noble cause. Finally, men of the world may learn from it how to assist the suffering classes without renouncing the charms of social life, and how to use the influence gained among the fortunate and the rich for the benefit of the unfortunate and the poor.

Alas! why should such lives be cut short in their

bloom? Why should such hearts cease to beat before they have achieved their purest and most generous triumphs?

To this question the world knows no reply.

The Apostle alone raises our courage, when he exclaims:—

"O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments and how unsearchable his ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been his counsellor? Or who hath first given to him, and recompense shall be made him?"*

* St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, xi. 33—35.

THE END.

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